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THE
L I F E
AND
Notable Adventures,
OF THAT
Renown'd Knight
Don Quixote
De la M A N C H A.

Merrily Translated into Hudibrastick Verse.

By EDWARD WARD

V O L. II.

L O N D O N:

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Where may be had the First Volume.

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VOL. II.

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Adjoining to the East as you go, and A. Johnson at the
Tables in Fleet-Street, in 1724.

Humbly Inscrib'd
To the Worshipful
JOHN CASS, Esq;

In the Year of His
SHERIFFALTY,

Under the former
DEDICATION,

By His most Obedient
Servant,

Edm. Ward.

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CON-

CONTENTS.

CANTO	PAGE
XXV. CHRYSOSTOME's Funeral Oration : Don Quixote takes leave of the Company in hopes of finding Marcella in the neighbouring Wood, but seeking in vain, turn'd their Cattle to Grass, and went to Supper; Rozinante, falling in Love with Carrier's Mares, causes a desperate Battle between the Don and the Carriers, in which the Don and Sancho are worsted.	27
XXVI. They repair to an Inn, suppos'd by the Don a Castle, have their Wounds drest; also a comical Relation of the Night-Adventure.	27
XXVII. The Knight to cure his inward Bruises, prepares a Dose of his famous Balsam, which made him well, but Sancho sick; after which the Don bilks his Host, and leaves Sancho to be toss'd in a Blanket.	52
XXVIII. After Sancho's Release, in Pursuit of more Adventures, they meet Two Flocks of Sheep, which the Don mistakes for two mighty Armies, and falling into the midst of them, kills many, but is at last overcome.	78
XXIX. Recovering the misfortune of this last Adventure, they proceed on their Journey, but perceiving at a distance a great many Lights was much astonish'd, supposing the Bearers of them to be Devils, but couragiously attacking them, found by their Confession they were only Funeral Attendants.	115
XXX. The Don desires to proceed in the dark, but is prevented by a Stratagem of Sancho, by tying his Horse's Legs, the Don supposing they were on enchanted Ground; while thus detain'd, Sancho tells a diverting Story, till Day appears, and then the Don prepares for another Engagement, but is disappointed, a Water-Mill being the Object of his mistaken Fury.	138
XXXI. The Don meets a Country Barber with a Brass Basin upon his Head, which the Knight is positive must be Mambrino's Golden Helme, therefore attacks the Barber, who in his Flight drops it, so that it becomes Quixote's Property without Bloodshed; after which the Knight and Sancho build Castles in the Air, and the Knight changes his Name for that of Knight of the woeful Countenance.	170
	XXXI.

CONTENTS

CANTO PAGE

XXXII. The Knight meets with Guards, conducting twelve Prisoners to the Galls, after asking divers Questions by a desperate Attempt sets them free, but obliging them to carry the News to his Dulcinea del Toboso, the Difficulty of the Task provokes his new Friends to turn upon him, and put him, till he and his Squire are overcome, then ris'd, and so left to bemoan their Folly. 231

XXXIII. The Knight and Sancho abscond in a Wood, where Sancho loseth his Ass, but after finds a Port-Manteau with great Riches. 234

XXXIV. Their Adventure with the mad Owner of the Port-Manteau, Cardenio; also their Conference and Combat. 267

XXXV. Sancho's Petition for his Discharge, or that his Tongue may be no longer confin'd to silence; the latter is granted, and the Knight sends him to Toboso with a Letter to his Dulcinea, charging him with an Account of his present Circumstances. 283

XXXVI. The Knight's Choice of Amadis for his Patron. Sancho having found his way out of the Wood, espys the Inn, where before he'd been toss'd in a Blanket; and endeavouring to shun the same, is surpris'd by the Curate and Barber of La Mancha, who stop him, make him confess the Plight he left his Master in, and recount his late Transactions, with the Method they projected to bring the Knight back to his own House. 328

XXXVII. Curate, Barber, and Sancho ride in search of the Don; Sancho going before, the Curate and Barber meet with Cardenio, who relates the remainder of his story, before interrupted by Don Quixote. 362

XXXVIII. The Curate, Barber, and Cardenio find a young Lady in Distress, and hear her melancholy story. 394

XXXIX. The aforesaid Lady pretends her self a great Queen, goes to the Knight, and engages him to right her against a Giant, that hath usurp'd her Throne; he readily complies to do the Queen Justice, and is by this stratagem decoy'd to forsake his obstinate Penance between the Starving Mountains. 432

THE

(1)

THE
LIFE
AND

Notable Adventures, &c.

CANTO XXV.

*Don Quixote's Stone-Horse unawares
Makes Love to some Galician Mares :
Their Owners skulking in the Pasture
Drub Sancho, Rozinant, and Master.*

THE whole Attendance having paid
Their Friendly Duties to the Dead,
Don Quixote bowing low to shew
His Breeding, bid the Crowd adieu :

Spurring his Skelitonian Horſe,
 With hungry *Sancho* at his Arſe,
 Into the Wood, in hopes to find
Marcella, who was fled like Wind.
 Two tedious Hours they rang'd about
 Thro' thorny Shrubs to ſeek her out ;
 Whilſt ſtubborn Boughs provok'd their Faces
 To ſudden Grins and ſour Grimaces ;
 At length quite hopeleſs of Succeſs,
 They quitted their uneaſy Chace,
 And for the verdant Meadows chang'd
 The Wood where they in vain had rang'd :
 Now mounting Skylarks ſtrain'd their Throats,
 And charm'd their Ears with chearful Notes ;
 Whilſt flowing Riv'lets of Delight,
 And blooming Daiſies bleſt their ſight.
 Theſe rural Pleaſures ſo invited
 The Knight to walk, that both alighted,
 The better to eſcape the Heat
 Oth' Day, which now was very great,

Leaving

Leaving at large both Horfe and Afs
 To feast their empty Guts with Grass,
 Whilst their two Riders spread their Wallet,
 That each might gratify their Pallat ;
 Who without diff'rence on the Ground
 Fed nimble on the Scraps they found ;
 As if short Commons made the Master
 And Man strive who should eat the faster ;
 For those, who compliment o'er Plenty,
 No Manners heed when Food is scanty.

In the same Meadow where the Don
 And *Sancho* feasted thus upon
 Brown Crusts, dry'd Acorns, mouldy Cheese,
 And other Dainties, such as these,
 Some Carriers coming from *Yanguesia*,
 A Town i'th' Province of *Galicia*,
 Had turn'd in sev'ral Mares the Night
 Before to cool and take a Bite,
 That when refresh'd, they might proceed
 With more Alacrity and Speed :

But *Sancho*, who for Years had known
 Poor *Rozinante* Skin and Bone,
 Believ'd him from his Age to be
 A Horse of that Sobriety,
 That no young filly's Charms could move
 His Vertue to the thoughts of Love,
 Had therefore granted him the Favour,
 Of trusting to his good Behaviour,
 Not dreaming Vice cou'd be prevailing
 In such a Brute so old and ailing :
 But Lust alas! we often find
 In Age will leave a Space behind ;
 Nor was poor *Rozinant* without
 A fatal Itch to have a Bout ;
 For he no sooner smelt the Mares,
 But bolt upright he prick'd his Ears,
 And neighing limp'd along the Grass,
 Like crippl'd Leacher to a Lass,
 Making in vain a wondrous pother,
 Attempting one and then another ;

But

But the poor Mares who had more Mind
 To graze in Peace than to be kind,
 Saluted their Gallant so courfly,
 And kick'd him with their Heels so fiercely,
 That in a trice they broke his Girts,
 And gave him many Maims and Hurts,
 Disrob'd him of his ancient Saddle,
 And tore the Bridle off his Noddle;
 So that poor *Rozinant* was forc'd,
 For fear of coming by the worst,
 To, Bully like, revenge their striking,
 By turning Courtship into Kicking;
 Which when the Carriers did espy,
 Who lay beneath a Hedge hard by,
 They ran with all the speed they cou'd
 With Pack-staves made of knotty Wood,
 And did with such ill-natur'd Plenty
 Bedrub the Hide of *Rozinante*,
 That he soon sunk amidst his Foes,
 Beneath the Rigour of their Blows.

The Knight and *Sancho* much enrag'd
 To see poor *Roxi* thus engag'd,
 Ran tow'rds him with impatient Haſt
 To Reſcue the affaulted Beaſt ;
 The Don not thinking it amiſs
 To give the following Advice.

Friend Sancho, I perceive (quoth he)
That theſe can no Knight Errants be,
But a meer worthleſs Scoundrel Herd,
Who ne'er were honour'd by the Sword ;
Therefore according to the Law
Of Arms thou'ſt Liberty to draw,
And to revenge with all thy Force
The wrong they've done unto my Horſe.

‘ Revenge! reply’d the ‘Squire, Egad,
 ‘ Your Worſhip talks like one that’s mad ;
 ‘ Why don’t you ſee at leaſt a Score
 ‘ Of ſwanking Loobies, if not more,
 ‘ Young luſty Rascals brisk and youthful,
 ‘ Able to eat us at a Mouthful ;

‘ And

‘ And would you have us two such Fools
 ‘ To stand against their Staves and Poles.

*I tell thee Sancho (quoth the Knight)
 I'm worth two score my self in Fight :*

Then brandishing his trusty Sword,
 Fell on without another Word,

And laid about him in a Rage,
 Backstroak and Forstroak, Point and Edge :

Sancho encourag'd by his Master,
 Beyond the Fear of Bruise or Plaister,

At length drew out his snarling Blade,
 And when once enter'd fought like mad.

Don Quixote, who was Fire and Tow,
 At first gave one so smart a Blow,

Which cut so terrible a Gash
 Thro' leathern Doublet in his Flesh,

That the sad sight provok'd the Carriers
 To shew themselves such desp'rate Warriors,

That now each fought like any *Turk*,
 Striking as Anchor-Smiths at work ;

All beating in their turns upon
 The Anvil-Helmet of the Don,
 Who in the Centre hacking stood
 Like somewhat more than Flesh and Blood,
 Till drove by mortal Thumps, that crown'd
 His Head, Knee-deep into the Ground,
 And then at *Rozinante's* Tail
 The Valiant Hero fainting fell;
 Poor *Sancho* tumbling next his Master,
 Beneath the very same Disaster:
 Thus Odds we see, that beat the Devil,
 Must conquer Mortals when they cavil.

The Clowns, not knowing but their Blows
 Had kill'd instead of stunn'd their Foes,
 Took up their Mares like prudent Loobies,
 And fled for Fear of *Coram Nobis*,
 Leaving their Victims cover'd over
 With Grass, well drubb'd, to die in Clover.
 No sooner were the Carriers gone
 But *Sancho*, breathing forth a Groan,

Recover'd

Recover'd strength enough to speak,
 Tho' sadly batter'd, fore and weak;
 And turning tow'rd's the feeble Knight,
 Who also lay in woful plight,
 He slowly rais'd his broken Head,
 And thus unto his Master said :

*A Murrain take these damn'd Revenges,
 My Bones are all knock'd off the Hinges,
 How fares your Worship's Neck and Shoulders !
 I doubt we're both but crippl'd Soldiers.
 Ah that we had but now a Draught
 Of that same fullsome, you know what,
 That would glue Knights like Joiners Boards,
 When cut asunder with their Swords.*

' I wish we had, reply'd the Don
 ' To Sancho, in a doleful Tone ;
 ' However we'll ha' some at Night :
 ' A Dose or two will set us right.

*Int'roth (quoth Sancho) I'm afraid,
 By that time we shall both be dead :*

*As for my part I do affirm
 I scarce can stir one Leg or Arm;
 And as for both my Shoulders, Oh!
 They keep Account of every Blow,
 And have them tally'd down in Bloches,
 As Bakers score their Bread by Noches.*

'I own, quoth *Quixote*, thro' my Steel
 ' I'm somewhat bruise'd from Head to Heel,
 ' And cannot readily foresee
 ' The Date of our Recovery :
 ' I must confess these Drubs are wholly
 ' Owing to my o'erhasty Folly,
 ' And but a Punishment that's due
 ' To me, because I rashly drew
 ' My Sword on such a Scoundrel Crew :
 ' For he that's Knighted ought to fight
 ' With none but him that is a Knight;
 ' Therefore for time to come I pray,
 ' Observe, Friend *Sancho*, what I say,
 ' Which

' Which is, if e'er we meet again
 ' With such a Mob in Road or Lane,
 ' That 'tis your Bus'ness to chastise
 ' Such base and worthless Enemies,
 ' And beat 'em as your self thinks fit,
 ' 'Till you subdue, and they submit;
 ' For know that 'tis against the Law
 ' Of Chivalry for me to draw,
 ' Nor will I ever more debase
 ' My Honour in so vile a Case,
 ' But wholly leave, as 'tis your Due,
 ' Such low Adventures unto you:
 ' But if a Knight should interpose,
 ' Or give Assistance to thy Foes,
 ' Then will I draw my Sword, and lend thee
 ' My utmost Vigour to defend thee.

*Thank you good Sir, reply'd the 'Squire,
 Fight not 'till I your Aid desire,
 And you may take your final Farewel
 Of Squabble, Combat, and of Quarrel;*

*For I shall never more delight in
 This damn'd Ribroasting way of Fighting,
 But do with all my Heart forgive
 The best and worst of men that live ;
 Am Friends with all degrees of Warriors,
 From doubtful Knights to plaguy Carriers.*

‘ Thou silly Wretch, replies the Don,
 ‘ Suppose thou should’st possess a Throne,
 ‘ As I intend e’erlong thou shalt,
 ‘ Unless thy own ignoble Fault,
 ‘ How could’st thou reign as Sov’reign Lord,
 ‘ And be averse to draw thy Sword ?
 ‘ Kings must be Tyrants, and chastise
 ‘ Their stiff-neck’d murm’ring Enemies :
 ‘ Mercy in Monarchs is a Failure,
 ‘ That’s always deem’d the want of Valour;
 ‘ And if thy Subjects once shou’d find,
 ‘ Thou’rt peaceful, lenitive and kind,
 ‘ They’l tease thee, slight thee, grow upon thee,
 ‘ And plague thee till they’v quite undon thee ;
 ‘ Besides

- ‘ Besides no Prince in my Opinion
- ‘ Can e’er be fix’d in his Dominion,
- ‘ ‘Till by destroying some of those
- ‘ His Policy marks out as Foes ;
- ‘ He makes the slavish Crowd approve
- ‘ His Reign thro’ Fear as well as Love :
- ‘ Therefore if thou a Crown wou’dst wear,
- ‘ I’d have thee learn to be severe ;
- ‘ For Cruelty in Men of might
- ‘ Is Justice : What is just is right.

*Quoth Sancho, make me but a King,
 You’ll find me quite another thing.
 I’ve made a Thousand Sheep obey ;
 And what are Subjects more than they ?
 Keep ’em but poor, with Projects fool ’em,
 And that’s the only way to rule ’em.
 But good Sir, let’s defer this matter,
 ‘Till we are more at Ease herea’ter,
 We’ve greater need in our Condition
 Of a good Surgeon or Physician,
 Than a long-winded Politician.*

Therefore

Therefore pray let us rise and handle
 Our Legs, and try if we can stand well,
 That with our Help we may befriend
 Your Worship's Horse that lyes behind,
 And groans so terribly, poor Jade,
 As if he granted for our Aid;
 Tho' he deserves no Pity neither,
 Because his Lewdness brought us hither,
 And brought our thin and tender Hides
 To all this basting. Oh my Sides.

' Quoth Quixote, 'tis alas no more,
 ' Than many Knights have felt before.
 ' Were I the first that any Rabble
 ' Had ever drub'd in such a Squabble,
 ' No Remedy would I have sought,
 ' But dy'd with Grief upon the Spot,
 ' Rather than I'd have thus incurr'd
 ' The odious Shame of so absurd
 ' A drubbing, that ignoble Word.

Since Drubs, quoth Sancho, you agree,
 Are oft the Vails of Errantry,

I beg you would inform me whether
 They come by chance like Rainy Weather,
 Or that you fall upon these Ills,
 As constant as you do your Meals:
 For I'm perswaded that our Meeting
 With such another woful Beating
 Will spoil your Worship's Trade of Knighting,
 And give us both enough of fighting,
 Fit each to be an hauling Brother
 Of some lame Hospital or other.

'Tis true, reply'd the Don, I know
 We Knights must meet with many a Blow,
 And daily face a thousand Dangers,
 To which the dastard World are strangers,
 What then, to recompense our Scars,
 We oft win Kingdoms unawares,
 And by meer chance to ease our Bones
 Step into downy Beds and Thrones,
 Hug beauteous Queens, and bear Command
 O'er mighty Tracks of fertile Land:

What

‘ What Mortal then would live at Ease,
 ‘ But scuffle for such Joys as these?
 ‘ What signifies a little beating,
 ‘ A poor mischance not worth repeating?
 ‘ *Amadis* bore much more than us
 ‘ From the Inchanter *Arcalaus*,
 ‘ Who in his Court-yard ty’d his Rump
 ‘ With hempen Halter to a Stump,
 ‘ And gave the Knight two hundred Stripes
 ‘ Athwart his Shoulders and his Hips
 ‘ With double Rein of Horse’s Bridle,
 ‘ That e’ery stroke girt round his Middle :
 ‘ Nor did the Knight o’th’ Sun escape
 ‘ A far more dangerous Mishap,
 ‘ When he was taken in a Trap,
 ‘ And forc’d from thence into a Steep
 ‘ And loathsome Dungeon dark and deep,
 ‘ Where first they bound him fast, and a’ter
 ‘ Gave him a Clyster of Snow-water,
 ‘ With

' With Flints and Pebbles beat to Powder,
 ' To make the Champion roar the louder,
 ' Which must have brought him to his End,
 ' Had no Magician stood his Friend :
 ' Drubs therefore are but bites of Fleas,
 ' Compar'd to Hardships such as these;
 ' Besides remember this from me,
 ' The ancient Laws of Chivalry
 ' Declare, that if a Scoundrel Fool
 ' Should strike a Knight with working Tool,
 ' His Knighthood shall no Honour lose
 ' By such presumptive Blow or Blows;
 ' So that if Botcher with his Yard
 ' Should rudely wipe me o'er the Beard,
 ' Or Cobler with his Last or Strap
 ' Affront me with a Knock or Slap,
 ' The Laws of Arms will not admit
 ' That I am cudgell'd, tho' I'm beat :
 ' Therefore in this our present Case,
 ' Tho' bruis'd, we've suffer'd no Disgrace,

‘ Because the Carriers Staves and Poles
 ‘ Are known to be their working Tools.

*In troth, quoth Sancho, to be plain,
 I’m more concern’d about the Pain,
 Than whether Knocks and Thumps we’ve got
 Are to our Honour any Blot;
 Let Packstuff be a Tool or no,
 I’m sure ’twill give a woundy Blow:
 Had I been cudgell’d o’er and o’er,
 My Sides could not have been more sore,
 And tho’ these ill-condition’d Drubs
 By Tools you say, but I say Clubs,
 Are to our Honour no great Blemish,
 I’m sure they’ve made me cursed lamish,
 That my poor Limbs I dare to say
 Will feel ’em to my dying Day.*

‘ No more of this reply’d the Knight,
 ‘ A little time will set thee right;
 ‘ Example take, and make like me
 ‘ A Vertue of Necessity:

‘ Let’s

' Let's see how *Rozinant* has far'd,
 ' We ought to shew him some Regard,
 ' Since 'twas his Destiny to enter
 ' The first upon this rash Adventure.

Pox take him for his pains, reply'd
The 'Squire, the Devil brush his Hide ;
'Twas his old dangling vitious Bauble
That brought us into all this Trouble :
Hadst thou long since been gelt a Colt,
I'm sure 'tad sav'd me many a Polt :
Stir up you Fumbler, what must you
Break loose, and turn Knight-Errant too :
The Mares and Carriers with their Blows
Have cool'd your Leach'ry, I suppose ;
You have been finely cross'd in Love ;
Let's see if you can stand or move :
We'd all been in a better Case,
Had you took Pattern by my Ass :
Yonder he stands poor harmless Drudge,
As grave and sober as a Judge.

‘ Fortune, replies the Don, we find,
 ‘ Still proves in all Disasters kind,
 ‘ And in compassion to the Rubs
 ‘ We’ve met with, sav’d thy Tit from Drubs,
 ‘ Him with thy Leave will I bestride,
 ‘ And to some Town or Castle ride;
 ‘ For ’tis I’m certain no Disgrace
 ‘ For a maim’d Knight to mount an Ass,
 ‘ Since wise *Silenus*, who was made
 ‘ Tutor to th’ God Wine I’ve read,
 ‘ Perform’d his Cavalcade upon
 ‘ Just such another prick-ear’d Drone,
 ‘ And rode in Triumph thro’ the Streets
 ‘ Oth’ City with an hundred Gates,
 ‘ Whilst gazing Crouds were got together,
 ‘ Yet thought it no Dishonour neither :
 ‘ Why then in this Extremity
 ‘ Should I be more asham’d than he?

*Quoth Sancho, could your Worship ride
 Upright, as I suppose he did,*

’T would

'Twould be no Scandal; but I fear
 You're so belabour'd Front and Reer,
 That I must lay you cross my Ass,
 As Butchers carry Calves from Grass,
 Or as a Carrier mounts his Load,
 On Pack-horse Pannel for the Road.

' Pray, quoth the Knight, dear Sancho scatter
 ' No further words about the matter:
 ' Such gauling Similies I hate,
 ' The Name of Carrier makes me sweat,
 ' And causes both my Bones and Flesh
 ' To feel their plaguy Drubs afresh;
 ' Therefore, good Sancho, prithee mount
 ' My batter'd Carcass on thy Runt,
 ' That we may find some Castle out
 ' To ease our Wounds, and quench our
 ' For if we tarry here, the Night, (Drought;
 ' I find, will soon Eclipse the Light.

With that poor Sancho, who could scarce
 Advance his Corps from off his Arse,

After he'd wish'd both Plague and Pox
 On those that gave his Ribs such Knocks,
 Made a hard shift with Back half broken
 To rise as crooked as a Token;
 So moving like a crippl'd Warriër,
 At e'ery Step he curs'd a Carrier,
 And santer'd double tow'rds his Afs,
 To fetch the sober Brute from Grass;
 Which when he'd done, the Knight he laid
 Across the little passive Jade,
 Who bray'd most dolefully to feel
 Th' unusual Weight of so much Steel:
 Next *Sancho* by his Kicks and Curses
 Rais'd up the Mirrour of all Horses,
 Who being stiff from Head to Breech,
 As any old bed-ridden Witch;
 And loth to part with such good Keeping,
 Groan'd like a *Bridewel*-Bawd, when whippings;
 However *Sancho*, by the Bridle,
 Ty'd *Rozì* to his Tit's Bum-fiddle;

And

And leading Affin by the Halter,
 Away they travell'd Helter Skelter,
 In hopes to find the common Road,
 Where publick Inns and Taverns stood;
 Which in a little time the 'Squire
 Discover'd to his Hearts Desire,
 And looking forwards saw a Sign,
 Which shew'd the House to be an Inn.
 The Knight discording with his Vassal,
 Affirm'd it was some famous Castle ;
 Whilst *Sancho* in a Passion swore
 'Twas Inn or Tavern, and no more :
 Thus Words and Oaths arose apace
 About the Honour of the Place,
 'Till *Sancho* came unto the Gate,
 Before they'd ended the Debate,
 Where in he turn'd with Ass and Knight,
 All running out to see the Sight,
 As if the 'Squire had usher'd in
 Some foreign Monster to be seen.

Thus stubborn Men do often run
 Into those mischiefs they might shun,
 And straying wide from Reason's Rules,
 Become a Jest to other Fools.

C A N T O XXVI.

*The Knight and Squire by Dame and Daughter
 Plaister'd with Paper dipt in Water :
 Their Lodging in a Cock-lost haunted
 By Ladies, Hags and Moors enchanted.*

THE Host beholding of the Knight
 Lye cross the Afs in woful Plight,
 Enquir'd of *Sancho*, what Disaster
 Unhapp'ly had befalln his Master ?
 Only a Tumble, quoth the 'Squire
 From a steep Rock as high or high'r

Than

Than any old Cathedral Steeple ;
 Enough to've made a Man a Cripple ;
 Yet tho' 'twas such an ugly Fall,
 He 'as only numb'd himself, that's all.

The well-grown Hostess of the House
 Standing at the Elbow of her Spouse,
 Express'd a deep and Christian Sense
 Of the poor Gentleman's mischance,
 And b'ing tho' coarse, a tender Creature,
 Of great Compassion and good Nature,
 Assisted by her Spouse took care
 To lead him to a wooden Chair,
 That neither Cushion had nor Elbows,
 About as easy as the Bilboes ;
 Then calling for her handy Daughter
 To bring brown Paper and cold Water ;
 Betwixt them both to each Disaster
 Th' apply'd the good old Country Plaister,
 Such as my skilful Grannum uses
 To broken Shins and Forehead Bruises :

Then

Then by th' assistance of a cloudy
Astarian broadfac'd, one-ey'd Dowdy,
 They carr'd his Worship up to Bed
 In a wide Cock-loft over Head,
 Where in one Corner upon Stools,
 Spread with the Cov'ring of his Mules,
 A raw-bon'd Carrier sweating lay,
 Who was to rise by break of Day.
 At t'other end some Treffels stood,
 On which was laid four Planks of Wood,
 And upon them a Bed of Flocks
 Matted together like Elfe-Locks;
 On which they laid a stubborn Pair
 Of Sheets as rough as Cloth of Hair,
 And over them an ancient Rug,
 That harbour'd many a Louse and Bug:
 This was the bedding for the Don
 To rest his batter'd sides upon,
 Where Vagrants did when drunk repose
 Their drowfy Heads and stinking Toes.

No sooner was the Knight undrest,
 And put into his place of Rest,
 But with a greasy Balsam, made
 For the gall'd Back of Carriers Jade,
 They chaff'd his Shoulders where the Thump
 Had rais'd up such ill-favour'd Bumps
 And Blotches, that the Hostess cry'd,
 ' I doubt some Rogues have bang'd your Hide;
 ' These Bruises ne'er could come by falling,
 ' This must be downright Cudgel-mauling.

*Indeed Forsooth, reply'd the Squire,
 I ever scorn'd to be a Liar;
 You little think what Knobs and Nooks
 Stand jutting out those ugly Rocks,
 And e'ery such like plaguy Stone
 Gave him a Thump in coming down,
 So that his Crab-tree sides were knotted
 By nothing but those Craggs that jutted.*

*But by the way, pray ben't too free,
 But use your Ointment sparingly,*

That

*That both our Backs may have their Due,
For my poor Hide wants Tallowing too.*

‘ Quoth she, have you too had a Kick
‘ By tumbling headlong down a Rock ;
‘ I doubt hard Wood, instead of Stones,
‘ Has been bestow’d on both your Bones.

*No, no, cries Sancho, you’re not right,
I’m only crippld with the Fright
Of see’ng my kind good Master fall
From off so high a place, that’s all.*

‘ Indeed, reply’d the Maiden she,
‘ I know that such a thing may be ;
‘ For truly when I’ve only dream’d
‘ Of falling, I aloud have scream’d,
‘ And when I’ve wak’d have found my Head
‘ And all my Bones so sore in Bed,
‘ As if I’d made my self a Cripple,
‘ By really tumbling from a Steeple.

*Indeed, quoth Sancho to the Lass,
You’ve almost hit my very Case ;*

For tho' my Senses were, I vow,

As much awake as I am now,

Yet did I find each Limb and Joint

As sore as his whom you anoint.

' Prithee, good Fellow, quoth the Maid,

' What are thy Master's Name and Trade.

Since thou wond'st know, quoth Sancho Panca,

His Name Don Quixote de la Mancha,

And for his Trade to tell you right,

He's what we call an Errant Knight.

' What's that, I wonder, quoth the Maukin,

' As she the Champion's Back was stroaking.

Quoth Sancho, thou'rt a foolish Creature

To understand the World no better;

Why a Knight-Errant's one of those,

That lives by War, and swallows Blows;

A Man that fights all Desperadoes,

And thrives the best by Bastinadoes,

That leaps from Hovels into Thrones

By Dint of Drubs, and broken Bones:

To

*To day a poor and wretched Thing,
 To morrow an Alcade, or King,
 Who compliments his trusty 'Squire
 With Kingdoms in the Moon or high'r,
 And wealthy Islands God knows where.*

‘ How comes it then, quoth Female Spouse,
 ‘ The punch-gut Ruler of the House,
 ‘ That thou as yet hath no Command
 ‘ O’er some great Town or wealthy Land,
 ‘ Since you are one that waits upon
 ‘ So brave and generous a Don?

*Quoth Sancho, not so hasty neither,
 We have not been a Month together,
 Nor have we yet, alas, destroy’d
 A Gyant since we’ve been abroad,
 Or kill’d for Breakfast, or for Dinner,
 One Dragon yet, as I’m a Sinner;
 But if my Master does recover
 Those Bruises you’re anointing over,*

And

*And I do, as I hope I shall,
Escape both Crutch and Hospital,
I'll not take Spain, I do declare,
With all its Indies for my share.*

*The Knight, who'd listen'd in his Bed
To all the Dame and 'Squire had said,
Strain'd hard to raise himself upon
His painful Rump, and when he'd done,
In Language fine he gravely thus
Salutes the Dame, that homely Puffs:*

*Bright Lady, thou enchanting Fair,
That reigns alone as Princess here,
I joy to think 'tis in my Pow'r
To honour this your Castle Tow'r:
Self-praise becomes no Man of Fame,
My 'Squire can tell you who I am:
Yet tho' my Deeds have spread my worth
Thro' all the Regions of the Earth,
I swear had not the Pow'rs above
Enslav'd my Heart, and fix'd my Love,*

*I would have chose alone to be
Your Captive to Eternity.*

The Dame, her Daughter, and the Maid
Amus'd at what his Worship said,
Scarce knew which way to turn their Eyes,
They were in such a deep Surprise,
All wondring what his Knightsip meant
By such a thund'ring Complement :
However making him as good
A rural Answer as they cou'd,
The Dame and Daughter thought it best
To leave their Patient to his Rest,
Whilst the blind Strammell of a Maid
Sometime with *Sancho Pancha* staid,
To rub his batter'd Hide a little
With melted Kitchin-stuff and Spittle.

Now you must know the servile Dowdy,
That chaff'd the Bumps of *Sancho's* Body,
Had giv'n her word unto the Carrier,
Who if she prov'd had vow'd to marry her,

That

That she would bless his Arms that Night,
 And entertain him with Delight,
 Soon as the Family and Guest
 Had all betak'n 'em to their Rest ;
 For she would ne'er refuse her Favours
 To Rural Clowns of like Behaviours ;
 But always would be kind and free
 To forward Louts as fond as she :
 And the worst Jill, we know, may find
 As bad a Jack that will be kind.

No sooner had poor *Sancho's* Hide
 Been tallow'd round from side to side,
 But his She-Surgeon, now to close
 Her Kindness, with'd him good Repose,
 Leaving the 'Squire to ease his Bones
 On Boards not softer much than Stones,
 Having no Bedding but a Mat
 Half eaten up by Mouse and Rat,
 And o'er his penitential Bed
 A Horse-cloth for a Quilt was laid ;

Beneath which Covering he crept,
 Where many a scabby Rogue had slept,
 And left behind a frowzy stench,
 Rank as a sweating red-hair'd Wench,
 When in a funny scorching Day
 She's lab'ring hard at making Hay.

Alike thus Man and Master far'd,
 Their Lodging very cool and hard ;
 Fleas skipping round them as they lay,
 As thick as Grasshoppers in May,
 Forfaking now the Carriers Bed,
 Where they had plentifully fed,
 In hopes that *Sancho* and his Master
 Might yield them more delicious Pasture ;
 Amidst these Blessings did they groan,
 And eccho to each others Moan ;
 Endeav'ring both alike in vain
 By sleep to mitigate their Pain ;
 But knotty Beds and nibbling Fleas
 Deny'd their batter'd Members Ease.

At length the lateness of the Night
 Call'd all to sleep that could enjoy't,
 Whilst hooting Owls and crowing Cocks
 Proclaim'd the Hour instead of Clocks ;
 So that as soon as Host and Guest
 By Gapes and Shrugs were drove to Rest,
 The Dowdy Maid, nam'd *Maritornes*,
 Who had been us'd to Midnight Journies,
 Thought it high time to now undress,
 And steal into her Love's Embrace ;
 Accordingly with eager Haste
 She unty'd the Girdle of her Waist ;
 Next pulling off her Grogram Gown,
 Cross her Bed's feet she laid it down,
 Then with quick Fingers drew apace
 Thro' every Hole her Bodice-Lace,
 And when she'd loos'd some puzzling Knots,
 At once let fall her Petticoats ;
 Then sitting on her Bed for Ease,
 She turn'd her shift up by degrees,
 And staid a while to kill the Fleas.

The Knight, who all this time had lain
 Awak'd, disturb'd by thought and Pain,
 Among the other wild Conceits,
 That crept into his crazy Wits,
 He fancy'd that the beauteous Maid,
 Who help'd t' anoint him in his Bed,
 Must be the Daughter to be sure
 Of the great Lord and Governour
 O'th Castle, where they'd kindly found
 Such healing Unguents for each Wound ;
 Conceiting farther, that the Lady
 Was so in Love with him already,
 That she would steal i'th' dark unto him
 To comfort him, if not to woo him ;
 However he resolv'd in short
Dulcinea still should have his Heart ;
 And that the Lady, if she came,
 Altho' so young and fair a Dame,
 Should not prevail with him, or move
 His Breast to falsify his Love,

Or tempt him to bestow upon her
One Favour that might stain his Honour.

Whilst *Quixote* soften'd the Extreams
Of Pain by such amuzing Dreams,
And lay expecting by his side
A Beauty, to the Gods ally'd,
Monoculus with horny Thumb
Had kill'd the Niblers of her Bum,
And clear'd her Smock and other Cloths
Of all her little nimble Foes,
Now thought it therefore time to move
On tip-toe softly to her Love.
Accordingly up-stairs she crept,
And light as any Fairy stept ;
Yet the Don's Fancy having put
His list'ning Ears upon the Scout,
As she stole up, he chanc'd to hear
The crackling of a yielding Stair,
Which gave him notice to be ready
To wellcome the expected Lady.

Accordingly the plaister'd Knight
 Upon his Crupper jump'd upright,
 And stretching forth his Arm to guide
 The Princess to his Cabbin-side,
 He chanc'd to catch indecent Hold
 Of *Maritornes* Marigold ;
 But soon perceiving his Mistake,
 His Hand he modestly drew back,
 And groaping higher, laid his Fist
 Upon the Strumpets brawny Wrist,
 By which he gently pull'd her nearer,
 And begg'd her Pardon for his Error,
 Obliging the salacious Jade
 To seat her self upon his Bed,
 Who durst not struggle much, for fear
 Her Master or her Dame should hear,
 And therefore was resolv'd to show
 Good Humour 'till he let her go.

The Knight, who took her still to be
 A beauteous Maid of high Degree,

Now

Now thought her Smock (altho' as black,
 And course as any Small-coal Sack)
 Was of the finest Holland made,
 The Seams with Bobbin-fin'ry laid;
 And that her Hide (altho' as tough
 As *Normay* Seal-skin, and as rough)
 Was soft as Sattin, or as Down,
 And sweet as Roses newly blown;
 Her matted Hair, tho' coarse as Flocks,
 He took for charming Golden Locks,
 And her Glass Beads about her Wrist
 For Oriental Pearl at least;
 Believing that her sweaty Toes,
 And Arm-pits, whence such steems arose,
 Flow'd with rich Odours and Perfumes,
 More sweet than Arromattick Gums.
 Thus did the Champion by the strength
 Of Fancy raise the Trull at length
 In his Conceit to be as bright
 I'th' Dark, as *Venus* in the Light;

Then clasping of the Dowdy close
 He hug'd her Ear unto his Nose,
 Where rancid Oil distill'd behind,
 And thus he whisper'd out his Mind.

*O thou most charming kind Temptation,
 More fragrant than the sweet Carnation,
 Soft as the Belly of a Snail,
 And brighter than the Glow-worm's Tail ;
 Oh that I durst, or was but free
 T' improve this Opportunity,
 In paying to so dear a Creature
 The warm Acknowledgments of Nature ;
 But I alas am riveted
 By Wounds and Bruises to my Bed,
 And to my Grief by spiteful chance
 Am doom'd to present Impotence ;
 Besides to this unlucky Bar
 Ill Fortune adds a greater far,
 Which is the plighted Faith between
 My self and Beauty's only Queen,*

*A certain Princess young and gay,
 Whose Name is Fair Dulcinea,
 Born at Toboso, she alone
 Has made my Heart her Sov'reign Throne,
 Where I have vow'd that she shall bear
 The Rule, and reign unrival'd there.*

*Did not these Obstacles confine me
 To lose the Blessings you design me,
 I should not be so dull to slight
 The present Offers of Delight,
 But with glad Arms soon open wide
 My Bed, and hug you to my side.*

*Poor Maritornes vex'd in mind,
 And sweating hot with Fear to find
 Her Sack-cloth Smock, and frowzy Charms
 Fast lock'd within a Strangers Arms,
 And understanding not a Tittle
 Of what he said, or very little,*

Began

Began to struggle when she found
 The Knight was nothing else but Sound,
 That she might quit the feeble Warrior,
 For the more kind and able Carrier,
 Who for some time awake had been,
 And over-heard what pass'd between
 His wish'd for Mistress and the Knight,
 Who'd thus obstructed his Delight ;
 At first mistrusting that the Jade
 Was sporting in his Neighbour's Bed ;
 But at length finding, as he lay,
 By her Efforts to get away,
 That from his Pleasures she was still
 Detain'd by Force, against her Will,
 He softly slid from out his Kennel,
 And crept along, like new-whipp'd Spaniel,
 To th' Bed where Don had kept the Dowdy,
 'Till grown perverse and very moody ;
 Which her robust and angry Lover
 No sooner plainly did discover,

But

But Bumkin much enrag'd to find
 His Mate with-held against her Mind,
 Doubl'd his Fist, and smote the Knight
 Athwart his Jaws with all his Might,
 Knocking him backwards in his Bed,
 And laid the bleeding Don for dead;
 Yet not content h'ad thus o'erthrown him,
 He set his horny Feet upon him,
 And trod his Puddings as he lay,
 As if they'd been a Mow of Hay,
 'Till the gross weight o'th' heavy Clown
 Broke all the boarded Bedstead down,
 Surprising with the noisy Thunder
 The Host whose Lodging-room was under:
 He started up amidst his Fright,
 And of a suddain struck a Light;
 With which bare-footed in his Shirt,
 Bedung'd with Fleas, and black with Dirt,
 His Hair all strutting round his Block
 Like Feathers of a fighting Cock,

And

And in this Order he advanc'd
 Upstairs to see what Devil danc'd,
 Suspecting that his one-ey'd Jade
 Some Midnight bawdy Prank had plaid,
 And that the bold salacious Hussy
 Had been among his Guest too busy.

But *Maritornes* over-hearing,
 Amidst the Fray, her Master stirring,
 And knowing such a Mid-night Hurry
 Would raise his Passion to a Fury,
 Finding that *Sancho* soundly slept,
 The Sow into his Hog-sty crept,
 Fancying 'twould prove her wisest Course
 To lye close cover'd at his Arse:
 No sooner was the Gypsy got
 In this safe Harbour, as she thought,
 In hopes to shun th' approaching Storm,
 But up the Host came very warm,
 And like a Tempest in hot Weather,
 Lighten'd and Thunder'd close together ;

Crying

Crying aloud, *Where is this Wh—re,*
This Brimstone who has made this stir,
I'm sure this Hurricane and Bustle
Are owing to this nasty Puzzle.

These Blusters happen'd to awake
 The 'Squire, who feeling at his Back
 A strange unweildy heavy Lump
 Of something clinging to his Rump,
 Whose Weight upon his Ribs had made him
 Quite sick, and almost overlaid him,
 Fearing the Night-Mare, or some Hag
 Had chos'n him for their Hackney Nag,
 To ride him thro' the misty Air
 O'er Tow'rs and Steeples, God knows where:
 These frightful Thoughts made *Sancho* lay
 About him stoutly e'ery way,
 Endeav'ring to dismount the Witch
 He felt upon his Back and Breech,
 'Till by hard Blows and Thumps unkind
 He so provok'd the Hag behind,

That

That she return'd with Mutton Fist
 Two scurvy Polts to one at least,
 With her long Tallons scratch'd the 'Squire,
 And maul'd him to her Heart's Desire :
 Poor *Sancho* finding that the Blows
 Came on so thick on Jaws and Nose,
 On his But-end got bolt upright,
 The better to maintain the Fight,
 Not knowing whether he withstood
 Witch, Devil, Imp, or Flesh and Blood ;
 Howe'er he both his Hands imploy'd,
 And thump'd and thrash'd on e'ery side,
 His Female Foe still laying on,
 As boldly as an *Amazon*,
 Now clawing like a Stoat or Ferret,
 Then, back'd her Scratches with a Wherret,
 Whilst *Sancho* tore her Canvas Smock
 From off her rusty Bacon Back,
 And left her Turm'rick Puddings bare,
 Expos'd to th' danger of the War.

No sooner did the Carrier see
 His Mistress in such Jeopardy,
 But he forsook the Knight to lend
 His Aid to his obliging Friend,
 And scuffling bravely for his Lass,
 Tore *Sancho's* Beard half off his Face,
 And left him scarce a Hair to shew
 Where his tremendous Whiskers grew.

The Master, finding that his Jade
 Had all this Strife and Mischief made,
 Now mau'd poor *Maritornes* more
 Than the stout 'Squire had done before ;
 But the Trull, fearing no Disaster,
 Turn'd all her Force against her Master,
 That now the War went briskly round,
 No Quarter giv'n, or Mercy found ;
 At length as Blows were dealt about,
 The Light was by mischance put out,
 Which prov'd no small Advantage to
 Th' undaunted Strammel of a Shrew,

Who

Who now assur'd that none could see
 The Bugbear of Immodesty,
 Bounc'd from the Cabbín which was *Sancho's*,
 And fought stark naked on her ten Toes,
 Exerting now her Female-strength
 With Tooth and Tallon, 'till at length
 With her bold *Herculean* Blows
 Upon her Master's Mouth and Nose,
 That finding her so fierce and froward,
 He roar'd out *Murder*, like a Coward.

This horrid Out-cry reach'd the Ear
 Of a chance Guest, an Officer,
 A bold thief-taking Desperado,
 Of th' old Broth'rhoo*d of Toledo*,
 Whose Office was to scout about,
 To ferret Rogues and Robbers out;
 No sooner did this wakeful Spy
 Hear the alarming doleful Cry,
 But up he jump'd in the Surprise,
 Having no Light but from the Skies,

And

And taking only in his Hand
 A short tip'd Truncheon to command
 The Peace, which all Men knew to be
 A Badge of his Authority,
 Blund'ring 'ith' Dark, he groap'd his way
 Into the Loft, amidst the Fray,
 B'ing guided thither by the Noise,
 And Out-cry of his Landlord's Voice.
 Just as he enter'd at the Door
 He Cry'd, *By Vertue of my Power,*
I charge ye in a word to cease
This Clutter, and to keep the Peace ;
Woe be to him that further dare
To strike a Blow whilst I am here ;
 Then groaping round without a Light,
 He clap'd his Hand upon the Knight,
 And catching hold his Beard, he said,
Arise, for I command thy Aid ;
 But finding that he did not stir,
 And his Face bloody wet all o'er,

As rightly he conceiv'd, because
 'Twas cold and clammy round his Jaws,
 From whence he rationally guest
 Him dead, and murder'd by the rest :
 With that he ran down in a Hurry,
 And cry'd out *Murder*, like a Fury,
 Bawling as loud as he could gape,
Keep fast the Gates, that none escape ;
Arise, assist me, I'm afraid
Here's a Man murder'd in his Bed.

This dreadful Cry, at Mid of Night,
 Ith' dark, without a Spark of Light,
 Soon made the fiery Boxers start,
 And caus'd the Combatants to part ;
 The Landlord sneaking down the Stairs
 To's Wife with sculptur'd Nose and Ears ;
 The Wench stole softly to her Hut,
 Without a Rag to hide her Scut ;
 The Carrier to his Pannels crept,
 And snoaring lay, as if he slept,

Leaving

Leaving the Officer much frighted,
Holl'wing to get his Candle lighted.

Those troubl'd with a vitious Gust,
Who break their Rest to ease their Lust,
Are oft obstructed and detected
By strange Misfortunes unexpected.

C A N T O XXVII.

*The Knight, b'ing very sore within,
Prepares his Balsam, bilks the Inn,
And leaves poor Sancho to be toss'd
In Blanket by the Guest and Host.*

THE Knight now waking from his Trance
With bloody Nose and aking Brains,
Thus call'd, as loud as he was able,
In a Tone soft and lamentable;

‘ *Sancho*, Friend *Sancho*, prithee speak,
 ‘ Thou’rt well perhaps, but I am weak ;
 ‘ *Sancho*, how canst thou sleep, alas,
 ‘ So sound in this enchanted Place !

Sleep ! with a Pox, reply’d the ‘Squire,
Some Hags have given me my Hire,
And ’cause I would not let ’em ride me,
Have claw’d me ’till they’ve hear destroy’d me.

‘ Quoth *Quixote*, what thou say’st is right,
 ‘ I’ve heard ’em revelling all Night ;
 ‘ Not only so, but felt the Force
 ‘ Of their horn’d Hoofs and Claws that’s worse.

Marry, quoth *Sancho*, so have I,
My Chops will prove I tell no Lye ;
I’ve scarce a Tuft of Hair to shew,
Where my poor Beard or Whiskers grew,
Nor have their Tallons left me sight
Enough to know the Day from Night ;
Nay Scrats and Bumps, as well as Blindness,
Will bear true witness of their Kindness.

‘ Quoth

' Quoth *Quixote*, we may tak't for granted
 ' 'Tis an old Castle that's enchanted,
 ' Where some revengeful old Magician
 ' Has brought us into this Condition;
 ' For if thou'lt swear upon thy Faith,
 ' You'll keep it secret 'till my Death,
 ' And ne'er divulge a Word 'till a'ter,
 ' I'll freely tell thee all the Matter.

Ay, quoth the 'Squire, with all my Heart,
I'll swear to keep it 'till we part;
Nor do I care if 't be to morrow;
For e'ery Day I fear, you borrow
Of Time, will prove my further Sorrow.

' What have I done, reply'd the Don,
 ' That thou would'st have me die so soon.

Nothing, quoth Sancho, but I hate
To keep new Secrets in my Pate,
Struggling for Vent, 'till out of Date;
Yet for this once I will conceal
What you've the Pleasure to reveal.

‘ Then, quoth the Don, will I divulge
 ‘ The only Secret I indulge.
 ‘ Last Night the Daughter fair and dear
 ‘ Of him, that rules this Castle here,
 ‘ Approach’d me, shrouded in her Smock,
 ‘ Her Hair dishrevell’d down her Back,
 ‘ Whose Golden Locks and beauteous Face
 ‘ Out-shone the Sun and all his Raies :
 ‘ Surpriz’d, unwarily I caught
 ‘ The Damsel, by I knew not what ;
 ‘ But finding I mistook my Hold,
 ‘ I blush’d that I should prove so bold,
 ‘ And to her tender Wrist convey’d
 ‘ My Hand, and led her to my Bed,
 ‘ Where she sat trembling, full of Fear,
 ‘ And with kind Whispers charm’d my Ear,
 ‘ Wishing I’d hug her to my side,
 ‘ And use her like a blushing Bride.

*I hope, quoth Sancho, that you granted
 Those Favours, which the Lady wanted.*

*I'm sure I should have had the Grace
 To've don't, had I been in your Place :
 But some she-Devil, Witch, or Sprite,
 Has been my Bed-fellow all Night.*

‘ No, reply’d *Quixote*, had she been a
 ‘ Goddess, I’d not have wrong’d *Dulcinea*;
 ‘ But *Sancho*, you must know whilst I
 ‘ Did all these vertuous Sweets enjoy,
 ‘ Some mighty Gyant in a Passion,
 ‘ Amidst our am’rous Conversation,
 ‘ With sturdy Fist, or Club of Oak,
 ‘ Surpriz’d my Jaws with such a Stroke,
 ‘ That backwards fell’d my dizzy Head,
 ‘ And laid me sprawling in my Bed,
 ‘ Then jump’d upon me with his Feet,
 ‘ And trod my Guts with all his Weight,
 ‘ Till some did to my Mouth ascend,
 ‘ And some pop out at t’other End,
 ‘ Mean while they from my side convey’d,
 ‘ By magick Spells, the beauteous Maid ;

- ‘ So that the Charms she does possess
- ‘ Are guarded by some Sorcerers,
- ‘ And reserv’d only to delight
- ‘ The Arms of some enchanted Knight.

*Faith, quoth the Squire, I cannot fancy
 You lost the Lass by Necromancy,
 I’m rather apt to think in troth,
 That you provok’d her by your Sloth,
 And wronging of her Expectation,
 Put the young Jade in such a Passion,
 That thinking you an ill-bred Clown,
 She with the Bed-staff knock’d you down,
 Then trod your Belly, to amuse
 The Toy you had not Sense to use.*

- ‘ No, quoth the Knight, you may rely on’t,
- ‘ Twas some enchanted Moor or Gyant,
- ‘ That struck me, traml’d and abus’d me,
- ‘ The Lady she most kindly us’d me,
- ‘ And had she tarry’d here ’till now,
- ‘ For once I might have broke my Vow.

The

The Officer, who'd been so frightened,
 Had got his Lamp by this time lighted,
 And up he came half out of Breath,
 To see who 'twas had suffer'd Death.

Sancho beholding such a Figure,
 Whose Looks were full of Wrath and Rigour,
 With a huge Napkin Night-cap round
 His Temples like a Turbant bound.

Nouns Master, quoth the 'Squire, *beware*,
Here comes th' enchanted Moor I fear;
He looks as if he wanted further
Revenge, Lord keep us both from Murder.

' No, quoth the Don by way of Answer,
 ' This is, I'm sure, no Necromancer;
 ' For they're invisible to Men,
 ' And will not by our Eyes be seen.

That's strange, I very much admire
They'll not be seen, replies the 'Squire,
Since the confounded Blows they've dealt
Prove plainly that they will be felt.

Whilst

Whilst they were arguing *Pro* and *Con*,
 The stern-look'd Officer came on,
 Amaz'd to hear two Persons mutter
 So calmly after such a Clutter;
 But finding *Quixoté's* Face and Beard
 With Blood and Snivel much besmear'd,
 Near to his Nose he holds the Light,
 And thus salutes the batter'd Knight.

*I find it must be thee that bawl'd
 Out Murder, for thou'rt sadly maul'd.
 What Russian was it made thee bellow?
 How is it with thee honest Fellow?*

' Fellow! reply'd the moody Don,
 ' I am not yours, you sawcy Clown;
 ' Is it your Breeding to salute
 ' Knight-Errants thus, yo' unpolish'd Brute!

The Officer, who could not stand
 To hear so coarse a Reprimand,
 Especially from one that made
 So poor a Figure in his Bed,

Let

Let fly his lighted Lamp upon
 The Forehead of the scornful Don,
 Which once more stun'd him for a while,
 And drown'd his Countenance in Oil,
 Then flunk from out the Room i'th' dark,
 And stood upon the Stairs to hark.

*Nouns, quoth the 'Squire, what i' other Blow?
 Was that th' enchanted Moor or no?
 Let him be either Man or Devil,
 His Compliments are damn'd uncivil.*

' I'm now convinc'd, replies the Knight,
 ' I plainly saw him by the Light ;
 ' They will appear, and shew their Faces
 ' Sometimes in extraord'nary Cases ;
 ' Yet 'twould be folly to resent
 ' These Wrongs, we'd better be content,
 ' Since they can in their proper Shape
 ' Do hurt, then vanish and escape,
 ' And for their Safety or their Ease
 ' B' invifible, when e'er they please.

Rigl ;

*Right, quoth the 'Squire, for I have sworn
To bear all Wrongs without Return :
I ne'er reveng'd, I do declare it,
One Blow but I had twenty for it ;
Therefore I never more shall take
Revenge, for Rozinante's sake.*

*' But prithee, Sancho, quoth the Knight,
' Arise, for now 'tis almost Light,
' And beg the Governor to spare you
' Some Wine, Salt, Oil, and dry'd Rosemary,
' That we may make and take that Balsam,
' Which once I told thee was so wholesome ;
' For I'm much wounded on the Brow,
' With the Blow given me but now.*

*Sancho, whose manifold Disasters
Were full as painful as his Master's,
Got up as fast as aking Bones
Would let him rise, and down he runs,
Happ'ning to trip in his Career,
And fall against the Officer,*

Who

Who list'ning stood i'th' dark upon
 The Stairs, to hear what Hurt he'd done.
 Good Sir, quoth Sancho, let me see
 Some Wine, Salt, Oil, and Rosemary,
 To make a Med'cine for the best
 Knight-Errant, that was e'er distrest,
 Wh' above lyes melt'ring in his Gore,
 Much wounded by th' enchanted Moor;
 He that can vanish or appear,
 Be here and there, and e'ery where,
 And lurks unseen, as People say,
 Within this Castle, Night and Day.

The Officer surpriz'd to hear
 The rambling Nonsense of the 'Squire,
 By's Talk could scarce determine whether
 Madnefs or Wine, or both together,
 Or that his Master's being wounded,
 Had the poor Fellows Wits confounded:
 However, since 'twas Peep of Day,
 He thunder'd where the Landlord lay,

Telling

Telling him what poor *Sancho* wanted,
Which was, as soon as could be, granted.

Th' Ingredients being thus prepar'd,
The Knight arose, whose bloody Beard
And oily Face, with here a Smut
O'th' Lamp, and there a Bruise or Cut,
Made him appear to humane sight
More like a Devil, than a Knight;
However in his loose Attire
He limp'd unto the Kitchen-Fire,
And there *secundum Artem* made
His Drench, as if't had been his Trade,
Which then (a Viol being wanted)
Was into Earthen Jug decanted,
Repeating, as he pour'd, whole Clusters
Of *Ave's*, *Creeds*, and *Pater-nosters*,
Believing that his Pray'rs in Course
Must give thè Med'cine greater Force.

The Balsam to his Worship's thinking
B'ing now in readiness for drinking,

He lifts the Jug unto his Nose,
 And swallows down a handsome Dose,
 Which truly did no sooner flow
 Into the Kitchen fix'd below,
 Where Nature cooks the Body's Food,
 And parts the hurtful from the good,
 But out it came in Squirts and Spouts,
 Like Dung from out a Grass-horse Guts,
 And made him now more sick and sore,
 Than all his Drubs had done before,
 Flinging him into such a Heat,
 That oily Pearls and Drops of Sweat
 Drip'd down from off his Face and Noddle,
 Like Butter from a basting Ladle,
 So that for fear of further Harm
 He begg'd he might be cover'd warm,
 And be permitted by the Cook
 To doze a while in Chimny-nook,
 Where 'twixt the Med'cine and the Fire
 He sweating slept to's Heart's Desire :

Which

Which had by chance so good Effect
 On his sore sides, that when he wak'd
 He found himself so much befriended
 By's Balsam, and so greatly mended,
 That all astonish'd were to see
 His wonderful Recovery.

Sancho half dead, observing what
 A Miracle the Dose had wrought,
 Implor'd his Master thro' his tender
 Pity to grant him the Remainder,
 Which prov'd in Quantity much more
 Than what the Knight had drank before ;
 However with the Don's Consent,
Sancho, without much Compliment,
 Whip'd up the Jug, and off it went.

But the poor 'Squire, who was not quite
 So nice and squeamish as the Knight,
 In his strong Stomach found no Motion
 To vomit, but retain'd the Potion ;

Which

Which caus'd such inexpressive Pains
To rowl and fly from Guts to Brains,
That clammy Sweats and dreadful Groanings
Ended in Epileptick Swoonings.

' Alas ! poor *Sancho*, quoth the Doh,
' Thy illness is my Fault I own,
' For this same Balsam, now I think on't,
' Is sacred; none but Knights should drink on't;
' Therefore thy Punishment is wholly
' Owing to thy presumptuous Folly,
' And mine, in letting thee abuse,
' What Kings and Knights should only use.

A Murrain take it, quoth the 'Squire,
Oh sick at Heart, and hot as Fire!
I wish some wounded Champion had it,
Or that 'twas in his Guts that made it;
(*Is this your Physick, with a Pox,*
To cure a Man of Thumps and Knocks?)
Help me, good People, to some Bed,
Where I may ease my splitting Head,

*And curse the Knight, who first apply'd
This Drench to cure a cudgell'd Hide.*

No sooner had they led the Squire
To Bed according to's Desire,
But the Horse Medicine, as he lay,
Stole out by Flirts the backward way,
Leaving a Nolegay 'mong the Cloths,
Not quite so sweet as Damask Rose;
However *Sancho*, after these
Exonorations, found much Ease;
Yet wanting strength was forc'd to lye,
And battle Hog like, in his Sty.

But *Quixote*, thoughtless of his Blows
Scorning inglorious Repose,
Was now impatient to pursue
Adventures fortunate and new,
Conceiving Idleness a Shame
To Knighthood, and a Bar to Fame,
He therefore thought it no Disgrace
To saddle both the Horse and Ass,

Since

Since mighty Works, to th' World's Surprise,
From mean beginnings oft arise.

When this was done, he rais'd the 'Squire,
And help'd to clean him from his Mire,
Then clapp'd the puny shotten Looby
Upon his clothful horn-ear'd Hobby:
This done he nimbly mounts his Twist
Upon his own triumphant Beast,
And having seas'nably observ'd
A Javelin standing in the Yard,
Willing t' improve the lucky Chance,
He snatch'd the Weapon for a Lance,
Then calling for the Great *Alcayd*
O'th' Castle, thus his Worship said:

' My kind Lord Governour, to whom
' I'm highly bound for time to come,
' By many Favours heap'd upon me,
' And gen'rous Friendships you have done me,
' I hope you'll candidly receive
' The parting Thanks I humbly give,

- ‘ For all that hospitable Bounty,
- ‘ Which I’m unable to account t’ye ;
- ‘ But if you’ve any daring Foe,
- ‘ Or Rival Knight, to whom you owe
- ‘ The least Revenge, I’ll undertake it,
- ‘ And with this Weapon pink his Jacket,
- ‘ Unless he instantly agrees
- ‘ To ask your Pardon on his Knees.

Nouns, quoth the Host as hot as Pepper,
I want no Cut-throat Understrapper ;
I can revenge a Wrong, and fight
In my own Cause without a Knight :
I know not therefore, what is meant
By your long-winded Compliment ;
Pay me your Reck’ning Sir, before
You stir, and I desire no more :
We that keep Inns don’t give away
Our Wine, or yet our Oats and Hay.

- ‘ How, quoth the Knight, is this an Inn,
- ‘ I thought I’d in a Castle been,

‘ Where

‘ Where any Knight, altho’ a Stranger,
 ‘ Might live cost free, at Rack and Manger.

No, no, replies the surly Host,
This is an Inn, the Sign and Post
Must shew you that, but you’ve a mind
To joke and banter me, I find.

‘ If ’tis an Inn, replies the Knight,
 ‘ It must be so, for right is right ;
 ‘ Yet all that I can further say,
 ‘ Is that we Knights must never pay ;
 ‘ The old Erratick Law expresses
 ‘ Direct Forbiddance in such Cases ;
 Saying, *No Knight shall be allow’d*
To handle Coin upon the Road ;
He that presumes to pay his Shot,
Shall in his Scutcheon wear a Blot :
 ‘ The Laws this Privilege secure
 ‘ To us for t’ hardships we endure,
 ‘ A Freedom granted us in Lieu
 ‘ Of the great Justice that we do,

‘ In boldly rescuing the distress’d,
‘ And righting all that are oppress’d.

*What’s this to me, replies the Host,
No Knight shall swagger at my Cost:
Don’t banter me, Sir, you mistake me,
I’m not the Fool you mean to make me;
Teaze not my Ears, or fill my Skull
With Stories of a Cock and Bull,
I’ll have my Reck’ning to the full.*

‘ Sirrah, quoth *Quixote*, thou’rt a Slave,
‘ A Taplash Scoundrel, and a Knave.
Then brandishing his borrow’d Spear
To fright the Host from coming near,
Thoughtless of *Sancho*, spurs his Steed,
And thro’ the Gate in Triumph rid,
Well pleas’d he had the Inn beguil’d,
And kept his Knighthood undefil’d.

Tho’ *Quixote* thus had clear’d his way,
Poor *Sancho* was compell’d to stay,

His

His Afs not caring much to stir
 From Stable-Door with Whip or Spur,
 So that the Landlord, vex'd and mad,
 Secur'd both *Sancho* and his Pad,
 Raving and swearing Oaths most bloody.
He'd have his Reck'ning, marry wou'd he,
Or strip his Hide, and Fish and Eels
Lay him that Moment by the Heels.

Sancho enrag'd, to think the Knight
 Should leave him in this woful Plight,
 Began to storm, and be almost
 As mad and fiery as the Host,
 Swearing point blank he would not draw
 His Purse, ' for that the self same Law,
 ' That freed the Master, freed the Man,
 ' Ever since Knighthood first began ;
 ' Therefore he would not be the Fool
 ' To break so old and good a Rule.

These Arguments encreas'd the Fire,
 And rais'd the Landlord's Passion high'r,

That bitter Words and bullying Blusters
 Were jabber'd at the 'Squire by Clusters,
 Whilst his Knit Brows and stern Mustachoes
 Look'd very threatning and audacious.

However *Sancho* fear'd 'em not,
 And vow'd he would not pay a Groat,
 ' Declaring he wou'd sooner lose
 ' His Beard, or what was worse, his Nose,
 ' Than he'd become the Scorn and Laughter
 ' Of all his Brother 'Squires herea'ter,
 ' For basely giving up the Rights
 ' Of those that wait on Errant Knights.

But as ill Luck, that breeds Confusions,
 And thwarts the bravest Resolutions,
 Would have it, in the God-speed came
 A Crew, that much improv'd the Game,
 Young Pedlars, higling Boors, and Lacemen,
 Who prov'd to *Sancho* very base Men ;
 For finding as the Case was stated,
 Their Host was likely to be cheated,

The Knaves soon fram'd an arch Device,
 And fetch'd a Blanket in a trice ;
 Then pulling *Sancho* from his Beast,
 They forc'd him in to make a Jest ;
 Then taking Corner hold thereof,
 They made th' unhappy 'Squire their Scoff,
 Tumbling and tossing him about
 So sadly e're they let him out,
 That at both ends it purg'd him more,
 Than the Knight's Balsam had before,
 Poor *Sancho* bell'wing like a Cow,
 Sometimes aloft, sometimes below,
 'Till his loud Shrieks and piteous Cries
 Did *Quixote's* distant Ears surprize,
 Who was at first too apt to guess
 Some Lady fair was in Distress ;
 But list'ning closer to the Noise,
 Distinguish'd plain 'twas *Sancho's* Voice ;
 Then vowing Vengeance on the Host,
 He back unto the Inn rid post,

But

But found the Gates close shut and barr'd,
 And a strange Out-cry in the Yard,
 He knock'd like mad, but all in vain,
 For no Admission could he gain;
 Then round the House in Passion rode
 To find some Entrance if he cou'd,
 Roaring and swearing all the way,
 Like a strip'd Gamester after Play ;
 At length he came unto a Wall,
 Not very low, nor very tall,
 O'er which his Worship cast an Eye,
 And did the stabbing wonder spy :
 Most bitter Words the Don let fall,
 And made Effays to scale the Wall,
 But found himself too weak and fore
 To quit his Saddle to get o'er ;
 So that the Knight inflam'd with Ire
 Could give no Comfort to his 'Squire,
 But cursing the invidious Crew,
 And threatning what he could not do ;

Which

Which only made 'em add more Force,
 And tofs poor *Sancho* but the worse;
 Who begg'd, and bawl'd, and cry'd, and swore,
 And dung'd his Blanket o'er and o'er,
 Yet the Arch-wags pursu'd the Game,
 'Till downright weary of the same,
 Then up they pitch'd him on his Ass,
 Defil'd and nasty as he was,
 Crying aloud unto the 'Squire,
All's paid, and you are wellcome, Sir.

Poor *Maritornes* standing by,
 A Wench of some Humanity,
 Altho' the very Hag, that rid him
 O'er Night, and with her Nails half flea'd him,
 Yet mov'd at last to some Compassion
 By *Sancho's* too great Tribulation,
 At Well she drew a Jug of Water,
 That he might cool his Intrails a'ter,
 Which the Knight spying, cry'd aloud,
 ' Forbear, dear *Sancho*, 'tis not good,

‘ Be patient, thou shalt find that I
 ‘ Will make more Balsam by and by.

Sancho, who had not yet forgot
 The Mis’ries of his former Draught,
 Cast a most crabbed Look upon
 His kind, well-meaning Master Don,
 Replying, *Has your Worship quite*
Forgot already I’m no Knight ;
Your Balsam’s only fit to cure
Sick Men of Honour, such as you’re ;
As for my part I’d fobner drink
A Quart of Cordial from the Sink ;
 Then giving back the aguish Pitcher,
 He cry’d, *Sweet Honey, mend thy Liquor ;*
Raw Element don’t suit my Taste,
I fear ’twill make me cool too fast.

The Trull had then so much good Nature
 To bring him Wine instead of Water,
 Which the poor drowthy ‘Squire convey’d
 With so much gladness to his Head,

That

That Lip and Pitcher could not part,
 'Till the last Drop had warm'd his Heart;
 For which the Wench, miscall'd the Maid,
 Out of her own good Bounty paid.

This done, the Gates were open'd wide,
 Thro' which the 'Squire had leave to ride,
 That his Deliv'ry might aflwage
 The angry Knight's unbridl'd Rage,
 Who would have gallop'd in among
 The Clowns, to have reveng'd the Wrong;
 Where like his Man, he must have been
 The Sport and Pastime of the Inn,
 But was with much ado dissuaded
 By th' 'Squire from being so hot-headed,
 That they at length rid calmly off,
 Huzza'd by all the Rout in Scoff,
 Like Vagrants whipping thro' a Town,
 For making others Geese their own.

Adventures, founded on Mistake,
 Ridiculous Conclusions make,

And

And groundless Hope, the common Curse
Of Fools, makes Disappointment worse.

C A N T O XXVIII.

*Two Flocks of Sheep are by the Knight
Thought Armies marching on to fight ;
Most bravely he attacks the one,
Kills many, is at last o'ertrown.*

THE Knight and *Sancho*, tho' they'd been
But sorely handl'd in their Inn,
Yet both were highly pleas'd they'd made
No Violation, but obey'd
The Laws of Knighthood to their Glory,
Throughout their whole Fatigue and Hurry ;
Tho' *Sancho* unappriz'd had lost
His Wallet, which the watchful Host

Had

Had very slyly snarp'd away
 From the Ass's Buttocks, where it lay,
 In hopes the Value of his Theft
 Would pay the Reck'ning they had left;
 But both b'ing ignorant of the Matter,
 We'll drop the Wallet 'till herea'ter.

As now they beat the dusty Road,
 O'erjoy'd to find themselves abroad ;
 After they'd laugh'd a while to think,
 They'd paid for neither Meat or Drink,
 A Privilege which each Knight-Errant
 May take by very lawful Warrant,

' Dear *Sancho*, quoth the Don, I vow,
 ' Thou look'st confus'd, I know not how,
 ' Thy Beard disgrac'd, thy Garment sham'd
 ' With Filth unworthy to be nam'd ;
 ' I hope you're now convinc'd we've been
 ' Miss'd into some ancient Inn,
 ' Or famous Castle, that's enchanted
 ' With Spirits, Imps, and Witches haunted ;

' For

' For those dark Fiends with Heads and Hands,
 ' Like huge Gygantick Sarazens,
 ' By whom thou wert so toss'd and twirl'd,
 ' Were Natives of some other World;
 ' But had not I been by the Force
 ' Of Witchcraft chain'd upon my Horse,
 ' I would have leap'd th' enchanted Wall,
 ' And made such work among 'em all,
 ' That I'd have clov'n 'em with my Arms,
 ' In spight of Spells or magick Charms.

*Had I, quoth Sancho, but been able
 To've dealt with such a plaguy Rabble,
 I would have paid the laughing Rogues
 My self, and beat 'em all like Dogs;
 But Force will make the snarling'st Whelp
 Submit to what he cannot help;
 Nor were they Goblins, as you fancy,
 Or Wizards, learn'd in Necromancy;
 No Gyants or enchanted Moors,
 But Higlers, Pedlars, Clowns and Boors,*

That

That heav'd me up, and let me fall
 Only by Dint of strength, that's all;
 As sure as I'm a living Creature,
 There was no Witch-craft in the matter:
 That you were conjur'd fast in Saddle,
 By Spells, is all but fiddle faddle:
 'Twas only owing to some Thump,
 Or scurvy Bruise about your Rump,
 That so benumm'd your Worship's Arse,
 You could not rise from off your Horse:
 Therefore consid'ring, in all Cases,
 Our blessed black and blue Successes,
 What Beauties we have drank and eat with,
 What glorious Drubbings we have met with:
 What Compliments great Kings have paid us,
 How wealthy our Exploits have made us,
 I think 'twill be our safest way
 To return homewards whilst we may;
 For truly after all this Baisting
 My Carcase wants a little resting;

*I find we only have out-run
 God's Blessing into the warm Sun ;
 Or to be plain 'twixt Knight and 'Squire,
 Leap'd out o'th' Frying-pan into th' Fire :
 Therefore I say with Goody Dumly,
 That Home is home, tho' ne'er so homely.*

*' Poor Sancho, quoth the Knight, in scorn,
 ' Thou'rt thinking of thy Hay and Corn :
 ' What are such Trifles to th' Spoils
 ' Of wealthy Kingdoms, Towns and Isles ?
 ' What fruitful Fields can be compar'd
 ' To the rich Harvest of the Sword ?
 ' By which we win the Golden Prize,
 ' And conquer stubborn Enemies.*

*Ay marry, quoth the 'Squire, I'll swear,
 You now have bit it to a Hair :
 When have we ever got the Day ?
 What Conquests can we boast, I pray ?
 'Tis true, I think, a poor Biscayan
 By your bold Arm was almost slain :*

That

That was well fought, but even there
 Your conqu'ring Worship lost an Ear;
 But since that mighty Deed was done,
 What other Vict'ries have we won?
 Or Marks of Honour can we boast,
 But Drubs, Kicks, Thumps and Bumps at most,
 Bruis'd Shoulders, broken Heads, scratch'd Faces,
 And Wheals in forty other Places?
 Besides that tossing in a Blanket,
 Which fell to my share, Rogues be thanked;
 And these, if I am not mistaken,
 Are all the Vict'ries we can reckon:
 Such that I'm sure I sorely feel
 Inside and out, from Head to Heel.

' Truly, reply'd the Knight, I find,
 ' Now thou'lt reviv'd it in my Mind,
 ' I'm troubled with the same Disease,
 ' Down from my Noddle to my Knees;
 ' But for the future, I'll prevent all
 ' Such Hurts and Mischiefs accidental,

- ‘ By seeking out a sturdy Blade,
- ‘ With so much Art and Cunning made,
- ‘ That no enchanting Pow’r shall tame
- ‘ The furious Arm that bears the same ;
- ‘ Who knows but Fortune’s Hand may lay
- ‘ That very Weapon in my Way,
- ‘ Which made the Knight *de Gaul* the Lord,
- ‘ And Champion of the burning Sword ;
- ‘ Forg’d of such Steel ’twould split a Rock,
- ‘ Or into Splinters cleave a Block.

*And if (quoth Sancho) you should find
 This flaming Weapon to your Mind,
 Which may, in Case the Devil be in’t,
 Skin a Smith’s Anvil, or a Flint,
 I dare to lay my Life ’twould be
 Just such another Friend to me,
 As your confounded puking Phisick,
 Which tho’ it made you well made me sick ;
 That is, ’twould only I suppose
 Defend Knight-Errants from their Foes,*

And

*And leave their Squires, for want of Dubbing,
To bear the baneful Plague of Drubbing.*

As thus they jogg'd along in State,
Debating gravely this and that,
Don Quixote in the Road espies
A mighty Cloud of Dust arise.

' Now, quoth the Knight unto his Squire,
' This is the Day of my Desire ;
' In which my Sword shall win such Glory,
' As shall for ever shine in Story ;
' Dost thou not see a dusty Cloud
' Spring up before us in the Road ?
' 'Tis rais'd, I may assur'dly say,
' By some great Army in our way.

*Why then, quoth Sancho, there are two
Great Armies marching in our View ;
For yonder is a dusty smother
On the left Hand, as big as t'other,*

Highly transported with the sight,
Quoth Quixote, ' Sancho, you are right ;

' They are two Armies, I'll maintain,
 ' Design'd for Battle on this Plain;
 ' They move with great Precipitation,
 ' As if both sides were in a Passion;
 ' Twill not be long e'er we shall find
 ' To which *Victoria* seems inclin'd.

Thus *Quixote* in his frantick Fits
 Was blinded so with wild Conceits,
 That tho' they were but Flocks of Sheep
 In diff'rent Roads, where Dust was deep,
 His Fancy chang'd 'em still to be
 Whatever he desir'd to see;
 So that affirming very stoutly,
 And swearing to it most devoutly,
 The grave deluded Champion made
 Poor *Sancho* credit what he said,
 The Clouds obscuring from their Eyes
 The Flocks that caus'd the Dust to rise.

*But Sir, quoth Sancho, what must you
 And I, when they are fighting, do?*

*I hope you don't design that we
Shall beat those Armies that you see.*

‘ No, no, the chearful Knight reply’d,
‘ We’ll only help the injur’d Side ;
‘ I know the Cause for which they fight,
‘ Who’s in the wrong, and who i’t’h’ right :
‘ Those valiant Forces, that display
‘ Their Banners, and incline this way,
‘ I plainly see, are led by one,
‘ Sirnam’d great *Alifanfaron*,
‘ Proud Emp’ror of that fruitful Soil,
‘ That’s call’d the *Taprobanean* Isle ;
‘ And he, who with such gallant Pride
‘ Commands the Troops on t’other side,
‘ Is, I may venture to affirm,
‘ *Pentaplin* with the naked Arm ;
‘ So call’d, because the hardy Soldier
‘ Fights always bear from Hand to Shoulder.
‘ Now you must know the Cause, why these
‘ Are such invet’rate Enemies,

- ‘ Great *Alifanf’ron* fain would win
- ‘ The Daughter of *Pentapolin*;
- ‘ But her fond Lover being bred
- ‘ A Pagan, she a Christian Maid,
- ‘ Her Father vows he will not give her
- ‘ In Marriage to an Unbeliever;
- ‘ And that unless he will agree
- ‘ T’ abjure his Infidelity,
- ‘ He swears by all the Charms about her;
- ‘ The Pagan Prince shall go without her.

By Jove, quoth Sancho to the Knight,
I think Pentap’lin’s in the right;
And burn my Beard if I don’t stand
His Friend, and serve him Sword in Hand.

- ‘ Well said, replies the Don, I vow,
- ‘ Thou shew’st thy self a Christian now:
- ‘ Nobly resolv’d this Day, I’m certain,
- ‘ Some wealthy Throne will be thy Fortune.

But

*But where, quoth Sancho, shall I leave
My Ass the while, for I conceive,
It can't be safe to charge upon
A Beast that is so great a Drone.*

‘ True, cries the Knight, so tame a Tit,
‘ I own, is not for Battle fit,
‘ E’en turn him loose, for ’tis no matter
‘ Whether thou ever find’st him a’ter ;
‘ For we shall have so many Horses,
‘ When we have beat the Emp’ror’s Forces,
‘ That even *Rozinant*’s in danger
‘ Of being barter’d for a Stranger.

Then mounting on a rising Ground,
They stood a while, and gaz’d around ;
But still their horned Friends and Foes
From humane Eyes were cover’d close
With Dust that from their Hoofs arose.

However *Quixote* had a View
Of all his working Fancy drew,

And

And thought he saw upon the Plains
 What was but painted in his Brains ;
 So that directing *Sancho's* fight,
 He cry'd, ' Behold yon famous Knight,
 ' In Armour gilt, upon a Beast,
 ' That seems six Cubits high at least,
 ' Who on his glitt'ring Target bears
 ' Two Lyons crown'd, three muzzl'd Bears,
 ' And is to his eternal Fame
 ' The Knight o'th' *Silver-Bridge*, by Name.
 ' The next array'd in Serpents Skins,
 ' Who like a Fury gapes and grins,
 ' That Champion of Gigantick size,
 ' With frizzl'd Beard and Saucer Eyes,
 ' Is that fierce Devil of a Man,
 ' Th' undaunted *Brandabarbaran*,
 ' Who rules alone, as Sov'reign Lord,
 ' The Three *Arabia's* by his Sword,
 ' And carr's before him, for a Shield,
 ' A Gate himself can only-wield.

' But

' But now let t'other side surprize,
 ' And please at once thy wondring Eyes!
 ' See there victorious *Timour*,
 ' Prince of new *Biscay*, clad in Steel,
 ' Bearing on's Shield a Sable Rat
 ' Couchant, beneath a Rampant Cat ;
 ' And for his quaint Device, to shew
 ' His Wit, the old Cat Language *MEW*;
 ' Because the Name of her whose Features,
 ' H^e admires above all other Creatures,
 ' Begins by chance with those three Letters. }

' Next him, behold that monstrous Lord,
 ' Who upright bears a flaming Sword,
 ' Upon so fierce and wild a Steed,
 ' That capers like a Mountain-Kid;
 ' He's but a new-created Knight,
 ' I see, because his Armour's white ;
 ' Nor is he honour'd in the Field
 ' With any Motto on his Shield ;

- ‘ I know him, he’s a Peer of *France*,
- ‘ Bred *Alamode* to fence and dance ;
- ‘ A Fop, that cringes at the Court,
- ‘ And makes himself the Ladies Sport.
- ‘ He yonder, that is prancing round
- ‘ The flowry Plain to view the Ground,
- ‘ Is that Great Duke, of Noble Blood,
- ‘ ‘*Spartafilardo* of the Wood ;
- ‘ Who bears upon his spacious Shield
- ‘ A Garden vert, or verdent Field.
- ‘ Powder’d, I plainly can discover,
- ‘ With Golden ‘*Sparagus* all over ;
- ‘ A Harrow too I see for certain,
- ‘ With this Device, *So trails my Fortune*.

Thus as the Knight peep’d thro’ his Hand,
 Whilst both did on the Hillock stand,
 H’ amus’d the ‘Squire with Whims and Fancies,
 He’d glean’d from out his old Romances,
 Depicting fifty Knights of War,
 Their Arms and Motto’s that they bore ;

As if the fictions of his Brain
 Had stood before him on the Plain :
 Then guiding *Sancho's* roving Eye,
 By pointing, to th' Squire would cry ;
 ' Mind that Confed'rate Army yonder,
 ' And how the Nations march afunder :
 ' There go the *Longbeards*, who, in scorn
 ' Of Wine, drink *Xanthus* e'ery Morn ;
 ' Next them the *Mountaineers*, that toil
 ' In plowing the *Massilian* Soil ;
 ' Then follow the *Arabian* Bands,
 ' Those sifters of the Golden Sands ;
 ' And after them, the Troops that prune
 ' The fruitful Vines of *Thermodoon* ;
 ' The *Lydians* next, with whom 'tis common
 ' To drain rich *Pactolus* for Mammon ;
 ' And in the Rear a thousand Nations,
 ' Equip'd in all their sev'ral Fashions,
 ' Whose Countries Names I cannot tell,
 ' Tho' I their Faces know full well.

Gad Sir, quoth Sancho, I have star'd
 With all my Eyes, and burn my Beard
 If I have yet seen Men or Horses,
 Or any thing like armed Forces :
 Lords, Knights, and Troops you say you see,
 Adsheart, and so you may for me ;
 If I as yet one Soul have spy'd,
 I'm the saddest Rogue that ever ly'd :
 I fancy, Sir, this Plain's enchanted,
 And with such dev'lish Armies haunted,
 That march, engage, and manage Fights,
 Unseen by any but by Knights ;
 For I'm convinc'd they don't desire
 To shew their Faces to a 'Squire.

' I doubt, quoth Quixote, I shall find,
 ' You're really deaf, as well as blind ;
 ' Turn thy loose Hair behind thy Ear,
 ' Now tell me if thou dost not hear
 ' The warlike Trumpet sound to Battle,
 ' The Horses neigh, and the Drums rattle.

Nouns,

Nouns, quoth the 'Squire, 'tis all a Jest,
I hear no Voice of Man or Beast,
Tho' I have listen'd ever since
You bid me, like a Sow in Beans.
But hold a little, yes I vow,
I think some Sheep are bleating now ;
Your Armies, Trumpets, Beat of Drum,
And all your Knights of Christendom,
Are nothing else, for here they come.

' I find thy Fear, reply'd the Knight,
 ' Obstructs thy Hearing, and thy Sight ;
 ' But since thou art thus terrify'd,
 ' Pray for thy Safety step aside,
 ' This Arm alone, without Delay,
 ' Shall win the Christian Prince the Day.

With that he couch'd his borrow'd Lance,
 Sat plumb, in order to advance :

Then spurring *Rozinante's* Flank,
 Like Thunder rush'd from off the Bank

Into

Into the Plain t' attack the Flock,
Which for an Army he mistook ;
Poor Sancho in a sweating Fright,
Thus bawling after to the Knight.

Hold Sir, for Heavens sake, what mean you,
Forbear, why is the Devil in you ?
For once take Caution of a Fool,
They're only Sheep upon my Soul ;
There are no Armies led by Gyants
To bid your Worship bold Defiance,
No Knight or Champion in the Field,
With Cat or Rat upon his Shield,
No golden 'Sparagus before ye,
Nouns, Sir, 'tis all an idle story ;
Good Sir, come back, or as I'm here,
You'll take the wrong Sow by the Ear ;
You're leaping o'er the Hedge a Mile
Before your Worship's at the Stile ;
Ware Hawk, I say, or Woe betide you,
All Sheep by Jove, the Devil ride you.

The

The Knight, conciliating his Senses
 To his mad Dreams and idle Fancies,
 With hope of Glory deaf and blind,
 Would none of *Sancho's* Cautions mind,
 But o'er the Mole-hills spurr'd his Steed,
 And thus he rav'd amidst his Speed ;
 ' Courage, brave Champions, follow me,
 ' This Arm shall gain the Victory ;
 ' Dread no Defeat, or Danger fear,
 ' Know 'tis enough that I am here ;
 ' March on, win Glory and Applause,
 ' Ye Knights, that back the Christian Cause,
 ' And are this Day for cutting down
 ' That Gyant *Alifanfaron* :
 ' Behold ! the daring Foe advances,
 ' Make ready all, and couch your Lances,
 ' Fall on, 'tis time that we begin,
 ' *Pentapolin, Pentapolin.*

Then rushing in amidst the Flock,
 At one Attack their Ranks he broke,

And with his single Arm in Fight
 Kill'd many on the Spot outright,
 And with his Horse did others wound,
 That gasping lay upon the Ground ;
 Charging them thro' and thro' with all
 The brav'ry of a General ;
 Still pushing on with Resolution,
 'Till the rest fled in great Confusion,
 That his Adventure seem'd to be
 Crown'd with a total Victory.

But the poor Shepherds vex'd to see
 This odd surprizing Tragedy,
 B'ing also gally'd at the sight
 Of such a mad prepost'rous Knight,
 Who, notwithstanding all their Calling,
 Would not desist or mind their Bawling,
 At length resolv'd they would revenge
 A wrong, so barbarously strange ;
 Accordingly their Slings they loos'd,
 A Weapon oft by Shepherds us'd,

And

And with such Malice ply'd the Don's
 Poor Head and Face with Pebble-Stones,
 That e'ery hard St. *Stephen's* Loaf,
 That smote him, almost knock'd him off
 His Horse, and gave the Jade such Blows
 Sometimes about his Ears and Nose,
 That the poor Carrion could with Gladness
 Have flounc'd his Rider off for Madness.
 This galling Usage made the Don,
 Cry, ' Where's this *Alifanfaron*,
 ' That Infidel, who durst begin
 ' This War against *Pentapolin* ?
 ' Appear, Gygantick Prince, appear,
 ' T' a single Knight, that seeks thee here,
 ' That Hand to Hand we may decide
 ' The Cause, that's thus unjustly try'd :
 ' Not that I fear, tho' left alone;
 ' But Thousands must be odds to one.

Just as the Don was op'ning wide
 His Mouth, that reach'd from side to side,

And with his single Arm in Fight
 Kill'd many on the Spot outright,
 And with his Horse did others wound,
 That gasping lay upon the Ground ;
 Charging them thro' and thro' with all
 The brav'ry of a General ;
 Still pushing on with Resolution,
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 ' Not that I fear, tho' left alone;
 ' But Thousands must be odds to one.

Just as the Don was op'ning wide
 His Mouth, that reach'd from side to side,

To thunder this bold Challenge forth
 To th' bravest Gyant upon Earth,
 A Pounder of a Pebble Stone
 With such revengeful Force was thrown
 Against his Jaw-bone, that the Thump
 Scarce left him either Tooth or Stump ;
 Nor had weak Nature strength to bear it,
 But down he tumbl'd with the Wherret,
 And sprawling lay, o'ercome with Pain,
 As if the Blow had been his Bane.

The Shepherds, when they gladly found
 They'd fetch'd the Champion to the Ground,
 Thinking they'd kill'd him sure enough,
 In Fear and Hast now carry'd off
 Their helpless, wounded, and their dead,
 And with their scatter'd Numbers fled.

Courage is allways misapply'd,
 When it wants Reason for its Guide ;
 The boldest are but hardy Fools,
 Except Discretion gives 'em Rules.

While

Whilst *Quixote* plaid these mad figaries,
 And fought his horned Adversaries,
Sancho upon a Hill stood gazing
 At's Masters Folly so amazing,
 Tearing his scanty Bear to find
 The Knight so obstinately blind,
 As to mistake the Sheep that crost
 The Common for an armed Host :
 The 'Squire not doubting in the least
 But this Adventure, like the rest,
 Would come at length to down right Clubbing,
 And end as usual in dry Drubbing,
 An Honour, *Sancho* allways got
 His share of, whensoever he fought,
 And therefore was resolv'd to keep
 His distance from the injur'd Sheep,
 That if ill Fortune should befall,
 The Knight himself might bear it all.

But when the 'Squire beheld the Don
 O'erthrown, and all the Shepherds gone,

He thought he now with Safety might
 Advance to help the sprawling Knight ;
 Accordingly he ran unto him
 To do what Service he could do him ;
 And finding him in doleful plight,
 Tho' not bereft of Sences quite,
 He cry'd, *Ah Master, now you find*
What 'tis to be so rash and blind ;
Had you but taken my Advice,
You'd sav'd from Stones your Jaw and Eyes ;
I call'd as loud as I could bawl,
Sheep, Sheep, no Army, by my Soul,
Yet you'd not hear, but like a Ninny
Rid on, as if the Dev'l was in ye.

' Alas, Friend *Sancho*, quoth the Knight,
 ' Magicians can deceive the fight,
 ' And by the Pow'r of Art, with Ease,
 ' Change humane Shapes to what they please;
 ' Therefore some base enchanting Wizard,
 ' Plagu'd with a Grumbling in his Gizzard

To

‘ To see my single Sword and Shield
 ‘ Triumph o’er Thousands in the Field,
 ‘ Transform’d the routed Troops to Sheep,
 ‘ Left I should endless Glory reap,
 ‘ In making such a num’rous Train
 ‘ Of valiant Knights one Heap of slain ;
 ‘ And if thou hast not Faith enough
 ‘ To credit this, for further Proof
 ‘ Bestride thy As, and follow those,
 ‘ Which are but Sheep, as you suppose,
 ‘ And thou shalt find them on the Plain
 ‘ Resume their former Shapes again,
 ‘ From harmless Flocks be turn’d to Forces,
 ‘ Consisting both of Men and Horses ;
 ‘ But stay a little first, because
 ‘ I want thee to inspect my Jaws ;
 ‘ I fear my Pegs of Mastication
 ‘ Have suffer’d total Devastation.

Then stretching wide his Mouth to shew
 His Stumps, which were at most but few,

And *Sancho* peeping close to count
 What number had sustain'd the Brunt,
 The Balsam, which the Knight had ta'en,
 With such a Gush return'd again
 Upon the 'Squire that fatal Minute,
 And work'd as if the Dev'l was in it ;
 Poor *Sancho*, much surpriz'd to find
 His smarting Eyes thus squirted blind,
 At first was fearful that it wou'd
 Have prov'd the Knight's last dying Blood ;
 But at length finding by the stench
 It favour'd of his former Drench,
 And the four Vapours of the Dose
 B'ing loathsome unto *Sancho's* Nose,
 He strain'd his Intrails to requite
 The slap-dab kindness of the Knight,
 And quite depriv'd of Pow'r to bauk
 The Jest, return'd him yauk for yauk ;
 So both like Tide and Stream contended,
 'Till empty Guts the Contest ended ;

For

For nauseous Kecking is as catching,
As drowsy Yawning and as Stretching.

Poor *Sancho* now with smother'd Face,
Half blinded, ran unto his Ass
To fetch his Wallet for a Cloth,
In this Distress to clean 'em both ;
But finding that the useful Sacking
Was to his Disappointment lacking,
And that he'd also lost the Scraps
He'd sav'd to feed his hungry Chaps,
Highly inrag'd at this Disaster,
He curs'd himself, and damn'd his Master ;
Resolving now without Delay
To mount, and homewards steer his way ;
And that he would the Knight forswear,
Renounce his Castles in the Air,
And all his Kingdoms G—d knows where. }

But the poor Don, whose Eyes pursu'd
The 'Squire, who melancholly stood,
Leaning

Leaning o'th' Pannel of his Ass,
 With some Disorder in his Face,
 Arose as nimbly as he cou'd,
 And wiping from his Nose the Blood,
 Upon his Mouth one Hand he clap'd,
 That no loose Grinders might be drop'd,
 Then leading *Roxi* by the Rein,
 He crept along unto his Man,
 And thus the Champion of *La Mancha*
 Express'd himself to *Sancho Panca* :

- ‘ My Friend, I grieve to see thee now
- ‘ Put on so sorrowful a Brow ;
- ‘ What suddain Doubt or humane Folly
- ‘ Cause thee to seem thus melancholly :
- ‘ Remember, when a Storm is past,
- ‘ A Calm slides gently on at last,
- ‘ And that good Fortune does as often
- ‘ Our Cares and Disappointments soften :
- ‘ The greatest Labour ends in Rest,
- ‘ And what seems worst, oft proves the best :

‘ Those

' Those Sorrows, which the most annoy
 ' The Mind, still terminate in Joy ;
 ' And all our Hardships thou shalt see
 ' Attended with Prosperity :
 ' All things and chances bad or good,
 ' Are subject to Vicissitude ;
 ' Or else the World, wherein we range,
 ' Must stagnate soon for want of Change ;
 ' Why therefore do'st thou thus repine,
 ' Since present ill Luck's but a sign,
 ' That better will succeed the bad
 ' To sooth the Sufferings we have had ;
 ' Besides you ought not to lament
 ' So much at e'ery cross Event,
 ' Since you alas are bound to share
 ' No more, than Friendship bids you bear.

*Have I not born, reply'd the 'Squire,
 Much more than Friendship could desire ?
 Was not the Blockhead toss'd and toss'd
 This Day in Blanket 'till he spen'd ?*

The

*The misgot silly Whelp, or rather
 The graceless Son of my poor Father?
 And is not he, who's lost his Wallet
 With Scraps well furnish'd for his Palate,
 Son of my Mother of La Mancha?
 And is not his Name Sancho Panca?
 Nouns Sir, what Flesh can bear with Ease
 Such cross-grain'd knotty Plagues as these?*

*' How, honest Sancho, quoth the Don,
 ' And is thy useful Wallet gone?
 ' If I may credit what thou say'st,
 ' This Day I doubt will prove a Fast.*

*Quoth Sancho, what I've said's too true,
 The Cubboard's lost, and Victuals too;
 Therefore, instead of Ease and Feasting,
 Kind Fortune sends us first a Baisting,
 And then, alas! to mend the Matter
 I find, she means to starve us a'ter,
 Unless like Protestants in France
 We search the Ditches, 'till by chance*

We find some Dandelion Roots,
Or other Herbage for our Guts,
Such as I've heard you say each Knight,
Of old, would feast on with Delight ;
Tho' I had rather like a Dog
Pick Bones, than feed so like a Hog ;
Tho' you, that are a Knight, perhaps
With Herbs may satisfy your Chaps ;
But I, that am your Worship's 'Squire,
Do more substantial Food desire.

' Sancho, quoth Quixote, I agree
' Intirely at this time with thee ;
' At present I've a greater Gust
' To a dry'd Pilchard and a Crust,
' Than all the Roots and Simples nam'd
' By Dioscorides the fam'd ;
' Therefore good Sancho, mount thy Tit,
' Shake off this melancholly Fit,
' And follow me once more to find
' Victuals and Lodging to our Mind ;

- ‘ For Providence, that governs Nature,
- ‘ And feeds and succours e’ery Creature,
- ‘ Which does such sundry Fruits prepare
- ‘ For the wing’d Insects of the Air,
- ‘ The Wormlings, which on Earth increase,
- ‘ And little Spawnlings in the Seas,
- ‘ Will never fail us in our need,
- ‘ But in due Season give us Bread,
- ‘ Since ’tis for Justice sake that you
- ‘ And I both suffer what we do.

*You’d make, quoth Sancho, by this Light,
A better Preacher than a Knight :*

*I wish you had some Bishop’s Warrant
To be a Priest, instead of Errant ;
For I should rather then desire
To be your Clark, than now your ’Squire,
That I might gladly say Amen
To Combat, Hunger, Plague and Pain.*

- ‘ Knight-Errants, quoth the Don, should be
- ‘ Expert in ev’ry Mistry,

‘ And

‘ And able at an Army’s Head
 ‘ To preach, or at a Bar to plead,
 ‘ That they by Gospel Blows and Laws
 ‘ On all Occasions with Applause,
 ‘ May bravely justify their Cause,
 ‘ And prove that only to be right,
 ‘ For which they either talk or fight :
 ‘ Among Mankind all Right and Wrong
 ‘ Depend upon the Sword and Tongue ;
 ‘ And he that scuffles either way,
 ‘ If he has luck to win the Day,
 ‘ Is sure to’ve Justice of his side,
 ‘ Tho’ wrong before the Cause was try’d,
 ‘ If therefore, thou’st remain my ‘Squire,
 ‘ To Wisdom thou shalt soon aspire ;
 ‘ I’ll make thee Master by degrees
 ‘ Of all these Arts and Mysteries.

*Well then, for once, reply’d the ‘Squire,
 E’en let it be as you desire :*

But

*But good your Worship mount your Steed,
And let us fly this Plain with Speed,
Lest you enchanted sheepish Army
Should turn to Men, and further harm ye.*

- ‘ But my dear Sancho, quoth the Don,
- ‘ Before you mount your little Drone,
- ‘ Pray gently feel my upper Jaw
- ‘ O’th’ dexter side, that I may know
- ‘ What Teeth and stumps the Rogues have left
(me,
- ‘ And of what Number they’ve bereft me.

*How many Grinders, quoth the Squire,
Pray had you in that upper Tire,
Before, i’th’ last unlucky Bout,
Th’ enchanted Army punch’d ‘em out.*

- ‘ Four, quoth the Knight, as I’m alive,
- ‘ Besides the Eye-tooth making five,
- ‘ Which in good Order firmly stood,
- ‘ And were as sound as ever chew’d.

Quoth

*Quoth Sancho, pray consider, Sir,
 What 'tis you say, for here's no more
 In the low'r Jaw than two poor Shells,
 As hollow as a Pack-horse Bells,
 Besides a Stump, and in the upper
 Not one to help you grind your Supper.*

‘ Unhappy Wretch ! replies the Knight,
 ‘ And is one Jaw divested quite ?
 ‘ A toothless Worthy, I must own,
 ‘ Is like a Mill without a Stone;
 ‘ However I have still some few,
 ‘ Tho’ many less than are my Due ;
 ‘ And those I could so lately boast
 ‘ Were in the Field of Honour lost ;
 ‘ 'Tis true one Tooth is worth a brace
 ‘ Of Diamonds, in its proper Place ;
 ‘ Yet Glory makes a Man more bright
 ‘ Than Jewels in the truest Light,
 ‘ And stands a Worthy more in stead
 ‘ Than all the Grinders in his Head :

- ' 'Tis easy to be fed with Spoon,
- ' But difficult to win Renown :
- ' Who then, that does not value Death,
- ' Would fear to sacrifice his Teeth,
- ' When 'tis to bravely bear away
- ' The Glory I have won this Day ?

*You're right, quoth Sancho, not to mourn,
For a few Teeth may serve your turn :
I'm sure I'd give away one side
Of mine, that t'other were employ'd ;
Therefore 'tis time that we should mount,
Since our Guts call us to Account,
That we may beat the dusty Road
In search of Lodging and of Food :
Stir up good Afs, the Devil take
This starving Life for Honour's Sake.*

When hair-brain'd Fops at Glory aim,
And yet mistake the Paths of Fame,
They 'ndure more Hardships when they stray,
Than those that chuse the ready Way.

C A N T O XXIX.

*A Fun'ral on the Road by Night
 Puts both the Champions in a Fright ;
 Who, conqu'ring by degrees their Dread,
 Attack the Living and the Dead.*

THE Knight and *Sancho* having quitted
 The Plain, before they were benighted,
 And got into a Lane together,
 That drill'd 'em on they knew not whither,
 They now began to talk and prattle
 Of Knights and Gyants slain in Battle,
 And what rich Kingdoms should be won
 Before their fighting Days were done,
 'Till Day-light had at length out-run 'em,
 And Night began to creep upon 'em,

E'er they had sight, or any sign
 Of Castle, Cottage, or of Inn,
 Or the least pleasing Hopes of meeting
 With Beds for Ease, or Bread for Eating.

Thus on they travel'd, 'till so dark,
 They scarce could see one starry Spark :
 Their Limbs and Stomachs in a deep
 Concern for Want of Food and Sleep :
 At length a distant Croud of Lights,
 Appear'd unto their wand'ring sights,
 As if some Midnight Ghosts or Fairies
 Were come abroad to play Figaries :
 Poor *Sancho*, who alas had been
 So drub'd by Goblins at the Inn,
 Was now again most sadly daunted
 To think the Roads were also haunted
 With Spirits, or with *Moors* enchanted.

The Knight too had some Dread upon him,
 For fear the Sheep, who'd overthrown him.

By

By magick Art, were now again
 Transform'd to Troops of Armed Men,
 Rally'ng to make a second Fight,
 In order to untooth him quite ;
 So that the Champion check'd his Horse,
 And paus'd, whilst *Sancho* hung an Arse,
 Perceiving to their great Surprise
 The Lights came nearer to their Eyes,
 Which struck 'em both with further Dread,
 At e'ery slow Advance they made;
 Don *Quixote's* Hair stood bolt upright,
 And *Sancho* trembled at the sight,
 Expecting they were flaming Legions,
 Broke loose from their infernal Regions;
 And that they now were to withstand
 The Force of *Lucifer's* Train-band ;
 Thus notwithstanding neither fear'd
 The matted Locks of Gyants Beard :
 Yet Light, the bright Effects of Fire,
 Quite daunted both the Knight and 'Squire,

'Till *Quixote* much asham'd to think
 His Champion Courage thus should sink,
 Shook off his Fears that had betray'd
 His Valour, and to *Sancho* said:

' These are a num'rous Host of Sprites,
 ' And Goblins arm'd with flaming Lights,
 ' Stol'n out from their accurs'd Abode
 ' To give us Battle in the Road:
 ' This is a perilous Adventure,
 ' On which we are about to venture,
 ' Yet will I scorn to backward fly,
 ' But for the Vict'ry boldly try.

Ab Woe is me, reply'd the 'Squire,
Must we fight Devils arm'd with Fire,
And after all the Drubs we've had,
Be now so daring and so mad
To battle Furies with their Torches,
And run the Risque of Burns and Scorches.

' Chear up, Friend *Sancho*, quoth the Don,
 ' Fear nothing, let the Imps come on,

' Whilst

' Whilst I am here, they shall not dare
 ' To finge or rob thee of a Hair ;
 ' Therefore take heart, and thou shalt find
 ' We'll make the *Aereals* fly like Wind.

The thoughts of fighting, quoth the 'Squire,
Makes me all Ice, instead of Fire ;
But I shall soon, I do suppose,
Be thaw'd by these infernal Foes ;
Yet if we're forc'd to stand the Brunt
I'll do my best what e'er comes out :
For tho' I am so free to tell you,
That I am really apt to value
My own, above a thousand Lives,
Yet needs must when the Dev'l drives.

By now the solemn Cavalcade
 Their slow Approach so near had made,
 That Knight and 'Squire discover'd plain
 The very ghastly frightful Train,
 And wisely from the Road withdrew
 To give their Eyes a better View.

I'th' Van were twenty Souls in white,
 On Horse-back bearing each a Light,
 Some mumbling Pray'rs in doleful Tones,
 And others breathing out their Groans :
 I'th' Center came a mourning Herse,
 Drawn by six black *Galician* Mares ;
 Which, as it mov'd, t' encrease their Wonder,
 Ruml'd like distant rowling Thunder :
 Six Mourners in the Reer came on,
 Hanging their Heads like Poppies down,
 Each gravely mounted on the Back
 Of a Mule, cover'd o'er with black ;
 A dismal sight, enough to've scar'd
 The stoutest he that wears a Beard,
 Especially at Night when met
 In such a lonely place so late ;
 But *Quixote*, mad as well as bold,
 With the strange Tales he'd read of old,
 Mistook the Herse, when he had seen it,
 To be a Horse-litter, and in it

Some

Some wounded Prince, or famous Knight,
 Ta'en Captive by his Foes in Fight,
 Thought therefore he could do no less
 Than rescu' a Brother in Distress;
 Accordingly he couch'd his Lance,
 And did with eager Warmth advance
 Unto their Noses, where he stood,
 And thus like an undaunted God
 He spoke, altho' but Flesh and Blood.

- ' Stand, I command ye, and declare
- ' What you're about, and who you are?
- ' From whence you came, and tell me what
- ' Great Knight you've in that Litter got;
- ' What Wrongs your Party have receiv'd,
- ' Or who you've injur'd and aggriev'd;
- ' Then shall I quickly let you know
- ' Whether I am a Friend or Foe.

*Sir, we're in Haste, cries one in white,
 Our Inn's far off, 'tis late at Night,*

We

We cannot stay to answer all
These Questions that your Tongue lets fall :
 And when he'd spoke, was spurring on
 His Nag, in order to be gone ;
 But *Quixote* angry at his Answer
 Catch'd hold o'th' Bridle of his Prancer,
 And stop'd the Rider's Speed at once
 To have a more compleat Response ;
 Crying, ' Thou proud discourteous Knight,
 ' Pray stay, and let me know the right
 ' Of all things I have ask'd, or by
 ' This Arm you shall this Instant dye.

Whilst thus Don *Quixote* had his Hand
 O'th' Rein, to make the Gennet stand,
 He being young and apt to kick,
 Rose upright on his hinder Feet,
 And flounc'd about until he'd thrown
 His ghost-like Rider headlong down ;
 At sight of which some more came on,
 And gave ill Language to the Don,

Which

Which so incens'd him that he spur'd
 His Horse, and drew his Nut-brown Sword,
 And madly riding in among
 The white-look'd solemn mournful Throng,
 So laid about him, that the Knight
 Put all the Cavalcade to flight,
 Excepting one he had o'erthrown,
 Who'd broke i'th' Fall his Ankle-bone ;
 Some scowring back most sadly frightened,
 Some forward with their Torches lighted ;
 Some cloath'd in black, and some in white,
 Like Spirits wandring in the Night,
 Or Jack a Lanthorns often found
 Dancing about in Moory Ground ;
 Fancying the Dev'l himself was come
 To seize the Corps, and carry't home ;
 Therefore they very wisely fled
 To part the Living from the dead ;
 For fear old *Sathan* in his Wrath
 Should lay infernal Hands on both.

Poor

Poor *Sancho* stood amaz'd to find
 The God of War so wondrous kind,
 As to bestow upon his Master
 A Victory without Disaster ;
 So that he now could do no less
 Than judge the Knight, by his Success,
 To be that very Lord knows what,
 His Worship wanted to be thought.
 When thus the Don, by Words and Blows,
 Had routed all his mourning Foes,
 And ready was, like *Grecian* Younger,
 To weep for want of more to conquer ;
 At length in riding up and down
 To see what Heaps he'd overthrown,
 By Light of scatter'd Torch he found
 A groaning Victim on the Ground ;
 Whom he no sooner spy'd, but put
 His pointed Lance unto his Throat,
 And with a bold tremendous Voice,
 Cry'd, ' Yield or dye Wretch, take thy Choice.

Have

*Have Mercy, quoth the Foe, good Sir ;
 I needs must yield, that cannot stir ;
 I've broke my Leg, and hurt my Arm,
 I cannot rise to do you Harm ;
 If therefore you're a Christian Knight
 I hope you will not kill me quite :
 Consider, I'm in holy Orders ;
 And 'twould be deem'd the worst of Murders
 To stab a Priest, that means no Hurt,
 As he lyes cripp'l'd in the Dirt.*

*'How, quoth the Don, a Guide o'th' Church,
 'And travelling by Light of Torch ;
 'A Priest, d'ye say, an holy Father ;
 'Why what the Devil brought thee hither ?
 Nought, cry'd the Scholar, of a certain,
 Could bring me hither but ill Fortune.*

*'A worse, replies the Knight, hangs over
 'Thy Head, unless thou wilt discover,
 'The downright truth of all that I
 'Vouchsafe to ask thee by and by.*

*I will Sir, quoth the Priest, this Minne,
 And tell your Worship all that's in it;
 I'm a poor Priest of Alcovendas,
 Who, with Eleven more God mend us,
 Came from Baeca to attend
 The Corps of a deceased Friend,
 Which to Sagovia we were hurrying
 This Night to give him Christian Burying.*

*' About what Lady did he fight,
 ' And pray who kill'd him, quoth the Knight?
 Heav'n, quoth the Parson, with a Fever,
 None else, as I'm a true Believer.*

*' Then replies Quixote, since the Lord
 ' Dispatch'd him, I shall sheath my Sword;
 ' I have no Bus'ness with his Death,
 ' Or to revenge his Loss of Breath;
 ' Since 'tis appointed, you and I,
 ' And all, as well as he, must dye:
 ' I therefore have but little more
 ' To say at present, Reverend Sir;*

' Which

' Which is, remember I inform you,
 ' If any Person wrong or harm you,
 ' That I'm the bold *La Mancha* Knight,
 ' Don *Quixote*, bound to do you Right :
 ' I range the World from East to West,
 ' To save and comfort the distress'd,
 ' Protect fair Maids from cruel Dragons,
 ' And rescue Christian Knights from Pagans,
 ' Punish Oppression, daily seek
 ' Revenge of those, that wrong the weak,
 ' And ride thus arm'd in the Defence
 ' Of helpless injur'd Innocence.

*And does your Worship, cries the Priest,
 Approve these Methods as the best?
 Are breaking Peoples Legs and Arms
 The way to rescue 'em from Harms?
 And hazarding the Necks of those,
 That are not able to oppose
 Your strength, the Measures that you take
 Of doing Justice to the Weak?*

Lord

*Lord keep me always at a distance
From your good Worship's kind Assistance.*

‘ You did not, quoth the Don, do right
‘ To be abroad so late at Night,
‘ In Mourning some, and some in white,
‘ Marching with Torches in your Hands,
‘ Like Furies with their fiery Brands,
‘ Or kindl’d Vapours dancing round
‘ The Bogs and Dikes of marshy Ground :
‘ Therefore whatever I have done,
‘ Or you sustain’d, the Fault’s your own.

*Well Sir, reply’d the groaning Levite,
Since it must be as you would have it,
And you’re so gen’rous and great
A Friend to the Unfortunate,
I hope you’ll mount me safe upon
My Mule, from whence you’ve thrown me down.*

‘ It shall be done, Don Quixote said,
‘ Who then call’d Sancho to his Aid :

But

But the poor 'Squire was so employ'd
 About a Sumpter he'd unty'd,
 Which by kind Fortune prov'd a Load
 Of choice Provisions, costly Food,
 To feast the Priests upon the Road,
 That he obey'd no verbal Summons,
 He was so busy with his Commons,
 'Till he had first well stuff'd his Gullet,
 Then spread his Coat instead of Wallet;
 Which, when he'd fill'd with Bits most dainty,
 He bound on's Ass like a Port-Manteau,
 And then he ran unto his Master
 To help the Priest in this Disaster,
 Who, 'twixt the Champion and his Squire,
 Was mounted to his Heart's Desire.

*Now Sir, quoth Sancho, to the Priest,
 If you would know who 'tis that drest
 Your Hide, and theirs that run away,
 Because they wisely fear'd to stay,
 Know that my Name is Sancho Panca,
 My Lord's Don Quixote de la Mancha,*

*Call'd in Spain, Italy and France,
The Knight o'th' woeful Countenance.*

No sooner was the cripp'd Priest
Gone off upon his skittish Beast,
But the victorious Knight began
T' enquire most gravely of his Man,
How he at such a Juncture came
To give him such an awful Name.

*Quoth Sancho, if you'd know the Cause,
To tell you truth, your Lockrum Jaws,
For want of Teeth so thin appear'd,
Set off with such a frowzy Beard,
And your stern Countenance, by Light
Of Torch, look'd so amazing white,
That I, who knew you, was almost
Convinc'd you were some grinning Ghost :
Thence to your Fame did I advance
Knight of the woeful Countenance :
A Title, that so well agrees
At present with your frightful Phiz,*

That

That all may read it in your Face,

If they but view your Market place.

‘ There’s something more, replies the Don,

‘ In this, than thou hast touch’d upon ;

‘ That learn’d Historian, who is proud,

‘ To shew the World my Fortitude,

‘ And to preserve my Fame, records

‘ The gallant Deeds my Life affords,

‘ By magick Art most surely wrought

‘ In thy dull Brains this Noble Thought,

‘ That this Addition to my Name

‘ May Wizards fright, and Gyants tame,

‘ And cause me to be dreaded more

‘ Than any Knight in times of yore :

‘ Therefore henceforward will I claim

‘ This Title, whencefoe’er it came,

‘ And proudly arrogate the same.

‘ Also upon my Shield I’ll bear

‘ A Hatchet-face with frizzl’d Hair,

‘ And glaring Eyes, enough to fright

‘ The most undaunted daring Knight ;

‘ That my Device may show who ’tis

‘ Displays so terrible a Phiz.

*In troth, quoth Sancho, you may spare
The Cost of Painting ; for I’ll swear*

No Artist can with Pencil shew

So horrible a Face as you ;

Therefore if you’ll expose your own,

’Tis wrong to have another drawn ;

For your Foes sooner will be daunted

With that, than twenty Devils painted.

“ The Knight, well pleas’d with the Conceit,

Applauded *Sancho* for his Wit,

But still resolv’d his Shield should be

Adorn’d with some strange Phisnomy.

When they were tir’d with this Discourse,

The Don propos’d to search the Herse,

Lest some young Captive Lady fair,

Or wounded Victim should be there,

That might in their Distress require

Th’ Assistance of the Knight and Squire :

But

But *Sancho*, who was over-joy'd
 To think how well he'd been imploy'd,
 Car'd not for hazarding the Pack
 He'd laid upon his *Ass's* Back,
 By reaping more victorious Lawrels
 In any further Broils or Quarrels ;
 Therefore enforc'd with all his Sence
 The following cogent Arguments.

*Consider Sir, that we've been under
 No Drubbing yet, and that's a Wonder ;
 But should we tarry to examine
 The Herse for Captive Knights or Women,
 The Foe may think it shame to run,
 On second Thoughts, away from one,
 And rally with their utmost Force,
 By that time we have search'd the Herse ;
 Then may we lose what we have got,
 And be perhaps well drub'd to boot ;
 Therefore be rul'd by what I say ;
 Let us move on out of Harms Way,*

*And not forsake, when things go well,
The Plow to catch a Mouse by th' Tail ;
But to the Grave resign the dead,
And let the living eat their Bread.*

When *Sancho* thus had made his Speech,
Upon his Afs he clap'd his Breech,
And trotted on a little faster
Than usual after him his Master,
Who did without Capitulation
Give way to *Sancho's* Wife Oration,
And making no Reply approv'd
With Silence what the 'Squire had mov'd.

Thus the proud Victor and his Man
Jogg'd on as great as Cup and Can,
'Till to a Vale of pleasant Fields
They came, that lay between two Hills,
Where *Sancho* and the hungry Knight,
Tho' dark, thought proper to alight,
And to refresh their Bodies under
A Hedge, with some of *Sancho's* Plunder,

Which

Which to their Comfort prov'd the best
 Of costly Meats, that could be dress'd;
 For all Men know, that 'tis the Care
 Of Priests to feed on dainty Fare.
 No time was lost on either side;
 Now both like Gluttons fed 'till cloy'd;
 But as good Luck does seldom fail
 Of some ill Fortune at its Tail;
 When they had eat three Meals in one,
 They had no Wine to wash it down,
 But now with Thirst were plagu'd much more,
 Than they with Hunger were before;
 However *Sancho*, as he sat,
 Finding the Grass a little wet,
 Cry'd to the Knight, *For certain here*
Must be some Spring, or River near;
Therefore, good Sir, let's look about,
That we may find some Water out,
To quench this Drought, that plagues our Throats;
Much worse than Hunger did our Guts.

The Knight, well pleas'd with the Advice,
 From his Grass Cusheon did arise,
 And by the Bridle tug'd his Horse,
 Who follow'd at his Rider's Arse,
 Whilst *Sancho* by the Halter led
 His Tit, and walk'd before his Head ;
 Thus up and down they rang'd the Field,
 In hopes it might some River yield,
 'Till to their Joy they heard the roaring
 Of Waters, like a Cat'ract pouring
 From off some lofty Rock into
 Some shallow Stream, that lay below ;
 But as they listen'd to the same,
 To judge which way the Murmurs came,
 A strange surprizing Noise they found
 Was mix'd with t'other grateful Sound ;
 Loud Blows they heard, and e'ery Stroak
 Kept time and measure like a Clock,
 Whilst rat'ling Chains encreas'd their Fears,
 And terrify'd their frighted Ears ;

Astonish'd

Astonish'd now 'twixt Thump and Clink
 They stood, and knew not what to think,
 Pleas'd with the Sound of falling Waters,
 But scar'd with Iron Links and Fetters;
 Especially the 'Squire, whose Blood
 Grew chill and frozen, as he stood,
 That his Teeth chatter'd in his Mouth,
 And pannick Fear allay'd his Drowth;
 Whilst *Quixote*, tho' so valiant, found
 His Courage almost run a ground;
 That both the Heroes wife and wary
 Stood pausing in a great Quandary.

The Brave, when any Danger's near,
 By thinking wisely conquer Fear,
 Whilst Cow'rd, for want of judging right,
 Are oft by Shadows put to flight.

CANTO

CANTO XXX!

*The Don, tho' dark, resolves to face
 The Danger of the dreadful Place,
 From whence these Sounds arose by Night;
 But Sancho stays him 'till 'tis Light.*

T Encrease their Horror, now a Breeze
 Arose, and whistl'd thro' the Trees;
 Making each dreadful Sound the more
 Discording, than it prov'd before:
 However *Quixote* reassuming
 His Courage, and his Fear o'ercoming,
 Mounted his Courser, brac'd his Shield,
 Like Knight equipping for the Field;
 And turning round his Horse's Head,
 To *Sancho* thus the Hero said;

‘ No Furies Howls amidst their Pains,
 ‘ Or clinking of infernal Chains;
 ‘ No battling Gyants, who with Oaks
 ‘ Contend, and give these mighty Stroaks,

‘ Can-

' Can terrify Don *Quixote's* Ear,
 ' Or fill my Breast with servile Fear ;
 ' For I'm the Man, that's born to be
 ' The Wonder of Knight-Errantry ;
 ' By this bold Arm and trusty Sword
 ' The *Golden Age* shall be restor'd ;
 ' And Justice, who to Heav'n is flown,
 ' On Earth be settl'd in her Throne ;
 ' On Pride and Lust I'm doom'd to trample,
 ' And born to be the World's Example ;
 ' King *Arthur's* Order I'll revive,
 ' That Knighthood may for ever live ;
 ' Once more the Worthy Nine advance,
 ' And the twelve famous Peers of *France* :
 ' To Deeds like these my valiant Heart
 ' Shall lead me, 'till I get the start
 ' Of all your *Platyr*s and *Tablantes*,
 ' Your *Tranfes*, and your *Olivantes*,
 ' And stand Renown'd for Wonders wrought,
 ' Beyond all Knights that ever fought :

' Nor

‘ Nor shall the Darkneſs of the Night
 ‘ Deter my Soul from ſome Exploit ;
 ‘ Or Waters, that come roaring down
 ‘ From the ſteep Mountains of the Moon,
 ‘ With all that thumping mix’d with Ratt’ling,
 ‘ As if ten thouſand Dev’ls were batt’ling,
 ‘ Affright me from the bold Adventure
 ‘ On which I am about to enter ;
 ‘ Therefore that I may fit the better
 ‘ Pray girt my *Roxinante* ſtraighter,
 ‘ And then kind Providence direct me
 ‘ The Way to Glory, and protect me.
 ‘ You, if you pleaſe, may tarry here,
 ‘ For I perceive thou’rt full of Fear ;
 ‘ But if thou find’ſt that I delay
 ‘ Returning, paſt the ſecond Day,
 ‘ Go then with ſpeed unto my fair
 ‘ *Dulcinea*, and to her declare
 ‘ The mournful Tidings of my Death,
 ‘ And how I ſacrific’d my Breath

‘ In

' In deeds of Honour, that might move
 ' Her stubborn Heart to mutual Love,
 ' And make me worthy of performing
 ' My Vows to her so truly charming.

*Lord Sir, quoth Sancho, 'tis enough,
 I think, that we're so well come off
 From all those Goblins, Imps, and Sprites,
 We met this Evening with their Lights;
 And wou'd you have us now such Fools
 To fight with roaring Whirle-pools,
 And blunder into Slows and Ditches,
 When 'tis as dark as any Pitch is?
 What Man would in his Wits ride a'ter
 Such a loud Spout of falling Water?
 Where there's such clattering and clumping,
 As if a thousand Devils were pumping.*

' The more tremendous Sounds I hear,
 ' Replies the Don, the less I fear:
 ' Consider where the Danger's great,
 ' The Honour won is adequate;

Therefore

- ‘ Therefore no Darkness of the Skies
- ‘ Shall make me lose this Enterprize:
- ‘ Should all the Winds against me arm,
- ‘ And conjure up so fierce a Storm,
- ‘ That the whole Space became as black
- ‘ As Hell, it should not keep me back;
- ‘ But since thou’rt overcome with Fear,
- ‘ I’ll march alone, and leave thee here.

Dear Sir, quoth Sancho in a Tone
As dismal as a Teague’s O hone,
For Heaven’s sake don’t ride away,
And leave your ‘Squire’ till Break of Day;
You know I left poor Jug my Honey,
And all my Babes to wait upon ye;
For Drubs and Scraps have long forsaken
Good Bread and Cheese, and Eggs and Bacon;
And would you drop me e’er its Light,
As Whores do Bastards in the Night.

Thus Sancho us’d his utmost Art
To melt the Knight’s obdurate Heart;

But

But all in vain, for he was still
 Intirely bent to have his Will,
 In pushing on without Delay,
 Tho' Death stood grinning in his way :
 But *Sancho*, having not one Spark
 Of Courage left him in the dark,
 Car'd not t' accompany the Don,
 Nor yet to stay behind alone ;
 Therefore resolv'd to stop the Knight
 By Stratagem, until 'twas Light :
 Accordingly, as he was standing
 By *Roxinante's* side, pretending
 To girt the Saddle on the faster,
 The better to secure his Master,
 With's Afs's Halter did he bind
 The Horse's Legs so close behind,
 That when the Champion spurr'd his Steed,
 Expecting he'd have run full Speed,
 To's great Astonishment he found,
 His Courser could not change his Ground
 But by an awkward Leap or Bound :

The Knight suspecting not the Matter
 In vain still terrify'd the Creature,
 And chaff'd and fum'd at his ill Fortune,
 Like Madam, catch'd behind the Curtain.

Sancho perceiving that his Plot
 Detain'd his Master on the Spot;
 Cry'd, Look you, Sir, don't think of roving
 It's dark, since Heav'n's against our moving,
 And will not suffer Horse or Ass
 To budge one Step from this good Place:
 Therefore submit to Pow'r supream,
 And never strive against the Stream;
 For all your Spurrings are but Kicks,
 As Proverb says, against the Pricks.

' I rather fancy, quoth the Don,
 ' Some magick Spell is put upon
 ' This Ground, that none by Night shall pass
 ' The Vale to trample down the Grass;
 ' If so, we are compell'd to stay
 ' In spight of Fate, 'till Break of Day;

' For

' For tho' such Charms bind Man and Horse,
 ' When Dark, the Light dissolves their Force ;
 ' But bless me, *Sancho*, what a Noble
 ' Adventure to my Grief and Trouble,
 ' Am I detain'd from, by the Spite
 ' Of some Malicious Sage this Night ?
 ' Who that sustains a loss so great,
 ' Can forbear sighing at his Fate ?

Poh, Poh, quoth *Sancho*, never fret,
 Who knows what Day-light may beget ;
 'Tis much beneath a Man of Courage
 To whine because he's spilt his Courage ;
 Chear up, good Sir, be brisk and hearty,
 I'll tell you Stories to divert ye,
 Lest you'll alight and take a Nap,
 To drown the Thoughts of this mishap,
 And make your self more fit to enter
 To Morrow on this bold Adventure.

' What dost thou mean, replies the Don,
 ' By Sleep ? dost take me to be one

‘ Of those poor Carpet-Knights, whose Souls
 ‘ Consult their Ease when Honour calls;
 ‘ Dost think that I can snore and batten
 ‘ In Grass, when roaring Dangers threaten?
 ‘ Take thou thy Rest, thy Nature shows
 ‘ Thou’rt born to Sloth and soft Repose;
 ‘ But I those flinty Paths must tread,
 ‘ That do to Fame and Honour lead.

*Good Sir, quoth Sancho, be’n’t so hasty,
 I meant no Harm, I do protest t’ye;
 And as for sleeping, when I hear,
 Or see the lightest Danger near,
 Believe I’m no more able then
 To take a Nap, than other Men.*

‘ Then prithee, quoth the Knight, in case
 ‘ Thou canst not sleep upon the Grass;
 ‘ If thou hast any story worth
 ‘ The pains of telling, bring it forth.

*Yes, yes, quoth Sancho, I can find
 More Tales than one, if I’ve a Mind;*

Pray mark what I'm about to say,
And if you'll hear my Tale you may.

In times of yore, when 'twas as 'twas,
E'er Knaves were hang'd for breaking Laws,
Or honest Men like Fools fell out
Without their knowing what about ;
'Twas then I say, but hold a little,
Methinks I would not skip a Tittle,
For one Mistake is oft the Mother,
As well as Father of another ;
Ay then it was, no 'twas n't neither ;
A Tale should allways hang together ;
For if a Man be out at first,
The best at last will prove the worst :
Now mind me, for I think I'm right,
'Twas black I'm sure, no, gad, 'twas white ;
I find when once we chance to fall
Beside this, getting in is all :
'Twas in old times, so far it's true,
I'm sure it was not in the new :

When did I say it was, and where?
 Excuse me, 'twas both then and there,
 That a Wiseman vouchsaf'd to speak,
 These words, when he was sick and weak,
 Evil to them that Evil seek. }
 Which saying, I must tell you that
 Is to our purpose full as pat
 As Pudding for a Fryar's Mouth,
 Or Cudgel for a Stubborn Youth,
 That we may learn from thence to keep
 Out of harms way, and love to sleep
 In a whole Skin, and not to run
 Into those mischiefs we may shun;
 Or in the dark like Madmen wander
 To meet those rattling Devils yonder.

' Leave that to me, replies the Don,
 ' And with thy hodge-podge Tale go on.

Well then, quoth Sancho, you must know,
 A certain Shepherd long ago,

I'm wrong, he was no Shepherd neither
 But a young lusty Goatherd rather ;
 And once upon a time this Goatherd
 Was such an Am'rous silly Dotard,
 To play the Fool, as you may guess,
 With a loose dowdy Shepherdess,
 Till this same Baggage, I must tell ye,
 Grew very plump about the Belly ;
 But when her Sweetheart understood
 She'd turn'd his love to Flesh and Blood,
 And saw by what she carr'd before her
 How well he'd stuff'd her Cushion for her,
 He hung an Arse when he'd undone her,
 And look'd but plaguy shy upon her :
 Now you must know this buxom Sinner,
 This Lass with little Bones within her,
 This Hay-Mow tumbler of a Vench,
 With a plump Belly like a Tench,
 This bouncing, brawny, tawny Slut,
 That us'd to play thus with her Sent,

- ‘ Don’t be so tedious, quoth the Don,
 ‘ Why whither art thou rambling on ?
 ‘ Thou runn’st and rattl’st on, my ‘Squire,
 ‘ Just like a Jack without a Flyer.

*I must, quoth Sancho, right or wrong,
 Tell it my way, or hold my Tongue.*

- ‘ Then prithee, quoth the Knight, proceed,
 ‘ I know thou canst not write or read,
 ‘ Therefore go forward in thy Error.
 ‘ I’m bound to be thy patient Hearer.

*Well then, quoth Sancho, this same Creature,
 Thus given to the Deeds of Nature,
 When she perceiv’d her Sweet-heart shun’d her,
 Who had so often turn’d her under,
 Took Heart of Grace, and vow’d to be
 As spiteful and as cross as he,
 Declaring, if he would not wed her,
 The County Jail should be his Tedder ;
 But as we oft at Shadows gripe,
 And Time and Straw make Medlars ripe,*

The

The crafty Devil, who as it's said,
 Does seldom in a Ditch lye dead,
 Put it into the Goatherd's Skull,
 To run away tom'rds Portugal
 With all his Goats, which were at least
 Three hundred very tydy Beast,
 Which he carr'd off without Mistrust,
 For when the Devil drives needs must:
 At length he came to Guadiana,
 A River in a large Suavana,
 Which was too deep to ford, by chance
 Bing flouded with excessive Rains;
 Nor could he meet a Barge to carry
 His Goats, or was there any Ferry,
 Nor any Vessel to be got,
 Except a little Fisher-boat;
 For which, besides the Man that row'd,
 One Goat was a sufficient Load;
 However he and the Piscator
 Agreed at length about the matter.

So that the latter in his Boat
 Engag'd to waft 'em Goat by Goat:
 Accordingly he took in one,
 Landed him safe, and when he'd done,
 He put a second Goat on board,
 Ferry'd him over, then a third;
 But now, quoth Sancho, pray be sure
 You keep Account of what goes o'er;
 For when I ask you, if you make
 In your Return but one Mistake,
 It puts an End unto my Tale;
 For when you blunder, I shall fail:
 Now I must tell you, adds the 'Squire,
 The Landing place was full of Mire,
 And slipp'ry, that the Boatman tarry'd
 The longer for't, each Goat he carry'd;
 Yet, as I told you, he begun,
 And made good shift to ferry one:
 So on he went, and with much Pother
 Landed another, and another.

¶ Prithee

' Prithee, suppose 'em all, reply'd
 ' The Don, convey'd on t' other side;
 ' For if thou go'st on one by one,
 ' Twill be a Month before thou'lt done.

No, no, quoth Sancho, 'twill be short
 Enough, I'll pass my Credit for't;
 I therefore beg you'll let me tell it
 The Way I heard it, or I spoil it:
 But mind me now, I'm at a loss
 How many Goats are wasted cross,
 Then shall I know how many more
 The Man has still to carry o'er:

' Why how the Devil, quoth the Don,
 ' Should I know? Prithee Fool go on.

Nay then, quoth Sancho, I assure ye,
 You've put a full stop to my Story.
 My Tale upon the Account depended,
 And since one's lost, the other's ended.

' Truly, quoth Quixote, 'tis no matter,
 ' Thou'lt told enough on't, 'less 'twas better;

' Twas

' 'Twas a strange Monster I'll be sworn,
 ' Without a Head begot and born,
 ' And was as wonderfully well
 ' Concluded too without a Tail :
 ' I fear this dreadful Noise of Chains,
 ' And roaring Gulphs have turn'd thy Brains,
 ' Or thou wou'dst ne'er have put me off
 ' With such a rambling piece of Stuff.

*Faith, Sir, quoth Sancho to the Knight,
 Your Guess f'rought I know may be right ;
 For when I heard the Story first,
 My sides with Laughing almost burst ;
 But the strange frightful Sounds about
 This place might put a Body out.*

By this time Sancho, who had eat
 At Supper sev'ral sorts of Meat,
 Found some provoking fellsis pent
 In his grip'd Guts, that wanted Vent ;
 But being quite o'erpowr'd with Fear
 By the loud Ratt'lings that were near,

Durst

Durst not thro' dread of some Disaster
 Stir the least distance from his Master,
 Did therefore silently conclude
 To drop a Nofegay as he stood,
 Hoping the Midnight Darkness might
 Hide his ill Manners from the Knight :
 Accordingly the Squire unties,
 And slides his Trousers down his Thighs ;
 Steals up the Lappet of his Shirt
 To make clear Passage for a Squirt,
 Shrugs, grins, and screws with all his Art
 His Guts to hinder the Report ;
 Then gently bending tow'rds the Ground
 Let fly, but the obstrep'rous Sound
 In spite of all his Pains and Care
 Broke like loud Thunder in the Air.

'Hark, quoth the Knight, what groaning noise
 'Is that so like a Dragon's Voice.

*Something, quoth Sancho, that for certain
 Bodes some Adventure, or ill Fortune ;*

Bad

‘ Bad luck loves Company, ’tis known,
 ‘ And therefore seldom comes alone.

The Knight, who some new Danger fear’d,
 Now smelt the Thunder he had heard;
 And finding that the Fumes arose
 So strong into his Worship’s Nose,
 Who being angry cry’d, ‘ Adsddeath,
 ‘ Why this can be no Dragon’s Breath :
 ‘ This pois’nous Blast, I know full well,
 ‘ Ascends not from the Mouth, but Tail ;
 ‘ And savours so of humane Nature,
 ‘ It can be from no other Creature ;
 ‘ Therefore Friend *Sancho*, quoth the Knight,
 ‘ I fear thou’rt in a stinking Fright ;
 ‘ Prithee remove a little wide,
 ‘ Some Paces from my Horse’s Side.

’Tis true, quoth Sancho to the Don,
I’m full of Fear I can’t but own ;
Who may I thank but you my Leader,
That makes me stretch beyond my Tedder,

And

*And into these wild Places ride,
Where Danger roars on e'ery side,
And Midnight Devils in some Cell
Are forging Bars and Bolts for Hell :
Adfheart, it is enough, I think,
To make the stoutest Hero stink.*

‘ Since thou art subject, quoth the Knight,
‘ To smell so rank upon a Fright,
‘ Pray keep your distance when you find
‘ Your dastard Fears have taken wind ;
‘ For I’m too brave, as well as nice,
‘ To bear the stink of Cowardice.

*Mayhap, quoth Sancho, you’re conceiting
I’ve done something more than fitting ;
Should I by chance transgress, I doubt,
Your Worship soon would smell me out.*

‘ Have done, quoth Quixote, with this matter,
‘ The less you talk or stir the better :
‘ Ill Manners, lengthen’d by Discourse,
‘ Improves what’s bad at best, to worse.

Sancho

Sancho by this had taken care
 To cover what before was bare;
 And tye his Fomoralians on,
 Suspected by the squeamish Don;
 Who took the gross offensive Squire
 For nothing but a windy Flirt;
 Then stealing by degrees behind
 The Horse, he did his Legs unbind;
 And thus the 'Squire put all things right
 In order, by the time 'twas light.

No sooner had *Aurora* spread
 Her rosy Mantle, and display'd
 Her Blushes in the Eastern Skies,
 Where the bright Goddess loves to rise,
 But *Quixote* found himself to be
 O'ershad'd with a Chesnut-Tree,
 Whose drooping Branches were a Grace
 To all the solitary Place;
 And 'twixt their Station and the Ground,
 Diffus'd an awful Gloom around;

But

But tho' the Morning's Golden Light
 Had now quite chas'd away the Night,
 Yet neither could discover whence
 This Noise of Waters, and of Chains,
 And strange uncommon frightful Knocks
 Of Hammers, Rammers, and of Blocks,
 Arose, which thus had struck the Hearers
 With such perplexing Fears and Terrours;
 The Knight, being therefore fully bent
 To know what all this Thunder meant
 Took a kind solemn Leave once more
 Of *Sancho*, as he'd done before,
 Concluding with this short Addition
 By way of tender Admonition.

' Should I in this Attempt miscarry
 ' By th' Hand of some bold Adversary;
 ' Take thou no Care, nor grieve at all
 ' At thy advent'rous Master's Fall,
 ' For in my Will have I prepar'd
 ' Thy Services a just Reward;

[But

- ‘ But if I chance to win the Day,
- ‘ This Morning, as I hope I may,
- ‘ Then *Sancho* will I surely give thee
- ‘ Some fruitful Island to revive thee,
- ‘ To which thou shalt in Triumph bring
- ‘ Thy Wife, there Govern like a King.

These soft Expressions of the Don,
 So tickl'd, pleas'd, and wrought upon
 The 'Squire, that he resolv'd much rather
 To die with one so like a Father,
 Than to forsake so kind a Master,
 In time of Peril and Disaster.
 Thus the poor 'Squire who just before
 Had turn'd Fear out at the Back-door,
 Was now become a perfect stranger
 To Cowardise, and dread of Danger;
 So that the Day-light having freed
 The Noble Champion and his Steed,
 From Spells and Witches now he found
 His Horse had Pow'r to change his Ground;

So

So on he rid, and *Sancho* a'ter
 To find out the obstrep'rous Water,
 And other Sounds, which all the Night
 Had kept 'em both in such a Fright,
 The Knight imploring on his Way
 The Aid of fair *Dulcinea*,
 And sometimes turning up his Eyes
 To some good Saint above the Skies,
 Whilst *Sancho*, who had ne'r the Pow'r
 T' retain his Courage half an Hour,
 Of Clubs and Gyants soon bethought him,
 And look'd most warily about him.
 At length unto a Rock they came,
 From top of which a mighty Stream
 Of roaring Waters tumbl'd down,
 And dashing jump'd from Stone to Stone:
 At foot of this same stony Hill,
 From whence the foaming Cat'racts fell,
 Some tatter'd Hovels they descry'd,
 That join'd unto a River-side,

Whose Wall defac'd like Ruins stood,
 Shatter'd long since by Storm or Flood ;
 From hence those dreadful Thumps and Blows
 That rais'd their Fears they found arose,
 Which caus'd the Knight to couch his Lance
 Before he would too near advance,
 Lest some fierce Dragon, Lyon, Bear,
 Or Gyant should be lurking there,
 Whilst *Rozinante* started back,
 And snorted at each wondrous Thwack,
 And *Sancho*, at the Noise he heard,
 Cock'd up the Bristles of his Beard ;
 However *Quixote* spur'd his Steed,
 And boldly to the Fabrick rid,
 Where to his wonderful Surprise
 He staring fix'd his frightened Eyes
 Upon six mighty Logs of Force,
 That work'd unmov'd by Man or Horse.
 He paus'd and gaz'd upon the Rammers,
 That danc'd and thump'd like *Vulcan's* Ham-
 mers ;

Which

Which very much amaz'd the Knight,
 Who ne'er had seen so strange a sight,
 And therefore took the whole to be
 Some new enchanted Mistry;
 At length he call'd, and out there came
 A Clown, belonging to the same.

' Prithee good Fellow, quoth the Don,
 ' What Magick art thou here upon ?
 ' And for what Use or Incantation
 ' Is that loud piece of Conjurat'ion ?

*What, quoth the Clown in ridicule,
 An armed Warrior and a Fool !*

Zounds 'tis a Mill, if you would know :

Why where could you be born, I tro ?

'Tis to make soft, and whiten Cloth,

And that's the truth on't by my troth.

The Knight abash'd and discontented
 To find himself thus disappointed,
 Held down his Noddle in a Passion,
 And blush'd 'twixt Shame and Indignation,

Whilst *Sancho* could not as he stood
 Forbear loud Laughing for his Blood,
 But grin'd and twitter'd at the Joke,
 'Till's twatt'ling Strings were almost broke,
 Repeating, to improve the Jest,
 Some Words his Master had exprest,
 When first they heard the Sounds they dreaded,
 And knew not whence the Noise proceeded;
 At which provoking Insolence,
 The angry Knight took such Offence,
 That with his Lance he struck the 'Squire
 Two Blows, that savour'd of his Ire,
 Which made his smarting shoulders feel
 At once the Weight of Wood and Steel:
Sancho now finding that his Jestings,
 In earnest ended in a Baisting,
 Begg'd Pardon for his rude Transgression
 With all due Rev'rence and Submission;
 Crying, *Pray good your Worship spare*
My Bones, hard striking is not fair;

I would not vex you, if I knew it;

Alas I never us'd to do it :

I only jok'd that I might spy

Your Worship laugh as well as I.

- ' Pray Mr. Jester, come you hither,
- ' Quoth Quixote, and let's talk together ;
- ' Suppose this Accident you banter
- ' Had prov'd a dangerous Adventure,
- ' Could any Knight on Earth proceed
- ' With greater Courage than I did ?
- ' Did I not shew all Resolution,
- ' Becoming such a Prosecution?
- ' What tho' it prov'd a false Alarm,
- ' You see I did in earnest arm :
- ' Why then should you presume to laugh ?
- ' The Disappointment is enough :
- ' Besides Knight-Errants are not bound
- ' To judge of each mechanick Sound,
- ' As well as Fellows better fed
- ' Than taught, in Mills and Hovels bred;

' But were those Hammers once transform'd
 ' Into six mighty Gyants arm'd,
 ' Then should'st thou see what bloody slaughter
 ' I'd make in spight of all thy Laughter.

*Good Sir be patient, quoth the 'Squire,
 I've err'd, and have been paid my Hire ;
 Since a small Jest is such a Crime,
 I'll take more Care another time ;
 And rather lose an idle Joke,
 Than have my Head in earnest broke ;
 But after all, consider right
 Your Valour and my stinking Fright ;
 Th' Occasion of th' dreadful Noise,
 That gave us such a sad Surprise ;
 And how these Gyants, Imps and Devils,
 That threaten'd such approaching Evils,
 And caus'd us both to stand aghast,
 All ended in a Mill at last :
 Now the Fright's o'er, I do protest
 A Saint might laugh at such a Jest,*

Tho'

Tho' your stern Worship was so hard
 To give me what you might have spar'd;
 But let that pass, for I declare,
 I do no Grudge or Malice bear;
 The best of Masters in his Ire
 May drub his Servant, or his Squire;
 But then to pacify the Matter,
 Comes a cast Cloak or Doublet a'ter;
 Or may be as I've heard you say,
 An Island happens in the way:
 Who therefore would not bear the Pain
 Of being thump'd or drub'd for Gain?

' Fortune, quoth Quixote, soon may bring
 ' Thy Hopes to pass in e'ery thing;
 ' Therefore thou'rt prudent not to be
 ' Provok'd by my Severity,
 ' Since no Man can on all Occasions
 ' Restrain the Impulse of his Passions;
 ' But to prevent such future Mischance,
 ' The safest way's to keep thy Distance;

‘ Contempt proceeds, the learn’d agree,
 ‘ From too much Famil’arity :
 ‘ No Knight, I’ve read of, e’er allow’d
 ‘ Those Liberties that make thee proud,
 ‘ Or ‘Squire before thee ever us’d
 ‘ Those Freedoms thou hast oft abus’d.
 ‘ The trusty *Gandolin*, that serv’d
 ‘ The fam’d *Amadis*, never swerv’d
 ‘ From the strict Rules of his Obedience,
 ‘ But glory’d in his true Allegiance,
 ‘ Listen’d half bent with Cap in Hand,
 ‘ When he receiv’d his Knight’s Command,
 ‘ And fearing to provoke his Lord,
 ‘ Bow’d thrice, before he spoke a Word ;
 ‘ Yet was he Governour the while,
 ‘ And Earl of a *Sardinian* Isle.
 ‘ Then *Gasabel*, who waited on
 ‘ The Knight *Galaor*, that doubty Don,
 ‘ Was never known to make one rude
 ‘ Reply in all his Servitude ;

‘ Ne’er

' Ne'er thwarted what his Master said,
 ' But always silently obey'd;
 ' So that to let the Reader see,
 ' His prudent Taciturnity,
 ' The Hist'ry does not make him speak
 ' Thro' his whole Service once a Week;
 ' So that if thou would'st prove an ample
 ' Esquire, let these be thy Example.

*I minded what your Worship said,
 'Tis all, quoth Sancho, in my head;
 If silence be so great a Virtue,
 My future talk shall never hurt you.
 I'll keep my slip'ry Member still,
 Not a word more about the Mill.
 If e'er I Jest or Joke again
 About the Hammers, I'll be slain;
 Do what you please, come Life or Death,
 I'll keep my Tongue between my Teeth,
 Your Shoulder claps have spoil'd my Laughter,
 And stop'd my twittering hereafter;*

For

*For I hate Drubbing, I protest,
As much as you can do a Jest.*

No Servant ought to Ridicule
His Master, tho' a Knave or Fool;
Yet blust'ring Blockheads must expect
The World will Censure and Reflect.

C A N T O XXXI.

*Don Quixote puts a threat'ning Face on,
And frights the Barber from his Bason,
Believing it Mambrino's old
Victorious Helmet made of Gold.*

THE Clouds now gather'd, and began
In cooling Pearls to drop their Rain,
So that 'Squire Sancho had a will
To take up shelter in the Mill ;

But

But *Quixote* hating to go nigh it,
 Because so disappointed by it,
 Fearing no Weather, spur'd his Steed,
 And very briskly forward Rid
 Into a Lane fenc'd in with Trees,
 That lay between two Villages ;
 The Knight had not proceeded far
 E'er he beheld a Man of War,
 As he conceiv'd, who on had got
 A Golden Helmet as he thought.

' Now *Sancho*, quoth the chearful Don,
 ' Here's a new Challenge coming on ;
 ' Old Proverbs for our help design'd,
 ' Will prove their Verity I find ;
 ' For as one Door is shut, it happens
 ' Another to our Int'rest opens ;
 ' Look forward, dost thou not behold
 ' A Knight with Helmet made of Gold,
 ' Joging on leasurely this way
 ' Upon a Steed, his Colour Gray ?

*I see, quoth Sancho, what I see,
 But spy no Warriour Cap-a-pee,
 Some Mortal on an Ass appears,
 Grayish, like mine, with pricked Ears,
 And on his Head the Man has got,
 Something that shines, I know not what.*

*‘ I tell thee, Sancho, quoth the Don,
 ‘ He’s got Mambrino’s Helmet on,
 ‘ The Richest and most glorious Prize,
 ‘ That can be won beneath the Skies;
 ‘ Therefore stand off whilst I defy
 ‘ This Champion, and the Combat try,
 ‘ And thou shalt see that I alone
 ‘ Will make the Golden Prize my own.*

*You need not question, quoth the ‘Squire,
 But I’ll keep off as you desire;
 I’ll not come nigh enough to take
 The wry blows you may chance to make;
 For this same Helmet of Mambrino,
 May prove more mischievous f’rought I know,
 Than*

*Than the late Fulling-Mill and Water,
That made so terrible a clatter.*

‘Dog, quoth the Knight, pronounce once more
‘ That odious Name, which I abhor,
‘ And I shall thwack thy Whoreson’s Back,
‘ ’Till thy sides hone, and Shoulders crack.
These hasty words that threaten’d bad luck,
On *Sancho’s* Mouth soon put a Padlock,
And made him cautious how he spoke,
Another word that might provoke,
Whilst the fierce Knight his Arms prepar’d,
And put himself upon his Guard,
As wise Men do in all such cases,
Where Death and Danger shew their Faces.
Now is it time to let you know, §
That this approaching frightful Foe,
Whom our brave Don suppos’d to be
A Knight in Armour Cap-a-pee,
Happen’d to prove a Country Barber,
Who did at no great distance harbour,

Joging

Joging along a gentle pace,
 Upon a scrubbed grizly Ass,
 Unto a little Neighbouring Town,
 To bleed a Priest, and shave his Crown,
 And with him having brought his Bason,
 New furbish'd, made of Mettle Brasen,
 He chanc'd to whelm it o'er his Brain,
 To save his Beaver from the Rain,
 So that it glitter'd at a distance
 Like a bright Helmet of resistance,
 Which dazzl'd *Quixote's* watchful Eyes,
 And gave the Champion such surprize,
 That when the ~~War~~er was come nearer,
 He still persisted in his Errour,
 And now resolv'd with all his might,
 T' attack the harmless Washball Knight :
 Accordingly he spur'd his Horse,
 And rid full tilt with all his force,
 In order bravely to subdue,
 And pierce poor Tonfor thro' and thro',

gnigol

Who

Who seeing such a dreadful Figure,
 Spur on with such uncommon vigour,
 Did in the fright most nimbly quit
 His slothful Assinego Tit,
 Dropping his Bason in the hurry,
 T' escape so strange a monsters fury,
 And over Banks and Ditches fled,
 Confus'd with horror, fear and dread:
 Don *Quixote* proud that he had won
 The Field, and that the Foe was run,
 And gazing with delighted Eyes,
 Upon the shining Golden Prize,
 Which Trophy now neglected lay
 Amidst the wet and dirty way;
 Shame on the Miscreant, cries he,
 To lose such worth thus Cowardly;
 So does the crafty hunted Beaver,
 From's Body, with his Teeth dis sever
 That part, for which b' instinct he knows
 He's chiefly worry'd by his Foes.

Then

Then calling to his trusty 'Squire,
 He bid him reach from out the mire
 The Golden Cap, and bring the same
 To him, who'd won it to his Fame :
Sancho, according to command,
 Took up the Trophy in his Hand,
 Crying, *Sure, Sir, you've lost your Reason :*
'Tis nothing but a Barber's Bason.
This Gold! Egad, I'll hold my Ass
To a Pigs Tail, it is but Brass ;
So thin, and of so small a weight,
That 'tis not worth a piece of Eight.

Quoth *Quixote*, 'Prithee Blockhead hold
 ' Thy Tongue, thou know'st not Brass from
 (Gold,
 ' A Barber's Bason of base mettle,
 ' Thou may'st as well say 'tis a Kettle.
 ' Pray hand it hither, quoth the Don,
 ' That I may try the Helmet on.
 ' How do I look ? O happy Fortune,
 ' 'Twas once *Mambrino's* of a certain ;

But

‘ But what a woundy swinging Head
 ‘ The Pagan had, when this was made ;
 ‘ Besides ’tis much impair’d, I find,
 ‘ By Combats fought time out of Mind ;
 ‘ The Beaver and the Vizor’s lost,
 ‘ Which once so many hundreds cost ;
 ‘ Yet there is Weight of Gold I feel
 ‘ To make a Noble Helmet still ;
 ‘ And to new model it I’ll treat with
 ‘ The next good Armourer I meet with ;
 ‘ Then with what Courage shall I fight,
 ‘ When stil’d by all, *The Golden Knight*.

Sancho, who ready was to break
 His Silence at the Knight’s Mistake,
 Could not with all his Care contain
 Himself, but simper’d now and then ;
 Which the Don seeing at a Glance,
 Cry’d, ‘ How now Master Ignorance,
 ‘ I am not blind, pray what’s the meaning
 ‘ Of your sly twittering and grinning ?

Then calling to his trusty 'Squire,
 He bid him reach from out the mire
 The Golden Cap, and bring the same
 To him, who'd won it to his Fame :
Sancho, according to command,
 Took up the Trophy in his Hand,
 Crying, *Sure, Sir, you've lost your Reason :*
'Tis nothing but a Barber's Basen.
This Gold! Egad, I'll hold my Ass
To a Pigs Tail, it is but Brass ;
So thin, and of so small a weight,
That 'tis not worth a piece of Eight.

Quoth *Quixote*, 'Prithee Blockhead hold
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 Himself, but simper’d now and then ;
 Which the Don seeing at a Glance,
 Cry’d, ‘ How now Master Ignorance,
 ‘ I am not blind, pray what’s the meaning
 ‘ Of your sly twittering and grinning ?

*Lord, Sir, I only smile to think,
 How much good Meat, and how much Drink
 That huge Gigantick swinging Fellow,
 When living, at a Meal must swallow,
 For whose strange monstrous Logger-head
 That mighty Bason first was made ;
 Helmet, nay golden Helmet, Sir,
 Is what I mean, I vow and swear ;
 And really, that was all the Jest,
 That made me simper, I protest.*

*‘ Remember, quoth the Don, this Rule,
 ‘ Much Laughter shews a Man a Fool ;
 ‘ Besides, it is in Proverb said,
 ‘ A close Mouth makes a prudent Head.*

*I mind, quoth Sancho, what you say,
 ‘Twill be my own, another Day ;
 But here’s a good grey Ass, I find,
 A Horse, I mean, I think I’m blind ;
 I hope your Worship will agree,
 That he, as Veils, belongs to me.*

' It can't be granted thee, because
 ' Thus, replies *Quixote*, say the Laws ;
 ' He, that *subdues or overthrows*
 ' By force of Arms his Foe or Foes,
 ' Shall not, when they are so brought under,
 ' Their Horse or Horses take as Plunder,
 ' But leave them safe to bear away
 ' The Knight, or Knights, that lose the Day.

I'm answer'd, quoth the 'Squire, but sure
 I may exchange their Furniture ;
 Take theirs, if better than my own,
 And leave them mine, next kin to none.

' Now *Sancho*, quoth the Don, thou'rt right,
 ' That's a 'Squire's lawful perquisite ;
 ' But spare the Courser, let him go,
 ' Or As, if thou wilt have him so.

The Master had no sooner granted
 That Leave which *Sancho* chiefly wanted,
 But his old Halter and his Pannel,
 Not worth the taking out the Kennel,

Were quickly (for he was not idle)
 Turn'd to a Saddle and a Bridle ;
 So that by swapping mine for thine,
Sancho's old Afs grew wondrous fine,
 And in his Trappings look'd as gay
 As *Joan*, I will be bold to say,
 New dizen'd on her Wedding-Day.

As soon as *Sancho* thus had made
 His Scrub a very sumptuous Jade,
 And left his Trump'ry to disgrace
 The Barber's poor dejected Afs ;
 Away the Master and the Man
 Jogg'd on as great as Cup and Can,
 Both proud and highly pleas'd to see
 The Trophies of their Victory ;
Sancho much tickl'd to behold
 The Don's sham Helmet worn for Gold,
 And his grave Worship smiling glad
 To see Friend *Sancho's* Afs so clad,

That

That neither car'd which way they went,
 Their happy Thoughts were so intent
 Upon the Knight's mistaken Brafs,
 And glorious Trappings of the Afs,
 But gave to *Rozinant* the Pow'r,
 As the most wise of all the four,
 To lead the Van, and guide the rest,
 And chuse what way himself thought best,
 Who very gravely mov'd and step'd
 Like Higler's Pad as if he slep'd,
 'Till by his Cunning, which was ow'd
 To Age, he found the common Road,
 Where one did after t'other wander
 Like Pads, in search of further Plunder :
 At length as they were jogging on,
 Quoth *Sancho* to the pensive Don ;
I pray Sir, give me leave to break
My Silence, that a Man may speak ;
I hate this travelling humi drum,
As if we both were deaf and dumb ;

*Besides I've often in my Head
 Something that's proper to be said ;
 And now it must be lost, forsooth,
 Because you padlock up my Mouth.*

‘ Prithee, quoth *Quixote*, let me hear
 ‘ What ’tis thou would’st so fain declare,
 ‘ But let it be in short exprest ;
 ‘ For Brevity is always best.

*Well then, quoth Sancho, to be plain,
 And full as brief as e’er I can,
 I think this Rambling to and fro,
 From Hedge to Hedge, and Foe to Foe,
 Sant’ring in solitary Roads,
 Wide Desarts, and untrodden Woods,
 Will bring us in the End I fear
 To worse than Castles in the Air ;
 Hags, Devils, Blankets, Slings and Stones,
 Drought, famish’d Guts, and cudgel’d Bones
 We’ve had already, and my Mind
 Faretells there’s something worse behind.*

Besides

*Besides in this same lonely Place,
 Should we each Day destroy a Race
 Of Gyants, or a Den of Dragons,
 Or slay a thousand Moors and Pagans ;
 I dare to hold my Life or Sword on't,
 The World would never know a word on't ;
 For here is no tale-bearing Friend
 To catch a Story by the End ;
 Nor tattling Gossips on this Road
 To brute your Victories abroad ;
 So that what e'er you do is drown'd
 For want of Tongues to wheel it round ;
 Therefore I say, 'tis better far
 To serve some King that is at War,
 And then in Battle you may shew
 Your Valour and your Conduct too ;
 Then if your Worship does but chance
 To pierce a Pigmy with your Lance,
 The King's good Friends, you may rely on't,
 Will soon report the Dwarf a Gyant,*

*And by the Fibs they talk and write
 Make you the wonder of a Knight ;
 And as you swell in Fame and Title,
 Your trusty 'Squire must share a little.*

‘ Truly, Friend *Sancho*, quoth the Don,
 ‘ What thou hast said is right I own,
 ‘ But still 'tis requisite a Knight,
 ‘ Before he does in publick fight,
 ‘ Should range the World, and draw his Sword
 ‘ In private, 'till he's well inur'd
 ‘ To Hardships, Dangers, and Alarms,
 ‘ As a Probationer in Arms,
 ‘ That the Fame, Honour and Renown,
 ‘ He has in single Combat won,
 ‘ May reach the Ears of some crown'd Head,
 ‘ That needs so brave a Champion's Aid :
 ‘ Then he'll be sent for to his Court,
 ‘ And wellcom'd by the better sort :
 ‘ The Ladies swarm like Bees about him ;
 ‘ The Courtiers fawn, the Rabble shout him,
 ‘ And

‘ And cry, there goes that valiant He,
 ‘ Or what his Title chance to be,
 ‘ Who kill’d at one successful Blow
 ‘ That monstrous Gyant *Taffilo*,
 ‘ Who daily us’d to suck the Blood
 ‘ Of beauteous Virgins for his Food,
 ‘ And swallow’d down Knights Heads instead
 ‘ Of Penny Loaves of wheaten Bread ;
 ‘ These are the Praises that he meets
 ‘ From gazing Crowds, that fill the Streets,
 ‘ ’Till he at last in Triumph comes
 ‘ To the King’s Palace, where his Drums
 ‘ And Trumpets eccho thro’ the Air,
 ‘ To bid the Knight thrice wellcome there.
 ‘ No sooner has he pass’d in State
 ‘ Thro’ the first Court, and second Gate,
 ‘ But the King’s Daughter in her Chamber
 ‘ Bright as the Moon, and sweet as Amber,
 ‘ Stands peeping thro’ the Chrystal Glass
 ‘ To view his Person and his Face,

‘ And

‘ And to her Maids that wait behind,
‘ First sighs, and then declares her Mind,
‘ Protesting that she ne’er had seen
‘ So fine a Look, or awful Mein.
‘ Then all the Courtly Knights come forth
‘ To Compliment the Champion’s worth,
‘ And in their greatest Pomp to bring
‘ His doubty Worship to the King,
‘ Who, tho’ design’d, seems unawares,
‘ To meet him on the Royal Stairs,
‘ Salutes his Cheek, and hugs his Guest,
‘ Most kindly to his Princely Breast,
‘ Then leads him to her Grace, the Queen,
‘ To see her Highness and be seen,
‘ Where the young Princess too sits by,
‘ And sighing gives a leering Eye,
‘ That in her Looks he may discover,
‘ She means him for her only Lover,
‘ And that in time she’ll take occasion,
‘ By stealth to let him know her Passion.

‘ Then

‘ Then doubtless is the Knight convey’d
 ‘ To th’ best Apartment, ready made
 ‘ To entertain him, where he throws
 ‘ His Armour off for costly Cloths,
 ‘ And is in sumptuous Scarlet Vest,
 ‘ With Ermins lin’d, by Pages drest,
 ‘ That he who was so much admir’d
 ‘ In martial Steel, when thus attir’d,
 ‘ Might please the Ladies Eyes much more
 ‘ Than his rough Dress had done before.
 ‘ Then to rich Banquets he’s invited,
 ‘ There with fine Fruits and Wines delighted,
 ‘ Surrounded by a beautionous Train,
 ‘ That brighter shines than *Charles’s* Wain ;
 ‘ Among the rest the King’s fair Daughter,
 ‘ Just ripe in Fancy, and by Nature ;
 ‘ She who before admir’d the Knight
 ‘ In Arms so greatly, at first sight
 ‘ He leers at her, and she at him,
 ‘ She drinks, he pledges to the brim :

‘ And

‘ And thus by Looks and other Arts,
 ‘ They shew their Love by Fits and Starts;
 ‘ Yet manage e’ery nimble Motion
 ‘ Of their quick Eyes with so much Caution,
 ‘ That neither King or Queen discovers
 ‘ The least Intrigue between the Lovers.
 ‘ Now the young Princess does impart
 ‘ The painful Secrets of her Heart,
 ‘ And to her Confident reveals
 ‘ Her Grief, and all her Weakness tells:
 ‘ Kind Letters daily are convey’d
 ‘ From one to t’other by her Maid;
 ‘ And pleasing Interviews without
 ‘ The least Mistrust are brought about ;
 ‘ And when they meet what ’tis they do
 ‘ No Mortal knows besides them two ;
 ‘ But then the King proclaims a War
 ‘ With some great Prince or Emperour,
 ‘ And the Knight’s Service is requir’d ;
 ‘ Who with the Thirst of Glory fir’d,

‘ Does

‘ Does with all Chearfulness agree
 ‘ T’ embrace the Opportunity,
 ‘ In hopes his Sword may raise his Fortune,
 ‘ And make the Lady’s Love more certain,
 ‘ Or that his valiant Deeds the rather
 ‘ In time may win her of her Father.
 ‘ He does accordingly receive
 ‘ His Orders, then he takes his Leave
 ‘ Of King and Queen, and all the Court,
 ‘ With Love and Honour in his Heart ;
 ‘ Then from the Palace makes his way
 ‘ By th’ Chamber, where the Princess lay ;
 ‘ She for a farewell Conge waits
 ‘ Aloft, behind some Iron Grates,
 ‘ That a kind Cur’fie from her Honour
 ‘ Might make him think the more upon her ;
 ‘ He looks and trembles at the place,
 ‘ Where he so oft had seen her Face :
 ‘ She nods and winks, but when he’s gone,
 ‘ Falls backwards in a fearful Swoon ;

‘ One

- ‘ One Maid runs headlong for cold Water,
- ‘ Another in a fright trips a’ter,
- ‘ The Knight’s call’d back with speed to give
(her
- ‘ His hand, to comfort and revive her ;
- ‘ The Princess mends at his approach,
- ‘ And cryes, alas ! my Grief is such,
- ‘ What Woman ever bore so much ?
- ‘ Kind Words and Kisses soon appease
- ‘ Her Breast, and give her Sorrows ease ;
- ‘ And now they rightly fix all matters,
- ‘ To have an intercourse of Letters ;
- ‘ She begs him quickly to return,
- ‘ To Court, that she may cease to mourn ;
- ‘ He grants whatever she desires,
- ‘ And swears to all that she requires ;
- ‘ Then in the Confident comes starting,
- ‘ And in a fright entreats their parting.
- ‘ The Knight pursues the King’s commands,
- ‘ And bravely heads his Household Bands,
- ‘ Does

' Does mighty Wonders in the Field,
 ' Subdues his Foes, and makes 'em yield ;
 ' Returns Victorious to the Court,
 ' Huzza'd by Crowds of e'ery sort,
 ' Where, after, he is made a Lord,
 ' By wise consent of Council Board,
 ' In private he's again convey'd
 ' To th' Chamber of the Royal Maid,
 ' There left to feast his Lips with Kisses,
 ' And do what e'er his Lordship pleases ;
 ' At length th' agree upon a Day,
 ' When Madam's to be stol'n away ;
 ' He comes exactly at the Hour ;
 ' She meets him, and away they scour,
 ' Are Marry'd in some Country Town,
 ' Where both the Lovers Bed unknown :
 ' The Princess soon is miss'd at Court,
 ' Her Governess blam'd greatly for't ;
 ' The King sends out his Servants after
 ' His only Child, as well as Daughter ;

‘ At

‘ At length they find ’em both, and bring
‘ The Knight and Princess to the King,
‘ Who understanding that they’re wedded,
‘ And have been also fairly bedded,
‘ Pardons his Daughter’s Misbehaviour,
‘ And takes ’em both into his Favour,
‘ Dies quickly after, and his Son,
‘ In right of Madam, claims the Throne,
‘ And thus in time does Fortune bring
‘ The doubty Knight to be a King.

‘ When climb’d himself, his next Desire
‘ Is to advance his trusty ’Squire,
‘ On whom he does bestow some Maid
‘ Of Honour to delight his Bed,
‘ The only Fav’rite, whom the Queen
‘ Had in her Love confided in,
‘ Yet never in her Life betray’d
‘ One thing, that e’er was done or said,
‘ For whose Fidelity it may be
‘ He’s made a Lord, and she my Lady ;

‘ Grow

- ‘ Grow rich and proud by wealthy places;
- ‘ And rise in time to be their Graces:
- ‘ Thus you may see how Knights and ‘Squires
- ‘ At length accomplish their Desires.

*I wish, quoth Sancho, that we may
 Both live to see that happy Day,
 Wherein your Worship might but wed
 The Queen, and I her Chamber-maid :
 And when these Wonders come to pass;
 Into a Horse I'll turn my Ass ;
 For if I'm honour'd, 'tis the least
 Preferment I can give the Beast ;
 Nor do I doubt but you will find
 All matters happen to your Mind ;
 Especially if you'd but claim
 That fortunate, tho' rueful Name,
 Knight of the woeful Countenance,
 Which popping in my Head by chance,
 If you'll but take it, I am certain
 'Twill bring us both to mighty Fortune.*

‘ I do assume it, quoth the Knight,
 ‘ I know the Title suits me right ;
 ‘ Therefore the next thing to be done,
 ‘ In order to ascend a Throne,
 ‘ Is now to range all Nations over,
 ‘ ’Till we’ve the Fortune to discover
 ‘ Some supream wealthy Legislator,
 ‘ Or King, who has an only Daughter ;
 ‘ But on fresh thoughts ’tis time enough
 ‘ For that, when we have giv’n such Proof
 ‘ Of our true Valour, that each Mouth
 ‘ May spread our Fame from North to South :
 ‘ But after all, one ugly point
 ‘ Knocks our whole Measures out of Joint ;
 ‘ How shall I shew that my Descent
 ‘ Is from some ancient Government ?
 ‘ And prove my self to be akin
 ‘ To some great King, or famous Queen ;
 ‘ For Royal Blood’s a mighty matter
 ‘ In Courtship of an Emperor’s Daughter ;
 ‘ And

' And he that to a Throne's a Cousin,
 ' Tho' the Removes have been a dozen,
 ' And he as wretched and as poor
 ' As any *Indian Sagamoor*,
 ' Yet shall his Royal Blood much sooner
 ' Prevail with nice and squeamish Honour;
 ' Than one's that braver far than he,
 ' Without those Drops of Royalty.

*Poh Sir, quoth Sancho, never doubt,
 But you'll find ways to make that out :
 If you've but Flesh enough that's good,
 Young Ladies never mind your Blood ;
 Besides your Fancy can recall
 A Race of Kings, if that be all ;
 And you I know can make with Ease
 Your self akin to which you please.*

' The World, replies the Knight, can boast
 ' But two Originals at most ;
 ' One has been great, but is not so,
 ' T'other is great, but once was low :

- ‘ Some to a very high Degree
- ‘ Have risen from Obscurity ;
- ‘ Others reduc’d unto the same
- ‘ From lofty Pinnacles of Fame ;
- ‘ Therefore for certain I must be
- ‘ Akin to some great Family,
- ‘ That either have been Kings, or are,
- ‘ Altho’ I cannot tell you where :
- ‘ However should the King refuse
- ‘ To give me’s Daughter for a Spouse,
- ‘ ’Twill be to Knighthood no Dishonour
- ‘ To put a pleasing Force upon her,
- ‘ And in a Coach by Night, or rather
- ‘ On Horseback steal her from her Father ;
- ‘ To whose revengeful Indignation
- ‘ Time must give End, or Death Cessation.

*You’re right, quoth Sancho, never creep
For what by struggling you may reap :
Some Ladies will be won, they say,
By Force, and by no other Way :*

But

*But all I fear, when you have wed
 This Princely Heiress in your Head,
 And come to wait, as I suppose
 Your Worship must, for Deadmens Shoes,
 That I must barefoot go 'till you
 Possess the Kingdom in your View,
 Unless her Highness would agree
 Her Maid should be a Match for me ;
 And then perhaps your trusty 'Squire,
 By Cast'off Smocks, and old Attire,
 Might make a shift, 'till you obtain
 That Kingdom where you mean to reign.*

*' I've told thee, quoth the Knight already,
 ' As soon as I have stoln the Lady,
 ' Thou hast immediate Right to wed
 ' The pretty Dam'sel that's her Maid :
 ' Her forwardness will need no Force,
 ' The Lads will know she's thine of Course ;
 ' For when her Princess weds the Knight
 ' His 'Squire becomes her Perquisite ;*

‘ And if she finds thee not come to,
 ‘ She’ll claim thee as her lawful Due ;
 ‘ Besides as soon as we possess
 ‘ Our Kingdom, we can do no less
 ‘ Than raise thee high in our Esteem,
 ‘ And rank thee next the Diadem;
 ‘ Make thee a Duke of some fine place,
 ‘ And then thou must be stil’d his Grace;
 ‘ Whilst high-bred Ladies in their Coaches
 ‘ Give Visits to your Bride the Dutches,
 ‘ And noble Lords and Knights, to shew
 ‘ Their Breeding, pay the like to you,

*Were I, quoth Sancho, to appear
 In Costly Robes, I dare to swear,
 I should the same as well become
 As any Lord in Christendom ;
 For once I had the Luck to be
 Beadle to a Fraternity;
 And then, tho’ bred a Country Clown,
 When dizen’d up with Staff and Gown,*

*The Broth'rhood oft would say, no Creature
On Earth could e'er become it better ;
Therefore how nobly must I look
In costly Robes, when made a Duke !*

‘ But, quoth the Knight, you must take care
‘ To prune that frowzy Crop of Hair,
‘ Or in your Beard the World will see
‘ Your humble homespun Pedigree ;
‘ The Barber will renew your Face,
‘ And Taylor give you Shape by Dress :
‘ Therefore what Nature has deny'd
‘ To th' Great, must be by Art supply'd.

*Right, quoth the 'Squire, for should a Lord
Appear in Beggar's Coat and Beard,
His noble Blood, for all his Brags,
I doubt, would scarce shine thro' his Rags ;
Therefore since frowsy Hair and Patches
Would make great Persons look like Wretches,
Why mayn't rich Robes and beardless Face
Make me as comely as his Grace ?*

For to be plain, in Pomp and Pence
 Lyes all the mighty Difference ;
 So that when once you reign in State
 O'er all those Kingdoms in your Pate,
 Take you but care, that I shall be
 A Lord, and leave the rest to me.

Thus Lust of Pow'r and Wealth, we find,
 Too oft does humane Reason blind,
 And make depending Slaves give way
 To what their Betters madly say.

C A N T O

C A N T O XXXII.

*Don Quixote from the Gally saves
Twelve Convicts, sentenc'd to be Slaves,
Who after bang the Knight and 'Squire,
And rob them of their loose Attire.*

THE doubty Champion of *La Mancha*,
Ending his Talk with *Sancho Panca*,
As throwing round his roving Eyes,
Before him saw to his Surprise
Twelve wretched Mortals in a Train,
All link'd in one continu'd Chain,
So close, that their adjoining Heads
Seem'd strung upon a Line like Beads ;
For each was fasten'd by the Neck
With a long Chain too strong to break ;

All

All moving like a Western Teem,
 That tug up Barges 'gainst the Stream;
 Two ill-look'd Horsemen, arm'd with Swords
 And Carabines, rid by as Guards:
 Two more on foot, austere and gruff,
 With Pistols stuck in Belts of Buff,
 And Javelins in their Hands to pierce
 The Skins of those that hung an Arse.

No sooner had poor *Sancho* spy'd
 These Scare-crows on the High-way side,
 But having seen the like, he knew
 What Service they were marching to,
 And fearing that the Knight should make
 This an Adventure by Mistake,
 That might bring on the usual Curse
 Of heavy Blows, or something worse,
 He cry'd, *I beg you, Sir, take care,*
And meddle not in this Affair;
For these are Rogues, strong lusty Fellows,
To th' Gallies doom'd instead of Gallows;

They're

*They're each to labour for a Time,
 Lengthen'd according to his Crime,
 That painful Pulls and scanty Meals
 May make 'em sorry for their Ills ;
 Therefore consider they are going
 To serve the King in Galley-rowing,
 And that 'tis dangerous to prevent
 Their just and lawful Punishment.*

*' It's Tyranny, replies the Don,
 ' In any Prince, that rules a Throne,
 ' To force his Subjects to be Slaves
 ' By Land, or on the foaming Waves ;
 ' The worst of Rogues may be abus'd ;
 ' Men should not be like Horses us'd ;
 ' Therefore by Knighthood, and by Nature,
 ' I'm bound t' enquire into the matter.*

*But Sir, quoth Sancho, if you please,
 The King has put no Force on these ;
 They're all by Law condemn'd to be
 For such a time in slavery ;*

And

*And if we rescue them for certain,
 Their Punishment will be our Fortune,
 And all our Kingdoms by your Folly
 Be turn'd at once into a Gally.*

‘ I say, replies the Knight, the Name
 ‘ Of King and Law imply the same ;
 ‘ And if we are oppress'd by either,
 ‘ The Fault must be in both together ;
 ‘ When the Law's hard, the Legislator
 ‘ Should shew himself a Moderator ;
 ‘ And if he does not, we may say
 ‘ With Justice, he's as bad as they :
 ‘ Who therefore knows but these poor Wretches,
 ‘ That now are driving under Hatches,
 ‘ May for some trifling Faults be hurry'd
 ‘ To Sea, where they'll alive be bury'd ;
 ‘ Wherefore I cannot let 'em pass
 ‘ In Honour, 'till I've heard their Case.

The Jailors with their fetter'd Troop
 Of Slaves by this time were come up ;

So that the Knight in civil Terms
 Accosted those that were in Arms;
 And ask'd 'em why those wretched Creatures
 Were led along in Chains and Fetters.

To which a Brute, with Nose and Eyes
 Like a vex'd Bull-dog, thus replies;
*They're Criminals condemn'd to mow
 The great green Meadow, if you'd know,
 And not to come again on shoar,
 'Till their long Harvest-time is o'er.*

' I understand you, quoth the Knight;
 ' But is their Sentence just and right?
 ' Has not the Judge been too severe?
 ' What are their Crimes? pray let me hear.

*Just, quoth the Jailor, or unjust,
 They're all condemn'd, and go they must:
 But what good Services they've done,
 What Pranks they've plaid, what hazards run,
 To recommend 'em to a Gally;
 Pray, ask 'em, they'll be proud to tell you.*

With

With that the Knight applies unto
 The foremost of the slavish Crew ;
 Enquiring gravely by what Knave'ry
 He'd brought himself to Gally-Slave'ry:

I only was in Love, reply'd
 The Rogue, *and by that means decoy'd*
Into these Chains, for want of Sense
To govern my Concupiscence.

' Hard, quoth the Knight, that thy Affection
 ' Should bring thee to such sharp Correction ;
 ' Should all that are in Love be us'd
 ' As Slaves, my self may be abus'd :
 ' But I suppose you hanker'd after
 ' Some high-born Noble's Wife or Daughter ;
 ' Or beauteous Lady, whose Degree
 ' Was far above your Quality :
 ' So that they've sent you to a Gally
 ' For your rude Impudence and Folly.

No Sir, reply'd the Slave, *I'm vitions*
'Tis true, but ne'er was so ambitious ;

*In short I only chanc'd to fall
 In Love with a Gold Cup, that's all :
 Therefore in hopes to mend my Fortune,
 One Night I imm'd it, that's for certain.*

‘ Then thou’rt a Rascal, cries the Knight.
*Faith Master, quoth the Slave, that's right ;
 And if your Worship wants to find
 Eleven more, they're close behind.*

Then turning to the next, the Don
 Desir'd he'd make his Vertues known,
 Whose Answer was, *His only Fault
 In short was lifting what he lack'd,
 And piking off by Night or Day
 With any Booty in his way.*

‘ Then you, replies the Knight, profess
 ‘ The Mistry of Theft, I guess.

*I borrow'd, quoth the Slave, sometime,
 But ne'er return'd, there lay the Crime.*

Then the Don turning to the Third,
 At him, who answer'd not a Word,

But

But look'd as fullen, and as moody
As a cross'd Lover in a Study.

*This surly Booby, cries the next,
That is so mute, and seems so vex'd,
Does in this manner droop and languish,
Because the Coward sung in Anguish.*

‘ I must confess, replies the Knight,
‘ I do not understand you right :
‘ Sing away Sorrow I have found,
‘ When Mirth and Wine went briskly round,
‘ But *Sing in Anguish* is a Phrase
‘ I never heard in all my Days.

*Then, quoth the Slave, you shall be more
Accomplish'd than you were before ;
To sing in Anguish is to make
A clear Confession on the Rack ;
And this same Fellow here, whose Crime
Was stealing Sheep from time to time,
Tattl'd or sung, by which is meant
Acknowledging his Guilt in Cant ;*

*A Fault, which hardy Rogues agree,
Is scandalous and cowardly ;
He's therefore made the common Jest,
And laughing stock of all the rest ;
That makes the moody Rogue, and please ye,
So sullen, silent, and uneasy.*

Then to the fourth Don *Quixote* turn'd,
A grave old Don, who wept and mourn'd,
And shook his Beard, as if he felt
Some inward prickings of his Guilt :

' How, now, old Father, quoth the Knight,
' What hast thou done, that is not right ?
' What Crimes have brought thy aged Furrows
' To these unseasonable Sorrows ?
' When Nature scarce has strength to bear
' The galling Weight of so much Care :

But this would not procure an Answer
From the poor penitential Grandfire ;
So that a merry Rogue, among

The rest, both quick of Wit and Tongue,

Reply'd, that old religious Dad,
 That prays and weeps all Day like mad,
 Is a Whim-broker for the fair,
 Who deals in bringing things to bear;
 He's an old pious Pimp in short
 Between the City and the Court,
 Who us'd to make rich gouty Nobles,
 And wild Extravagants his Bubbles,
 By topping young experienc'd Jades
 Upon the Gulls for Maiden-heads;
 And bringing Sharpers of the Town
 For Men of Title and Renown
 To ease the Itch, and cool the Flames
 Of barren lustful City Dames:
 Besides he did pretend to be
 An Artist in Astrology,
 Told Fortunes, manag'd Love-Intrigues,
 Made Matches, settl'd amorous Leagues,
 Had Female Fern-Seed, Dragons, Glasses,
 To shew young Fools their Lovers Faces,

And

And made unlawful Conjuratation
A gainful part of his Profession,
For which the old deceitful Cuff
At Market-Cross wore wooden Ruff,
And now with us must quit the Shoar
For Stripes, hard Bisket, and the Oar:
Cheer up Old Daddy in thy Age,
Thou'lt ne'r be drown'd, I dare engage,
As long as there's a Gallows standing
Thou'rt safe, what signifies complaining?

' Had not the Sin of Conjuratation
 ' Been, quoth the Knight, an Aggravation
 ' Of his Love-Managements, which you
 ' Have giv'n so ill a Title to,
 ' I think such fort of friendly Knavery
 ' Would not deserve a starving Slavery;
 ' For tho' you stile him like a Novice,
 ' A Pimp, his Trade's a civil Office,
 ' Which any cordial Friend or Brother
 ' Will freely do to serve another:

- ‘ Happy’s the Noble, that can bring
- ‘ A beauteous Mistress to the King,
- ‘ Nay, thinks it no Dishonour neither
- ‘ To hold the Door when they’re together;
- ‘ Blest is the Valet, who can sneak
- ‘ To his Lord’s Chamber once a Week,
- ‘ Up the back-stairs with a new Face,
- ‘ To please his Lordship or his Grace;
- ‘ And glad is Madam’s trusty Maid
- ‘ To usher to her Lady’s Bed
- ‘ Some strong-back’d Cousin, and to guard
- ‘ The Chamber for a small Reward;
- ‘ In short, both Sexes do approve
- ‘ Their Pimps, as Messengers of Love;
- ‘ And faithful Cent’ries, that secure
- ‘ At once both Honour and the Door:
- ‘ They’re in all Courts esteem’d we see,
- ‘ For Service and Fidelity;
- ‘ And therefore ought to be protected,
- ‘ Instead of punish’d or corrected:

‘ For

' For since both Sexes are inclin'd
 ' To Love by Nature, and be kind,
 ' 'Tis hard to persecute such Friends,
 ' That help us to obtain our Ends.

The Knight then riding to the side
 O'th' fifth Offender, thus apply'd ;

' How now, young Spark, pray what Offence
 ' Has brought your Rogueship into Chains?
 ' You look as if you did not value
 ' The slavish Penance of a Gally.

*Sir, quoth the Slave, to tell you truth,
 My Crimes were but the Sins of Youth,
 Meer Failings of the Flesh, which all
 Are tainted with from Adam's Fall ;
 Only th' unfortunate are caught,
 And punish'd, but the lucky not ;
 A Blot's no Blot, untill it's hit,
 All sin, but some are more discreet,
 And if detected in a Crime,
 Swear heartily 'tis the only time ;*

But I, like an unthinking Dunce,
Crept into Bed to two at once ;
Both my own Nieces, and begot
Two Bastard Cousins on the Spot ;
And by incestuous Fornication
Rais'd up so strange a Generation,
That all the Casuistick Train,
Of Holy Fathers now in Spain,
Or skilful Heralds in the Nation,
Can't fix or settle our Relation :
And this is all for which I'm sent
Six Years to Gally Punishment,
That Labour and hard Fare may tame
The Member, that has wrought my Shame ;
Therefore I hope Sir Knight you'll give me
A Spill to comfort and releive me ;
For I was really bred a Scholar,
Tho' now I'm chain'd in Iron Collar ;
And had I been but gelt before
I'd plaid these foolish Pranks on shoar,

I'd been the Pastor of a Flock ;

But now I'm bound to curse the Smock.

‘ Well, well, be patient, quoth the Don,
‘ I’ll stand thy hearty Friend anon.

Then turning to the sixth, a Bold
And daring Rogue ’twixt young and old ;
Loaded with Fetters and a Clog,
Like a mad Horse or Mastiff-Dog,
And manac’d with greater Care
Than all his guilty Comrades were :

‘ What Monster’s this, quoth doubty Knight,

‘ Chain’d like a Tyger for a fight ?

‘ Why is this squinting Wretch oppress’d

‘ With heavier Irons than the rest ?

‘ Because that Fellow, quoth the Keeper,

‘ In Villainy is learn’d much deeper

‘ Than all the Rogues, that e’er were sent,

‘ Or carr’d from Jail to Punishment :

‘ He’s plagu’d and rob’d thro’ e’ery County,

‘ His Name is *Gines de Passimonte* ;

- ' Chang'd sometimes into *Ginesillo*,
- ' To which he adds *de Parapillo*,
- ' With many *alias*'s beside,
- ' All mention'd when the Rogue was try'd.

*Hold Sir, reply'd the Thief, forbear,
 Tho' you're my Keeper, 'tis not fair
 To give a Gentleman more Names,
 In Trouble, than he justly claims :
 'Tis true, the World may say I've taken
 These Names perhaps to save my Bacon;
 What then, th' ill-natur'd World may call
 You Rascal too, if that be all :
 Who can help that ? What Man is able
 To stop the Mouths o'th' giddy Rabble ?
 I own no Name, if I have twenty,
 But honest Gines de Passimonte :
 Then boldly turning to the Don,
 Cry'd, You Sir, with your Armour on,
 Who're so inquisitive to know
 From whence we come, and where we go ;*

*If you'll relieve us with a Ducat,
 Be quick, and pull it out your Pocket,
 And hold us not in such Suspence,
 To answer your Impertinence :
 Blood I am Gines de Passimonte,
 And that's my Name Sir, no Affront t'ye ;
 As for my Life and Conversation,
 My Parentage and Education,
 There's an Account in black and white,
 That will in Season come to Light.*

' That, quoth the Officer, is Truth,
 ' He's penn'd a Journal from his Youth,
 ' Of e'ery roguish Prank and Crime
 ' He's plaid and acted in his time ;
 ' The Manuscript lies now in pawn,
 ' He's borrow'd fifty Crowns thereon.

*Yes, quoth the Slave, and shall, I hope,
 Redeem it, spight of Sea or Rope.*

' Sure, quoth Don Quixote, it must be
 ' A witty piece of Roguery ;

' And

‘ And pray, Sir, is your Hist’ry quite

‘ Completed, cryes the busy Knight.

How should that be, replies the Thief,

As long as I am blest with Life?

D’ye think me such a Lump of Clay,

That has no more Rogues Tricks to play?

No, no, I hope to live and reign,

‘Till it’s enlarg’d as big again:

You see as for us honest Fellows,

The Gally saves us from the Gallows,

And then the Gallows, when we’re Slaves,

Secures us from the drowning Waves:

Therefore my Sentence makes me laugh,

Because I know ‘twixt both I’m safe.

‘ Pray, Sir, quoth Quixote, if you please,

‘ Let’s hear the Title of your piece,

‘ That I may know it from the Croud

‘ Of other Books, that steal abroad.

What, quoth the Rogue, d’ye think should be
The Title of my History,

But

*But this ? A full and true Account
 Of Captain Gines de Passimont,
 Containing an exact Relation
 Of his high Birth and Education ;
 Also his merry Pranks and Feats,
 His Rob'ries, Rogu'ries, and his Cheats ;
 His pleasant Frolicks and Amours
 With Maids, Wives, Widows, Jades and Whores,
 Written by 'mself, and verify'd
 By his own Tongue before he dy'd.*

*' I'm apt to fancy, what you write
 Will outdo Gusmond, quoth the Knight.*

*His musty study'd Book, replies
 The Slave, is but a pack of Lies ;
 I'd have you know he's not to be
 Compar'd with such a Rogue as me :
 I scorn to treat the World with Fiction,
 Mine's Truth beyond all Contradiction ;
 I borrow nought to cheat the Reader,
 But run the length of my own Tedder :*

Or

Or may I ne'er return to Shoar

This second Time from Gally-Oar.

‘ Quoth *Quixote*, I perceive you know

‘ Already what it is to row :

‘ This time is not the first you’ve fan’d

‘ The Ocean with a painful Hand.

No, no, Sir, I’ve learn’d already

The Difference betwixt thus and stiddy :

My stubborn Back knows how to bend

Beneath the Weight of a Rope’s End,

And oft have born, I tell you that,

The stroakings of a nine-tail’d Cat,

And mump’d hard Bisket like a Rat.

‘ I’ll swear thou seem’st, replies the Knight,

‘ To be a Fellow of some Wit.

Unfortunate enough to have

Good store of Wit, replies the Knave,

For Foroune crosses them the most,

Who have the greatest share to boast ;

And

*And those, who have the smallest stock,
 She wraps as Darlings in her Smock;
 So Hens are kindest to the Chick,
 That is of all the Brood most weak;
 And Mothers for this Cause or that,
 Are fondest of the silly'st Brat;
 And that one Reason is for certain,
 Why the best Wits have the worst Fortune.*

*' Do you Sir, cries the Officer,
 ' Set up for Brains, you slipstring Cur,
 ' And Poet-like, because yo've writ,
 ' Ascribe your Hardships to your Wit,
 ' When you are only wretched made
 ' By the Rogue's Tricks you know you've plaid.*

*Pray Master Dubnose, ben't so rough,
 Quoth Gines, I ken you well enough.
 What need you scandalize my Parts?
 Had e'ery Rascal his Deserts,
 Those that ride by perhaps might be
 In Chains and Hand-cuffs well as we.*

The Keeper much enrag'd to hear
 The Knave return so shrewd a Jeer,
 Advanc'd his Staff at the Reflection,
 To give the sausy Rogue Correction :
 But *Quixote* interposing stop'd
 The Mischief, e'er the Blow was drop'd,
 And gravely told him 'twas unkind
 T' insult a Wretch in Chains confin'd :
 Then turning on the Guards his Breech,
 To th' Slaves he made the following Speech.

' Dear Brethren, who are bound in Fetters
 ' By those proud Tyrants, call'd your Betters ;
 ' And stand condemn'd as Gally Slaves,
 ' For ought I know, by bigger Knaves ;
 ' I say, no Christian upon Earth,
 ' Since by the Law he's free by Birth,
 ' Can forfeit Liberty, the Mother
 ' Of Health and Comfort, to another ;
 ' 'Tis born with us, and therefore fit
 ' That e'ery Man should die with it :

' Tis

' 'Tis true, the wicked may sometimes
 ' Forfeit their Lives for heinous Crimes:
 ' What then? Death makes us still more free,
 ' Not robs us of our Liberty:
 ' Law may extend to Limb or Life,
 ' But Liberty is each Man's Wife;
 ' Which none have Right by Law or Force,
 ' To put asunder or divorce;
 ' Besides, who knows but want of Money
 ' Might make the Jury hard upon ye;
 ' Or that the Judge might be severe,
 ' Because he saw no Friends appear:
 ' Therefore since I am doubly blest'd
 ' With Strength to succour the oppress'd,
 ' And am by my Profession ty'd
 ' To rescue Slaves from humane Pride,
 ' By Interception or by Sword,
 ' Will I perswade, or force your Guard,
 ' To loose your Chains, and set you free
 ' From so unjust a Slavery.

The

The Rogues, not knowing what to say,
 Stood grinning in the dusty Way,
 Yet shew'd some little signs of Gladness,
 Altho' they took it all for Madness,
 Whilst *Quixote* turn'd his Horse aside,
 And to the Keepers thus apply'd.

‘ You Gentlemen, but cruel Creatures,
 ‘ That triumph o’er these Slaves in Fetters,
 ‘ Know, that by Knighthood I am bound
 ‘ To range all Christian Countries round,
 ‘ To check vile Malice, and redress
 ‘ The Wrongs impos’d on humane Race :
 ‘ I therefore beg you to enlarge
 ‘ These Slaves, by granting their Discharge;
 ‘ In doing which, you will for ever
 ‘ Remain intitl’d to my Favour.

Zouns, quoth a Keeper, full of Vigour,
 With glaring Eyes like angry Tyger,
 What is’t you mean, Sir Knight, you’d best
 Take care, or we shall spoil your Jest.

‘ Sir

' Sir, I'm in earnest, quoth the Don,
 ' And what I ask, insist upon :
 ' I say, it is not fair, that old
 ' Cross Chirls should sit in Chains of Gold ;
 ' And to support their Pride, environ
 ' Poor Wretches thus with Chains of Iron :
 ' Or is it just for greater Knaves
 ' In Pow'r to make the lesser Slaves :
 ' I'm therefore bound and sworn to see
 ' These Pris'ners set at Liberty.

Quoth the next Keeper, *then in troth,*
Sir Knight, you're like to break your Oath :
Who dares controul the higher Pow'rs ?
They're the King's Gally-Slaves, not ours :
Therefore pray march about your Business,
You're troubl'd with a drunken Dizziness,
Or sure you'd never stand to prate
At such a foolish random Rate :
Pray set your Barber's Bason right ;
Your Helmet hangs awry, Sir Knight ;

*And trouble not your Pate with what
We're well assur'd concerns you not :
Remember, he that plays with Cats
Must expect nothing less than Scrats.*

‘ I tell thee, quoth the Knight, that thou’rt
‘ A Dog, a Cat, a Rat, a Coward :
Then spurring *Rozinante* heart’ly,
Attack’d the Officer so smartly,
That down he fetch’d him Horse and all,
And laid both sprawling with the Fall ;
At sight of which the Slaves began
With their joint strength to snap their Chain,
Whilst *Quixote* with successful Force
O’erthrew the other Keeper’s Horse,
Before they’d time to cock a Gun,
Or fire a Pistol at the Don :
The Guards on foot surpriz’d to see
The Slaves attempt their Liberty,
Ran thither to secure their Charge
From turning Prisoners at large :

But by that time the famous *Gines*
 With *Sancho's* help had broke his Chains,
 And snatch'd up one o' th' Carabines ;
 Which with such Oaths and Threats he level'd,
 That made the Jailors look bedevil'd,
 And kept 'em in a Consternation,
 From daring any Molestation,
 'Till all his Brother Slaves got free,
 From Iron Bonds as well as he.

By this time those the doubty Knight
 Had left but in a sorry plight,
 With much ado were rid away,
 Not caring for a farther Fray ;
 And now the Rogues, with Stones they got,
 So pelted those that were on foot,
 That all their Guards were glad to fly,
 And leave the Slaves at Liberty.

Sancho, who now began at last
 To gravely think of what had past,

And knowing Crimes of such a Nature
 Might prove, if catch'd, a hanging matter,
 Advis'd his Master to retire
 With Speed, for fear of *Hugh the Cryer* ;
 But *Quixote* having no Regard
 To what his Man press'd very hard,
 Would not be work'd on to comply,
 Because 'twas cowardly to fly ;
 But calling all the tatter'd Creatures,
 He'd rescu'd from their Chains and Fetters,
 The foll'wing Speech he made to shew
 What he expected they should do.

- ‘ Now Brethren, you're restor'd by me
- ‘ From Bondage to your Liberty,
- ‘ And by my Courage and Discretion
- ‘ Freed from base Slav'ry and Oppression ;
- ‘ There now remains a grateful Act
- ‘ On your side, which I must exact :
- ‘ That is, that e'ery Slave should take
- ‘ His Chains and Fetters on his Back,

And

‘ And to *Toboso* make his way
 ‘ Without Let, Hindrance, or Delay;
 ‘ There pay your Homage to the chaste
 ‘ *Dulcinea*, Sov’raign of my Breast;
 ‘ And tell her what a glorious Deed
 ‘ I’ve done, by which your selves are freed;
 ‘ Then may you go wheree’er you please,
 ‘ Eat, drink in Peace, and live at Ease.

So Princes, when they lend their Aid
 To save a People, that’s betray’d,
 Proud of the Kindness they have done,
 They tax ’em, ’till they make it none.

Their Leader *Gines de Passimont*,
 Taking his Station in the Front,
 Thus undertook for all the rest
 An Answer to the Knight’s Request.

Noble Deliverer, ’tis true
 We owe our Liberty to you:
 But what you now impose upon us
 O’er ballances the Good you’ve done us;

For should we undergo the Pain
 Of taking up our Chains again,
 And were we willing all to go so
 Far loaded with them as Toboso,
 The Weight would crippl' us ten times more,
 Than all we have endur'd before,
 And make us more unhappy Wretches,
 Than sev'n Years Service under Hatches;
 Besides the Hue and Cry must take us,
 And then upon the Wheel they'd break us;
 So that what you exact is really
 Worse than the Slav'ry of a Gally;
 We therefore hold up all our Hands
 Against your Worship's hard Demands,
 Because this unexpected Doom
 Is worse than what you snatch'd us from;
 And he Sir Knight, who does pretend
 To help the wretched as a Friend,
 And when he's snatch'd him from one Curse,
 Fortwith condemns him to a worse,

*I say, whilst one Hand serves his Brother,
He basely knocks him down with t'other.*

‘ Ingrateful Dog ! replies the Don,
‘ Thither I’ll make you creep alone,
‘ Like a chid Spaniel, or a Hound,
‘ With your Rogue’s Belly to the Ground.

These Threats provoking *Gines* the Thief,
Who was of all the Villains chief,
He now concluded from the Dangers
The Knight had run for Rogues and Strangers,
And from his present odd Request,
He must be mad, or drunk at best,
So tip’d the Wink upon his Crew,
Who to the Right and Left withdrew,
And soon presented such a Volly,
In scorn of their Deliverer’s Folly,
That fell as thick as Hail about
His Ears, his Bason, and his Snout,
’Till shoals of Flints and Pebble-stones
From *Roxinante* fetch’d such Groans,

And made him winch, and backward start
 At such a Rate, that all the Art
 Of *Quixote* could not make him feel
 The stabbing Force of armed Heel ;
 Whilst *Sancho* stood behind his Ass,
 And stoop'd to save his handsome Face ;
 Making poor Assin in the warm
 Attack his Bullwark 'gainst the Storm :
 At last the Knight, no longer able
 To stand the shock of such a Rabble,
 Submitted to the galling Force
 Of a hard Clod, or something worse,
 And tumbl'd headlong from his Horse ;
 Which Conquest was no sooner won
 By th' Rogues, but in the Student run,
 Bruising his Bason on the Head
 O'th' Knight, 'till he was almost dead ;
 Then taking off his Iron-Coat,
 Eat up with Rust, not worth a Groat,

He

He laid that by, but what was under
 He stripp'd and carry'd off as Plunder ;
 But was so civil, when he'd done,
 To put the worthless Armour on
 Again, and in this sorry plight
 He left the poor unhappy Knight :
 Nor did his 'Squire escape without
 Some Marks about his Eyes and Snout ;
 Because his Tunick, which they took,
 Caus'd him to give 'em such a Look,
 That made the Rascals, who had thrown him,
 Bestow a Thump or Two upon him ;
 So that when rifl'd by the Vermin,
 As well as beat, we can't determine,
 Whether the Champions griev'd the most,
 For what they got, or what they lost.

He that redeems us from one Curse,
 And when he's done intails a worse,
 The serv'd from Gratitude he frees,
 And makes his Friends his Enemies.

C A N T O XXXIII.

The Knight for safety and his 'Squire

Do into desert Woods retire;

The Ass is stol'n whilst Sancho lyes

Asleep, who after finds a Prize.

THE Knight, tho' vex'd to find the Slaves
 Had us'd him like ungrateful Knaves,
 As he lay crippl'd in his Bed
 Of Dust, was pleas'd that they were fled;
 And raising up his Head aloft
 From sandy Pillow, warm and soft,
 He cry'd, Ah *Sancho*, I'll despise
 No more thy friendly good Advice;
 Had I been wisely rul'd by thee,
Mambrino's Helmet, which I see,
 Is sadly bruise'd against the Ground,
 Had still unwrong'd been safe and sound,

And has your beaten Warship, cry'd
Poor Sancho, no Complaint beside?

Only

‘ Only, replies the Knight, some Blows,
 ‘ About my Fore-head, Eyes and Nose,
 ‘ Together with an ugly Fall,
 ‘ And loss of an old Coat, that’s all.

I find, quoth Sancho, by the sequel
They’ve dealt their Kindness very equal ;
I feel my Cheeks are somewhat bloated,
And like your Worship I’m uncoated ;
This ’tis alas to rob the Sea,
And rescue Rogues from Slavery.

‘ It serves indeed, replies the Knight,
 ‘ To prove a good old Proverb right ;
 ‘ Which is, preserve a Thief from Gallows,
 ‘ He’ll cut your Throat, that surely follows.

But Sir, quoth Sancho, now you spake
Of Gallows, rise for Heaven’s sake,
And let us mount, that we may fly
The danger of a Hue and Cry ;
For if we’re taken, we may swing
Frongt I know in an ugly String,

And

*And with ty'd Thumbs, and lift up Hands,
Take leave of all our weeping Friends.*

‘ Thou’rt a meer Coward, quoth the Knight,
‘ Each Shadow puts thee in a Fright :
‘ I scorn to fly, or would I fear,
‘ Were the whole Country posse here.

*Good Sir, quoth Sancho, move, by Lady
I dream they’re at my Heels already ;
Rattling their mighty Clubs and Spears,
And rusty Halberts round my Ears ;
Therefore for God’s sake let us mount,
Lest the next proves a fatal Brunt.*

‘ Look you, Friend Sancho, quoth the Don,
‘ Since you’re so earnest to be gone,
‘ Because you shall not say, that I
‘ Am obstinate, I will comply :
‘ But pray don’t you to mend the matter,
‘ Presume at any time herea’ter
‘ To tell Knight, Lady, Friend or Stranger,
‘ That I withdrew thro’ fear of Danger.

‘ For

' For were the mighty Race of Gyants
 ' All here, that once bid Heav'n Defyance,
 ' And *Hercules* himself to lead 'em,
 ' Or fifty Monsters more to head 'em,
 ' I'd fight 'em all before I'd flinch,
 ' Or move my Ground one single Inch.

Quoth Sancho, to withdraw I say
In short is not to run away,
Nor is it Courage I averr,
But Hardiness to tarry here,
And run the Hazard of a Rope,
When there's more Cause to fear than hope :
He's wise, who saves himself from Sorrow
To Day, that he may laugh to morrow.
Who'd hazard all his Eggs, I ask it,
In one, and that a rotten Basket?
Tho' I'm a Bumpkin, I can talk
Sometimes as well as other Folk ;
I seldom am without a Thought
Of the main Chance, and know what's what ;
Therefore

*Therefore let's never tempt those Ills
We may avoid ; one pair of Heels,
At present, as the matter stands,
Is worth at least two pair of Hands.*

The Knight, submitting now his Sense,
To *Sancho's* home-spun Arguments,
Mounted without a word of Answer,
And follow'd *Sancho's* little Prancer,
Who shuff'd on with all his Speed
Before the Champion and his Steed ;
Looking as if they just had stole
Some Carter's raw-bone Mare and Foal.

Thus they rid on, 'till they came nigh
A Defart, mountainous and high,
O'er-grown with such aspiring Woods,
That seem'd to touch the passing Clouds ;
However *Sancho*, bent to fly
From rusty Bills, and Hue and Cry,
Made bold to climb the Hill for Safety,
Altho' so woody, and so lofty ;

Resolving

Resolving 'twixt some Cliffs to cover
 His Cow'rdice 'till his Fears were over;
 Confid'ring that altho' the Slaves
 Had stol'n away their Coats like Knaves,
 Yet they by chance had been so kind
 To leave the Bag of Prog behind;
 Pleas'd with this happy Luck, the Don
 And *Sancho* travel'd briskly on,
 Still comforted with this good Fortune,
 Till Night began to draw her Curtain;
 About which time both 'Squire and Afs
 Were tir'd for want of Bread and Grass:
 Nor had the Champion and his Steed
 A Jot less Appetite to feed;
 So that they now agreed to light,
 That Man and Horse might take a Bite;
 And in that solitary Place
 To skulk and tarry close some Days;
 Or for so long a time at least,
 As they had Food for Man and Beast.

Accordingly they stopp'd their Speed,
 And each alighted as agreed ;
 Then spread upon the mossy Ground
 What Fare they in their Snap-sack found,
 Made up of dainty Bits good Store,
 Which from the Priests they'd stoln before ;
 Whilst thus the Riders supp'd, the Ass
 Found Thistles, *Rozinante* Grass,
 And far'd, to recompense their Pains,
 As well as those that rul'd the Reins.

No sooner had the Knight and 'Squire
 Refresh'd to both their Heart's Desire, |
 But *Morpheus*, God of Sleep, and Sleepers,
 Hung leaden Plummets on their Peepers,
 And left their silent Clay the Pow'r
 To breath and dream, but nothing more :
 So Proverb wisely has exprest,
 When Belly's full, the Bones must rest.

The

The Champions, tir'd with long upfitting,
 And scurvy Drubbings, worfe than fitting,
 Upon their mossy Pillows lay,
 In a found Sleep, 'till Break of Day ;
 About which Time the Robber *Gines*,
 Whom they before had loos'd from Chains,
 Happen'd to strole into the Place
 Where both lay snoaring on the Grass,
 Having retir'd upon the same
 Account as *Sancho* thither came,
 That he might climb and hidden lye
 Beyond the Reach of Hue and Cry,
 Bing forely tir'd, and gall'd to boot,
 By travelling so far on Foot ;
 But finding Knight and 'Squire were found
 Asleep together on the Ground,
 He thought it now no Crime to pass
 Away with *Sancho's* Afs,
 Which was, i'th' Eye of *Passimante*,
 A better Beast than *Rozinante* ;
 Vol. II. R Would

Would creep thro' Shrubs, and be content
 With harder Fare, where e'er he went ;
 Would in all Points his Bus'ness fuit ;
 Who therefore mounted *Sancho's* Brute,
 Pull'd down a Switch to jirk his Hide,
 And did away in Triumph ride,
 Leaving poor *Sancho* to bemoan
 The Loss of his beloved Drone,

The Robber scarce had climb'd a Mile,
 Thro' Brakes and Brambles, up the Hill,
 E'er Knight and 'Squire did both disclose
 Their Eyes, and shake off their Repose.
 Both rising on their Rumps, to take
 A yawning Shrug 'till broad awake ;
 Which when they'd done, they gaz'd about
 To find their trusty Drudges out.
 Poor *Rozinante* soon appear'd,
 Nibbling short Grass beneath his Beard ;
 But *Sancho* miss'd, to his Surprise,
 The Partner of his Cares and Joys,

Not

Nor could he find the useful Jade
 By all the Searches that he made ;
 Which made the 'Squire, in spite of Patience,
 Breathe out the foll'wing Lamentations.

*O dear Companion of my Life,
 The Darling of my Self and Wife,
 My Drudge, on whom I could depend,
 My Childrens Play-fellow and Friend,
 Who would to School in dirty Weather,
 Bear, without grumbling, four together ;
 And ha'st thou now forsook thy Master ?
 O sad and comfortless Disaster !*

Dear Sancho, quoth the Knight, *abate*
 Thy Grief, there's no resisting Fate ;
 'Tis Folly to bemoan ill Fortune ;
 All worldly Comforts are uncertain.
 Grief follows Joy, and Gladness Sorrow ;
 We're rich to Day, and poor to Morrow.

What's this to my unhappy Case,
 Quoth Sancho, now I've lost my Ass ;

*The sweetest Beast that e'er was rid,
 The best that ever Man bestrid ?
 Besides, I'm in a Wood, God wot,
 And thro' the Thorns must walk on Foot.*

*I have five Asses, quoth the Knight,
 At Home, all young, in wholesome Plight ;
 I'll draw a Bill upon my Niece,
 To let thee chuse which three you please,
 Provided you'll no more lament
 Your Loss, which now you can't prevent.*

*This kind Proposal of the Don,
 The bleeding Heart of Sancho won,
 And comforted the mournful 'Squire
 According to the Knight's Desire ;
 Who made a Horse-block of a Stump,
 With greater Ease to mount his Rump
 Upon his Steed ; and when he'ad done,
 Like a Scotch Lord, rid proudly on,
 Whilst Vassal-like poor Sancho beat
 The thorny Way with horny Feet,*

Who

Who filch'd, without the least Suspicion,
 The choicest Bits of their Provision,
 Which now Don *Quixote* was so kind
 To carry on his Horse behind:
 So that the 'Squire, to's Guts Content,
 Far'd richly all the Way he went,
 Whilst the bold Knight, with trusty Lance,
 The Bushes beat, in hopes, by Chance,
 That he should start, as Men do Hares,
 Some Wolf or Dragon unawares :
 At length, to his Surprize, he found
 A large Portmanteau on the Ground,
 Which he endeavour'd fundry ways
 Upon his Weapon's Point to raise,
 But still was forc'd to let it drop,
 Till *Sancho* stoop'd, and took it up,
 Who felt it weighty, but the Leather
 Impair'd and rotted by the Weather;
 So that the 'Squire, now big with hope
 Of Wealth, tho' lock'd, soon broke it open,
R 3
And,

And, to his Comfort, found therein
 Six Holland Shirts, fine, new, and clean,
 With a rich Stock of other Linnen,
 Fit for a Noble to be seen in ;
 Gloves, Stockins, and, among the rest,
 A Purse of Gold, that pleas'd 'em best ;
 And searching to the bottom, found
 A Pocket-Book most richly bound.

*Pray, quoth the Knight, hand that to me,
 The rest I freely give to thee.*

*Thank your good Worship, quoth the 'Squire
 That's full as much as I desire.*

The Booty's parted very fairly :

I own I love clean Linnen dearly ;

And Gold I understand a little,

But of a Book scarce know a Tittle.

*Therefore in short we're both possest
 Of that which suits our Knowledge best.*

*Right, quoth the Don, the Wise of Old
 Preferr'd Philosophy to Gold ;*

Made

*Made Study their Delight and Pleasure,
And valu'd Books much more than Treasure.*

*Therefore, quoth Sancho, you may see
What Fools we Country Loobies be;
For I should rather chuse, Cotzooks,
One Bag of Gold, than fifty Books.*

*A Robb'ry, quoth the Knight, I fear
Hatb been of late committed here
On some Great Person, having lost
His Way as he this Desart crost.*

*Quoth Sancho, I'll be bold to say
Thieves scorn to fling their Gold away;
They never rob, I dare engage,
To hang their Booty on the Hedge.*

*It is not common, I must own,
For Thieves to do so, quoth the Don.
But hold, perhaps this Pocket-Book
May tell the Owner, let me look.*

*Then op'ning it, he finds this Sonnet,
And when he'ad por'd some Time upon it,*

He reads the fine Poetick Rapture
To's 'Squire, as if 't'ad been a Chapter.

*The God of Love, sure cannot know
The Pains his am'rous Slaves endure,
Else would the Tyrant burn his Bow,
Or when he's wounded, find a Cure.*

Yet is it criminal to say

*A God's unjust to human Race,
Tho' when he punishes, we pray*

In vain for Pity in Distress.

Therefore since Heaven is not free

*To ease my Breast when I complain,
Death must the surest Refuge be*

When Life's a Burthen, and a Pain.

Quoth Sancho, tho' my foolish Brains
Don't understand these chiming Strains,
Yet I protest they're pretty Stuff ;
I like the Gingle well enough.

Look

*Look farther, Master, and you'll chop
At last upon his Name, may hap.*

With that, Don *Quixote*, to discover
The Owner, turn'd some Pages over,
Until he found the foll'wing Letter
In Prose, which now is turn'd to Metre.

*Your Falsehood, and my sad Dispair,
Have hurry'd me I know not where,
And sooner will I burst with Grief
In Solitude, than seek Relief.*

*How could you be, ingrateful Fair,
Of solemn Vows a base Betray'r,
And marry for the Sake of Pelf,
With him less worthy than my Self?*

*Were Vertue by your Sex approv'd,
Instead of Wealth, I'd been belov'd.*

*Then had my Torments been the Fate
Of him you've bless'd, because more great,
Not in his Vertues, but Estate.*

In

*In Beauty you're the brightest She,
 But black your Infidelity.
 You seem an Angel by your Eyes,
 But prove a Devil in Disguise.
 However, tho' I've been betray'd
 By your fair Looks, and wretched made,
 Your Happiness I'll not molest
 By sweet Revenge, but wish you blest,
 Whilst I in Woods and Desarts dwell,
 Your wand'ring Lover. So farewell.*

The Knight still farther search'd, but yet
 Could no full Satisfaction meet;
 For tho' the Book was stuff'd with Songs,
 And Letters of disdainful Wrongs,
 The Love-sick Author of the same,
 Had to no Scrawl subscrib'd his Name.
 So that now, taking it for granted
 There was no finding what he wanted,

He

He bid the lucky Spot farewell,
 With *Sancho* at his Horse's Tail,
 Searching the Cloak-bag still for more,
 Altho' he'ad gutted it before.

By th' Gold, infected with an Itch
 Of hoping to be made more rich,
 The craving Curse that does attend
 The wealthy Miser to his End,
 'Till finding that the worthless Skin
 Was wholly stript of all within ;
 And then, for fear it should betray
 His Luck, he toss'd the Case away.

So Weasels, who love Eggs so well,
 Suck out the Yolk, and leave the Shell,

Sancho now o'erjoy'd to find,
 That his good Stars had been so kind
 To thus reward his Blanket-Tosses,
 His Kicks, his Blows, and other Crosses,
 Had quite forgot both Afs and Wife,
 Those dear Companions of his Life ;

As

As many do those Friends that love 'em,
 When once grown rich, and climb'd above 'em,
 Thinking of nothing, but his Gold
 Which he had pocketted untold ;
 What a rare Farm he'ad in his Eye ;
 And what a glorious Team he'd buy ;
 How many Servants he'd be hiring,
 As soon as he had left off 'squiring ;
 Wisely confid'ring that he ought
 To husband, with Discretion, what
 He had so very strangely got :
 For Wealth, that is obtain'd so oddly,
 Is sometimes flung away as madly.

Whilst *Sancho's* thick unpolish'd Skull
 Was of these Worldly Crotchets full,
 The Knight upon more noble Themes,
 Spent all his cogitative Dreams ;
 Gravely expecting, now or never,
 To raise his Worship's Fame for ever ;

Big with the Hopes some Lady fair,
 Brought thither from the Lord knows where,
 To beg his Aid, would shrieking rush,
 Half dead, from this or t'other Bush,
 With some fierce Monster at her Tail,
 Large as an Elephant or Whale:
 For solitary Woods, and Groves,
 Harmonious Birds and chooing Doves,
 Do melancholy Thoughts excite,
 And raise up Madness to the Height.

Whilst they mov'd on, by slow Gradations,
 Wrapt up in these wild Cogitations,
 Don *Quixote* happen'd to espy
 A distant Wretch, that seem'd to fly
 From Rock to Rock, o'er stony Craggs,
 Cloth'd downward from the Waste in Rags
 But naked upwards, with a Hide,
 By Sun and Wind so scorch'd and dry'd,
 That his tann'd Back was better crufted,
 Than a Pig's Crackling thorough roasted;
 His

His Beard and Hair, for Want of Comb,
 Were matted like a Mop of Thrum,
 Having no Garment on, but Britches,
 And those much broken in the Stitches.
 In this distracted Plight, he mounted
 The Bushes, like a Stag when hunted,
 And bounded o'er the Shrubs so fleet,
 As if he'd Wings, as well as Feet.
 The Knight now tew'd his Horse like mad,
 And spurr'd with all the Heels he had,
 Believing this the Man that own'd
 The Gold and Linnen they had found ;
 Therefore the *Don* pursu'd the same,
 As eager Sportsmen do their Game ;
 But *Rozinante* having lost
 His Speed two seven Years almost,
 Made but a very hobbling Chase,
 Tho' he strove hard to mend his Pace ;
 Yet *Quixote*, having still an Itch
 To find out this unhappy Wretch,

Bid *Sancho* range a little wide,

And beat the Wood on t'other Side.

Good Lord, Sir, should you leave me here,

Quoth *Sancho*, I should die with Fear ;

I'm sick already, with the Thought

Of parting with the Gold we've got,

And if you from me stir this Day

One Minute, I shall faint away.

He's a wild Fellow, to be sure ;

What should we dabble aft'r 'im for ?

Since he's so mad to leave his Gold,

As well as Bag, for us to hold,

Don't let us now, like Fools, restore it

To him who has no Value for it.

He'll then have Cause to say, that we

Are more out of our Wits, than he ;

That's all the Thanks we shall have for't,

And all that we deserve, in short ;

Therefore, I say, keep close the Prize,

Tho' he be mad, let us be wise.

I'm

*I'm bound in Honour, quoth the Knight,
 To do distressed Mortals Right :
 The Loser of the Money ought
 To ha'it return'd him ev'ry Groat ;
 For he that finds, and never cries,
 Or publishes the foundling Prize,
 Is but a Robber in Disguise.*

*Is't so ? quoth Sancho to himself ;
 But since I've got the Purse of Pelf,
 In t'other Pocket I'll take Care
 To sink one half ; that is but fair.*

*As thus the conscientious Don
 And 'Squire were talking Pro and Con,
 They 'spy'd a flowing Brook adjunct,
 By which appear'd a Mule defunct,
 Bridl'd and saddl'd as he lay,
 Half eaten up by Birds of Prey.
 As they stood gazing both upon
 This sad unfinish'd Skeliton,*

Telling

Telling some lamentable Story,
 Apply'd to the *Memento mori*,
 They heard a Whistling from a Rock,
 Like that of Shepherd to his Flock ;
 And soon, pursuant to their Thoughts,
 They saw a Herdsman tending Goats
 Upon a Mountain, where they graz'd,
 Whose Top was high, by Nature rais'd.
 Don *Quixote* hollow'd to the Goat-herd,
 A poor old weather-beaten Dotard,
 Who hobbl'd down, with wonted Leisure,
 To know the Champion's Will and Pleasure.

*How now, old Father, quoth the Knight,
 Here's an odd melancholy Sight.*

*How came this Creature dead, d'ye think ?
 It could not be for want of Drink.*

*Right, quoth the Clown ; but I must tell ye,
 Drink without Meat, won't fill the Belly ;
 And in these Mountains hereabouts,*

There's Feed for nothing, but for Goats ;
 S Excepting

*Excepting Wolves, that prowl and prey
On other Vermin, less than they :*

But as to that unsav'ry Beast,

'T'as lain there dead six Months at least ;

Was, by her Master, turn'd a-drift

Among these barren Hills to shift ;

And wanting Fodder, I suppose,

Became a Pudding for the Crows.

'Tis Wonder that you have not met

The Owner in these Mountains yet.

*Not we, quoth Quixote ; but we found
An old Portmanteau on the Ground.*

*Hush, hush, quoth Sancho, all I say, Sir,
Not a Word more o'th' Pudding, pray, Sir.*

*I've seen, replies the grizly Gaffer,
That Cloak-bag too, but durst not offer
To touch it, 'cause I thought, may hap,
It might be laid there for a Trap ;
That if I'd meddl'd with the Matter,
The Owner might have sworn herea'ter,*

*I'd pick'd and cull'd the very best
Of what was in't, and left the rest.*

*Quoth Sancho, I could see 'twas Leather,
But did not dare to touch it neither,
For fear, as you say, I should be
Unjustly tax'd with Robbery;
I therefore left it where it lay,
For the next Comer by that Way.*

*Who Home another's Dog does bring,
Will have nought left him, but the String;
And he wh' about the Neck o' th' Cat
Will hang a Bell, may have a Scrat.*

*But can you tell me, quoth the Knight,
The Name of him that has the Right
To th' Saddle, Bridle, and the Goods,
That thus lie scatter'd in the Woods?*

*We know the Man, replies the Clown,
But who he is, he keeps unknown;
Many besides my self have met him,
That I'll engage will ne'er forget him:*

*He lives and skulks about between
These Rocks, and here is often seen.*

*Dear Friend, quoth Quixote, pray be plain,
And give us all the Light you can ;
I'm apt to think, that he must be
Some Prince, or Man of Quality.*

*All that I know, replies the Swain,
I'll freely tell you ; hear me then :
Six Months ago, the Moon at full,
I met this mad Man on his Mule,
That very Beast, that stinking lies,
By the Brook-side, before your Eyes ;
When he beheld me on the Brow
O' th' Hill, he stopt, as you do now,
And look'd so amiable and comely,
Tho' grown of late so rough and homely,
That since my Chin was young and callow,
I ne'er beheld a prettier Fellow.
Dear honest Friend, quoth he to me,
I beg thou'lt be so kind and free,*

To guide me to the loneliest Place
In all this Rocky Wilderness.

Quoth I, according to my Thoughts,
The Cliffs and Copsies hereabouts,
Are, by us Goat-herds, understood
To be the wildest of the Wood;
Where nothing dwells, but Beasts of Prey,
And Frogs and Toads, as bad as they,
Among the Shrubs, nor any Fowls
Upon the Trees, but Bats and Owls.
To which he answer'd, I'm content;
I thank ye, and away he went,
Leaving not only me, alas!
But other Goat-herds near the Place,
To wonder at his fine Apparel,
And courtly Breeding, at his Farewel.

Thus he appear'd at first, and then
We saw him not I know not when,
'Till a young Fellow, some Months after,
The Husband of my eldest Daughter,
S 3 Chanc'd

Chanc'd to be bringing, on his Afs,
 Provisions to this very Place ;
 And as he came along, out rushes
 My Gentleman from yonder Bushes,
 In Rags and Tatters, unawares
 Catches my Son by Head and Ears ;
 And when he'ad thrash'd him three times more
 Than e'er the Rogue had been before,
 He flies, and with impatient Clutches,
 The Viſtals off the Afs he ſnatches ;
 And tho' 'twas heavy, throws it croſs
 His Back, as Reynard does a Goofe,
 And trips away the Lord knows whither,
 As light as if 't'ad been a Feather.

Hearing theſe Tidings, we agreed
 To ſearch the Thickets where he hid.
 Accordingly we rang'd about
 The Wood next Day, to find him out.
 At length, within a hollow Tree
 We chanc'd to peep, and there ſate he,

Who

Who very calmly left his Den,
 And gravely talk'd like other Men;
 But look'd so tatter'd, and so torn,
 So sun-burnt, frowzy, and forlorn,
 That all by which we knew the Wretch,
 Were the Plush Rags about his Breech.

No sooner was he sally'd out
 His rotten Oaken Touch-wood Hut,
 But he began, and made a Speech,
 In Courtly Words, beyond my Reach,
 Begging that none of us would wonder
 At the great Hardships he was under,
 Since 'twas a Pennace laid upon
 His Person, for the Ills he'd done.
 We ask'd him who he was, and what?
 But he refus'd to tell us that.

We then desir'd to know his Bounds,
 And where he chiefly took his Rounds,
 That we might bring or send him Food,
 Lest he should perish in the Wood;

Or that he'd ask us, when he wanted,
 For Viſtuals, and it ſhould be granted ;
 And that he'd not attempt, by Force,
 To plunder Servant, Aſs, or Horſe.

For that he thank'd us ev'ry one,
 Beg'd Pardon for the Wrong he'd done ;
 And promis'd, when he ſtood in need,
 For Time to come, he'd ask his Bread.
 This ſaid, he ſtarted, then he ſtopt,
 And down among the Buſhes dropt ;
 Star'd, without winking, at the Skies,
 Then ſnatchingly he clos'd his Eyes ;
 But ſuddenly look'd up again,
 And grinn'd as if in deadly Pain ;
 Clutch'd hard his Fiſts, and ſternly knit
 His Eye-brows, and his Lips he bit ;
 Then ſtarting with a nimble Bound,
 Sprang up at once from off the Ground ;
 And like a Bear or Lyon vex'd,
 Flew at the Goat-herd that was next,

Crying

Crying out, Ferdinand, thou Traytor ;
 I'll have thy Heart, thou lustful Satyr ;
 That had not all those, few enough,
 Fell timely on, to take him off,
 With Bites and Blows, as fierce as Thunder,
 He'd kill'd the Fellow that was under.
 Then flinging from us, tript away
 O'er all that in his Passage lay ;
 And bounded o'er the brambly Grounds,
 Like a wild Buck before the Hounds ;
 So that one Ferdinand, for certain,
 Has been the Cause of his Misfortune ;
 For when he lifted up his Hand,
 He cry'd, Thou Villain, Ferdinand,
 I'll tear thy Bowels with my Teeth,
 And press and torture thee to Death.
 Thus sometimes for a while he'd prove
 As mild and harmless as a Dove,
 Then of a Sudden rend and tear,
 And grow as wild as Wolf or Bear ;

We

*We therefore now intend to watch him,
 And bind him, if we can but catch him,
 That we by Force may lead him over
 These Mountains, unto Almadover,
 In Hopes his Face, tho' overgrown
 With shagged Hair, may there be known,
 And that his wild distracted Mind,
 In Time some Remedy may find.
 And now I've plainly laid before ye
 The whole uncomfortable Story.*

The Knight, uneasy to discover
 The Cave of this same savage Lover,
 Thank'd the old Goat-herd for his Tale,
 And spurr'd his Horse away Pell-mell,
 Resolving now to beat about,
 'Till he had found this Hermit out.
 Accordingly he bang'd the Bushes,
 And rid thro' Swamps of Flags and Rushes;
 Over this Hedge, and t'other Ditch,
 With *Sancho* grunting at his Breech,

Like

Like a Foot Huntf-man running a'ter
The op'ning Dogs thro' Wood and Water.

As ev'ry Knave delights, we see,
To worry those as bad as he ;
So one poor Lunatick is glad
To chafe another full as mad.

CANTO XXXIV.

*The Knight does with the mad Man meet,
And kindly they each other greet ;
They talk a while, at length they quarrel,
The Hermit beats, and bids 'em farewell.*

THE Knight now eager of his Game,
Beat ev'ry Copse to which he came,
Whilst *Sancho*, who had Reason for't,
Curs'd both the mad Men in his Heart,
And now began to forely miss
That trusty Ass which once was his.

At

At length, as they were ranging through
 A Plat where Thorns and Brambles grew,
 In the most solitary, rude,
 And desert Part of all the Wood,
 Up starts the mad Man bolt upright,
 Not many Paces from the Knight;
 And, at that Juncture, being free
 From his accustom'd Lunacy,
 The tatter'd Wretch came gravely on,
 With courteous Mein, to meet the *Don*,
 Who seeing that, dismounts, to pay
 The like Civility half Way,
 Kindly saluting frantick Brother,
 As one Beau Courier does another.
 No sooner had they hugg'd and kiss'd,
 Like Lovers ready for the Priest,
 And toss'd their Heads from Ear to Ear,
 As if they closely whisp'ring were;
 But the wild Vagrant of the Wood,
 Withdrew one Step from whence he stood,
 And

And clapping both his Hands upon
 The Shoulders of the weaker *Don*,
 With a strong Wrestler's upright Grace,
 He stares the Champion in the Face ;
 Not with Intent to strike or throw him,
 But view his Phiz, in Hopes to know him,
 Wond'ring as greatly to behold
 So strange a Knight in Armour old,
 Whose rusty Scales, and batter'd Flaws,
 Gave t'other Lunatick some Cause
 To take the odd-look'd *Don* to be
 A Mountaineer, as well as he ;
 And that he rid so girt about
 With Arms, to find some Rival out.

When thus the *Anch'rite* of the Wood,
 His Steel-bound Visiter had view'd,
 He calmly quits the Hold he'ad got,
 And crys, *Dear Sir, I know you not.*
Pray tell me how you came to steer
Your Course into these Mountains here ?

Most

Most noble Sir, replies the Don,
 Who lives in Peace, and reigns alone,
 As bearded Knight of all these Rocks,
 Whose Title's printed in your Looks,
 Having heard often of your Fame,
 To seek you out, I hither came,
 In Hopes to learn the hidden Cause
 That from your Palace thus withdraws
 Your troubl'd Soul, to sigh and grieve,
 Where none can your Distress relieve;
 I therefore beg you would impart
 The painful Secrets of your Heart,
 That I some speedy Means may find
 To please and ease your tortur'd Mind;
 Which I, by this victorious Arm,
 Do firmly promise to perform;
 Or if in the Attempt I fail,
 And no Endeavours will avail,
 These Rocks shall evermore inclose
 My self, as Partner of your Woes;

With you I'll dwell, and frankly bear,
 In all your Discontents a Share ;
 Add 'em to mine, that you may see
 Your Sorrow's far out-mourn'd by me,
 That my Misfortunes, by their Weight,
 May cause your Wrongs to seem less great ;
 As the Sun's Brightness takes away
 The Light of other Stars by Day.

I thank you for your Love : But, Sir,
 Replies the hungry Forester,
 Neglect of eating, makes me faint ;
 If you have Food, relieve my Want ;
 For no Man's able to discourse well,
 Whilst his Guts grumble for a Morsel.

With that, Don Quixote did unty
 The Bag, and gave him a Supply ;
 Which, like a Tyger, he devour'd,
 And cranch'd the Bones without a Word,
 Till the sweet, timely, welcome Scraps,
 Had fill'd his Guts, and tir'd his Chaps ;
 Then

Then beck'ning to the Knight and 'Squire,
 He led 'em down we know not where,
 Into some neighb'ring pleasant Place ;
 And when he'ad quatted on the Grass,
 Now, Sir, said he, if you would know
The Causes of my present Woe,
Sit down by me, and I'll declare
The Suff'rings I am forc'd to bear ;
But you must promise not to speak
One Word or Syllable, to break
The Chain of that unhappy Story,
Which I'm about to lay before ye ;
For whilst you're silent, I'll go on,
When interrupted, I have done ;
For I'd be quick, because I hate
The curs'd Remembrance of my Fate.

This Caution put the Don in Mind
 Of Sancho's Tale, half left behind,
 Because he had not Pow'r to hold
 His Silence 'till the same was told ;

So that he now more firmly hung
 A heavier Padlock on his Tongue,
 Resolving not to speak a Word,
 Till he the whole Discourse had heard.

Now, quoth the tatter'd frantick Lover,

All my Misfortunes I'll discover;

Attend, with Patience, what I say,

And ask no Question by the Way.

My Name, which you desire to know,

Is now to be Cardenio :

In Andalusia was I born,

Of noble Race, tho' now forlorn :

My Parents living rich and great,

Tho' I their Son unfortunate.

Within that City where I first

Drew Breath, and tenderly was nurs'd,

There also the divinely bright

Lucinda first beheld the Light,

Whose Beauty, tho' it gives us Joy,

Like Helen's, would inflame a Troy.

*Near to each other were we bred,
 In early Days together play'd,
 'Till infant Love sprang up apace,
 And found in both our Hearts a Place:
 There gently smother'd for a Time,
 But blaz'd too fiercely in our Prime,
 That our kind Fondness of each other
 Alarm'd her Father and her Mother;
 Who, jealous of our Youth, soon after
 Forbid my Visits to their Daughter.
 I to her Father then apply'd,
 To beg Lucinda for my Bride;
 Unable thus to live remov'd
 From her I so ador'd and lov'd.
 At my Request, he first sate thoughtful,
 Then made an Answer very doubtful;
 However, told me I should rather
 Apply my self to my own Father,
 And beg of him to come and treat
 Of an Affair of so much Weight.*

With this Advice, I Home return'd,
 And our unhappy Absence mourn'd,
 Resolving, by the Help of Heaven,
 To take the Counsel he had given;
 But going with Design to move
 My Father to approve my Love,
 I found him leaning in his Chair,
 And reading with a joyful Air.

Cardenio, cries the good old Man,
 Then rising, to the Window ran,
 Here's happy News for thee, my Boy,
 That gives thy aged Father Joy.
 This Letter's from the Duke Ricardo,
 Who tells me he has often heard how
 Obedient you to me have been,
 And what a comely courteous Mein
 You shew to others, and how free
 You are of all Debauchery,
 That he requires you to be gone
 With Speed unto his eldest Son,

*As a Companion, and assures
They both will serve you to their Powers.*

*This Letter to my Father sent,
Quite interrupted my Intent,
And render'd him unfit to mind,
Or me to speak what I design'd,
But thought the prudent'st way, was rather
T' acquaint Lucinda and her Father
With what had happen'd, and to give her
My solemn Vows to ne'er deceive her ;
Which pleas'd the youthful charming Dame,
And caus'd her to return the same ;
Her Father giving me his Honour
To never force a Match upon her.*

*When thus betroth'd, to ease our Fears,
We parted, but alas ! in Tears.*

*I now prepar'd to wait upon
The Duke Ricardo and his Son,
From whom I had a friendly kind
Reception suited to my Mind ;*

I'special

I specially was entertain'd
 So courteously by Ferdinand
 The second Son, that Friendship grew
 Each Day so fast between us two,
 That ev'ry Secret of his Breast
 And mine, we mutually possess.
 He told me all his am'rous Leagues,
 His youthful Frolicks, and Intrigues;
 How he debauch'd a Grasier's Daughter,
 And left the beauteous Dam'sel a'ter,
 Tho' he had brought her lovely Charms,
 By Vows of Marriage, to his Arms.
 These Freedoms tempted me, alas!
 To open my unhappy Case;
 Also to shew him, at a Window,
 The Beauty of my fair Lucinda.
 Astonish'd at so bless'd a Sight,
 He gaz'd with Wonder and Delight,
 And vow'd her Features brighter far
 Than the Sun, Moon, or Ev'ning-Star.

Now ev'ry Step he mov'd along,
 Lucinda's Name was made his Song ;
 And ev'ry study'd, am'rous Phrase
 He spoke, was in her Beauty's Praise.
 I now repented, tho' too late,
 I'd shewn him such a tempting Bait,
 On whom no Mortal Eye could cast
 A Look, but must desire to taste ;
 But still was willing to suspend
 Distrust of such a gen'rous Friend ;
 Nor could my partial Soul foresee
 Lucinda's Infidelity,
 'Till finding my uneasy Breast,
 At length, with Doubts and Fears oppress'd,
 I set a-part a certain Day
 To steal from Home, that I might pay
 A Visit to the fairest She,
 T' acquaint her with my Jealousy ;
 And, by fresh Vows and Protestations,
 Renew our former Obligations ;

*For female Oaths no longer bind,
Than new ones keep the old in Mind.*

*When I to fair Lucinda came,
I found her Temper still the same,
Pleasing herself with the Romance
Of the twelve famous Peers of France,
By which, upon a little Table ;
There lay another ancient Fable,
Containing many strange Exploits
Perform'd long since by Errant Knights.*

*How ! quoth the Don ; and does the Lady
Make Books of Errantry her Study ?*

*Forgetting he was bound to hold
His Tongue 'till all the Tale was told.*

*Then am I certain she is fair,
And chaste as Gods or Angels are ;
Kind, constant, generous, and wise,
And all that's good beneath the Skies ;
Deserving of that Love and Duty
You owe to her illustrious Beauty.*

Whilst *Quixote* thus run rambling on,
Cardenio hung his Noddle down,
 And in a fullen Posture fate,
 To hear his Brother mad Man prate,
 Ne'er interrupting what he said,
 Or stirring his attentive Head,
 'Till weary of the *Don's* long Rattle,
 More tiresome than a Gossip's Tattle,
 At length he gave a sudden Flounce,
 And started from his Pause at once ;
 Put on a threat'ning stern Grimace,
 And staring *Quixote* in the Face,
 Cry'd, *He's a Dog, that dares to say*
Snapfuds the Barber never lay
With the fair Queen Madafima.
'Tis a false scandalous Report ;
That cut-beard Rogue was ne'er at Court.
Besides, can you believe, said he,
A Lady of that high Degree,

Rich

Rich, beauteous, great enough by Birth
 To bed the proudest Prince on Earth,
 Would fall upon her Royal Back,
 To please a Draw-tooth Dog, a Quack?
 O fye! and he that dares to say,
 That such a Scoundrel ever lay,
 Kiss'd, hugg'd, or mingl'd Legs or Thighs
 With that fair Queen, I say he lies,
 And ready am, by Day or Night,
 Arm'd or unarm'd, to do her Right,
 And make the Rascal, with my Sword,
 Retract his Scandal ev'ry Word.
 Cardenio star'd upon the Don,
 To hear him thus run rambling on,
 And growing downright mad beside,
 To find himself so much defy'd,
 Dropt of a Sudden nimbly down,
 And snatches up a mighty Stone,
 With which he gave the Knight such Slaps
 Upon his thin unwary Chaps,

That

That down he tumbl'd with the Blows
 Receiv'd about his Eyes and Nose ;
 At Sight of which, the trusty 'Squire,
 Inflam'd with Honour, and with Ire,
 Fell on as fiercely as a Tyger,
 To shew his Valour, and his Vigor ;
 But mad *Cardenio*, with his Stone,
 Gave *Sancho's* Snot-galls such a Con,
 That laid him flat upon his Back,
 Half dead the very first Attack,
 Then trod his Bowels, without Quarter,
 Like Country Lab'rer treading Mortar.
 Thus beat 'em both ; and when he'ad done
 Among the Mountains hooping run,
 Leaving his Victims full of Sadness,
 Mo mourn their Folly, and his Madness.

Thus he that foolishly enrages
 A mad Man, and the same engages,
 Will, to his Shame, well beaten be,
 Except himself's as mad as he.

CANTO

CANTO XXXV.

*The Knight does Pennance in the Mountains,
Among the Desert Rocks and Fountains ;
Sends, on his Horse, away
To visit fair Dulcinea.*

THE Knight now proud, tho' almost kill'd,
To be left Master of the Field,
Resolv'd within himself to put,
In spite of Bumps, the best Side out.
Accordingly he made a Bound,
And sprang from off the mossy Ground ;
Mounted at once his *Rozinante*,
As nimbly as a Youth of twenty,
And with poor *Sancho* at his Stern,
Rid off without the least Concern ;
Suff'ring the mad Man's sturdy Blows,
As blue as Damsens round his Nose,
To interrupt his Worship's Ease,
No more than Bites of Gnats or Fleas ;
Tho'

Tho' *Sancho's* more impatient Brain,
As well as Guts, still felt the Pain.

Now over craggy Hill and Dale,
With *Sancho* grumbling at his Tail,
The Champion rid, but ne'er exprest
One Word in Earnest or in Jest,
Whilst the poor 'Squire trampoos'd on Foot,
Betwixt a Gallop and a Trop;
Fatigu'd the more for Want of Chatting,
Because his chief Delight was Prating;
Yet durst not, for his Ears, be breaking
His Master's Silence by his speaking,
Because he had before forbid him,
And for the same ill Manners chid him.
However, after many Pushes
Thro' Bryars, Splashes, Bogs, and Bushes,
Sancho grew tir'd with too much walking,
As well as with too little talking;
And now resolv'd to give his Tongue
Refreshment as he went along,

Tha

That the still Member might be eas'd,
 Let's Master take it as he pleas'd ;
 Accordingly, in doleful Tone,
 He thus began, and so went on.

*I pray your Worship, that you'd give
 Your Blessing, and vouchsafe me Leave
 To quit this hum-drum silent Life,
 And to return to Joan my Wife,
 My Children, and my brindle Cow ;
 For Home is Home, I find it now ;
 There I in Chimny-nook can chat,
 And tell old Tales of this and that ;
 When weary, prattle with my Joan,
 Who never wants two Words for one :
 But here I follow at your Back,
 As if you were a Lanthorn-Jack,
 Thro' Woods and Mountains, foul or fair,
 O'er Ditches, and the Dev'l knows where,
 And when all's done, must be appear'd
 To make my Moan, or speak a Word.*

*I ne'er kept Dog, altho' I've two,
 Or Cat, but what might bark or mew.
 My very Ass that's Holl'n away,
 You know, had always Leave to bray.
 'Tis therefore hard that, at my Age,
 I, who am Vallet, 'Squire, and Page,
 After such Thumps, 'till Back and Block
 Are knotted like a Crab-tree Stock,
 Should thus run dangling at your Breech,
 And be deny'd the Use of Speech!
 I say, no Flesh and Blood is able
 To live, and trot thro' so much Trouble,
 Without a little Bibble Babble.*

*I understand you, quoth the Don;
 I know thou'rt never right in Tune,
 But when thy prating Tongue is free
 To exercise its Faculty:
 Therefore, to ease thy Pain, I'll grant,
 For once, the Liberty you want,*

Provid

Provided that the same shall carry
 No farther Term than while we tarry
 Within this solitary Mount,
 Where Talk may turn to some Account.

A Match, quoth Sancho, I agree.
 Well, now my Tongue's at Liberty,
 As my old Grannum us'd to say,
 Whilst the Sun shines, let's make our Hay.
 Then, since you've granted me my Speech,
 Answer one Question, I beseech.
 What Need had you to roar and thunder
 About Queen Maxima, I wonder,
 And to provoke a Monster's Wrath,
 Till the wild Fury beat us both?
 Suppose she had a Mind to try
 The Barber's Wash-balls, by the Bye,
 Whether they'd lather well or not,
 Pray what had you to do with that?
 Besides, had you no Notice taken,
 We had not only sav'd our Bacon,

But

*But heard, as you desir'd, the whole
Long Story of his Cock and Bull;
And my poor Guts must be, Pox take her,
Trampl'd, like Dow, by bare-foot Baker.*

*Quoth Quixote, ha'st thou ever seen
Or read of this illustrious Queen?
You would have then confess'd I'd had
Much Patience, tho' her Foe was mad,
That I forbore to stab the Mouth
That stain'd her Honour with Untruth.
'Twas base Destruction to assert
So vile and saussy a Report :
For this same Barber and Chirurgeon,
Call'd by the Ignorant, a Surgeon,
Known by the Name Elizabat,
Was a spruce Blade, I tell you that ;
Drew Teeth, let Blood, and grew, at length,
Famous for Wisdom, and for Strength ;
Shav'd all the Lords, bled all the Ladies,
And tun'd his Cittern on his Play-days ;*

Ma

Made Beauty-Washes for the Face,
And Merkins for another Place.

Besides all these, he was a great
Projector in Affairs of State.

For these Accomplishments, which few
In any Age arrive unto,

And for his soothing sweet Behaviour,

The Queen advanc'd him to her Favour;

And thus discover'ing, by Degrees,

His Parts and great Abilities,

Made him not only her Physician,

But her chief privy Politician,

With whom, because she found him wise,

She'd in her Closet oft advise;

But as to that Reproach upon her,

About the staining of her Honour,

I never did, and still will say,

Arm'd or unarm'd, by Night or Day,

They're lying Villains, who accuse her,

And that they wrongfully abuse her;

*Nor would the Knight o' th' Rock have said
So much, unless he had been mad.*

*That's it, quoth Sancho to the Don ;
You now have hit the Nail, I own ;
But who the Devil, in his Wits,
Would mind a mad Man, in his Fits,
Except he would be thought to be
As mad and desperate as he ?*

*I tell thee, Sancho, as a Friend,
We Knights, quoth Quixote, must defend
All vertuous Ladies of Renown,
Up from the Pig-sty to the Throne ;
Much more the Honour of a Queen,
So wise, so beauteous, and serene,
Whose Patience, under her Misfortune,
And Bounty, is enough, for certain,
To hide all Faults behind the Curtain.
I therefore swear this Sword of mine
Shall cleave the Villain down the Chine,*

Th

That durst so much as think or say
 Elizabat, the Barber, lay
 With that good Queen Madafima.

Quoth Sancho, may I hang my Brother,
 If I think one Way or the other;
 May those that tell a Lie for me
 About her Honour's Honesty,
 Like Dogs, that to their Vomit run,
 Be bound to eat it, when they've done.
 I never love to thrust, in Troth,
 My Nose into another's Broth;
 Or let a Falshood drop, for fear
 The Truth should on my Back appear.
 I'm no such Fool, that is as'twas,
 To buy and sell, and live by th' Loss.
 Let him that owns the Cow, in fine,
 Take her by th' Tail, she's none of mine:
 Naked into the World I came,
 And must go out the very same.

*Many seek Wooll, that oft return
 With their own Bodies poorly shorn :
 All Things begin, before they're ended,
 A little said is soon amended :
 Good begets Good, and Evil Evil,
 'Tis sinful to belie the Devil :
 A tattling Tongue won't wear a Padlock,
 And he's a Fool that prays for bad Luck :
 Misunderstandings oft breed Lies,
 But a close Mouth will catch no Flies.*

*Good Heaven! Why, Sancho, quoth the Knight
 Thy Senses sure cannot be right.
 What a mix'd Catalogue of Stuff
 Is there? Thou'rt frantick sure enough.
 Prithee, my Friend, forbear to utter
 Thy musty Proverbs for the future,
 That hang as awkwardly together,
 As Pot-books, high-crown'd Hat and Father.
 Be modest, talk no more of Things
 That appertain to Queens or Kings ;*

But rule thy Tongue, and let it be
 Thy Care to serve and follow me ;
 And pray remember ev'ry Matter
 I have done, do, or shall herea'ter,
 Hath agreed, does, and shall agree
 With the good Laws of Chivalry.

Aye, Sir, quoth Sancho, pray by what
 Good Law do 'Squires trampoose on Foot
 Thro' desert Woods, where nothing grows,
 But Brambles, Bushes, Bogs, and Sloughs,
 And plaguy thorny Shrubs, enough
 To rend a Hide that's made of Buff ?
 What Law, I beg your Worship, says,
 That we must run this wild Goose Chace
 After a mad Man who, by Lady,
 Has bang'd us to some Tune already ;
 And if we find him, ten to one
 Will finish what he has begun ?
 I do not mean his long Discourse
 About the roasting of a Horse,

*But that the Knave will curry us o'er
Much worse than he has done before ;
He's therefore but a foolish Hound,
That hunts what's better lost than found.*

*Prithee forbear, replies the Knight,
I tell thee thou'rt mistaken quite :
'Tis not the mad Man I pursue ;
I have much nobler Game in View.
The Task I must perform among
These Mountains, thou shal't know e'er long.
'Tis such that will, I'm sure, proclaim,
Thro' all the World, my rising Fame,
And raise me to a Pitch of Glory,
Beyond the greatest Knight in Story.*

*Won't this Adventure, quoth the 'Squire,
Be out o' th' Frying-pan, into th' Fire,
And prove more dangerous than that
We were of late so worsted at ?*

*No, crys the Knight, thou need'st not fear
Kick, Cuff, or Blanket, I aver ;*

Yet Fortune, if she's angry, may
 Fling Disappointments in our Way;
 But what I now forthwith intend,
 Will on thy Diligence depend.

In Troth, quoth Sancho, I confess,
 That makes me like it but the less.

I mean, says Quixote, if you make
 A Post-boy's Expedition back
 From whence I am about to send,
 My Pain will soon be at an End;
 And then my Glory will arise,
 Bright as the Sun in Eastern Skies;
 Thro' the whole World diffuse its Splendor,
 Whilst Mortals wonder at my Grandeur.

Quoth Sancho, I'm agog to know
 To whom, and whither I must go.
 I wish the Journey and Design
 May answer both your End and mine.

Since thou'rt to bear a friendly Part,
 I'll open, quoth the Knight, my Heart,

*And make thee privy to the grand
Adventure I have now in Hand.*

*Know then, the valorous Amadis,
So honour'd both by Lords and Ladies,
Was deem'd the most accomplish'd Knight
That e'er drew Sword in bloody Fight ;
Beauty's true Champion, rarely skill'd
To take the Chamber or the Field ;
Therefore, as Painters, who desire
To rise in Excellence still higher,
Copy, with an attentive Mind,
The best Originals they find ;
So the like Method ought to be
Observ'd by Knights in Errantry.
Old Homer makes his brave Ulysses
The Pattern of heroick Graces ;
And Virgil wisely lets us see as
Exemplar Vertues in Æneas :
But not an ancient Greek or Trojan,
Of whom old Poets talk so much on,*

Could

Could e'er shine equal with the bright
 Amadis, that puissant Knight,
 Who kill'd more Dragons, sav'd more Maids,
 Nay, slic'd off more grim Gyants Heads,
 And won more Vict'ries, than a Host
 Of bearded Grecians e'er could boast ;
 Therefore Amadis I prefer
 To all Men, as my Polar Star ;
 To him I'll turn to for his Worth,
 As the touch'd Needle to the North.
 He, of all Worthies, was most Great,
 And him alone I'll imitate,
 Till I become the very same
 In all his Vertues, and his Fame.

Now, you must know, in ancient Days,
 The Means Amadis us'd to raise
 Himself above all other Knights,
 Was, running quite beside his Wits,
 And doing Pennance on a Rock
 Frequented by no Herd or Flock ;
Changing

Changing the Name he had before,
 To that of Lovely and Obscure.
 All this he did, to shew his Pain
 For Oriana's proud Disdain,
 In Hopes thereby that she might see
 His faithful Love and Constancy ;
 For she was slighting, to her Blame,
 Or else he thought so ; that's the same.

Now, Sancho, I'm resolv'd to be
 As wretched and as mad as he ;
 And on these Mountains, for my fair
 Dulcinea pine, whine, rave, and tear ;
 Sing Songs, make Verses, grin and chatter,
 Frisk, caper, feed on Grass, drink Water ;
 And thus, by imitating him,
 Win all the giddy World's Esteem,
 And from Dulcinea's Eyes obtain
 A Flood of Tears, to drown my Pain ;
 For 'tis a Task of much more Ease,
 To copy that Great Knight in these

Hard Suff'rings, than to imitate
 His other Deeds so truly great,
 In cleaving Dragons at a Blow,
 And Gyants down from Head to Toe,
 Routing whole Armies in the Field,
 And forcing mighty Fleets to yield;
 Breaking all Spells and magick Pow'rs,
 And taking strong enchanted Tow'rs;
 Therefore since these tall Mountains here,
 Where neither Goats nor Sheep appear,
 Bless my aspiring active Mind
 With Opportunity so kind,
 I find my Genius ready for't,
 And must and will go mad, in short.

Thus great Mens Faults are standing Rules
 For crafty Knaves and giddy Fools.

But, Sir, quoth Sancho, I suppose
 This 'Madis had substantial Cause
 For perching on a Rock alone,
 Like an old Eagle on a Stone;

May

May hap his froward Mistrefs made him
 Run mad, by some ill Trick ſhe play'd him :
 But pray, what ill-condition'd Shrew
 Has ſnorted up her Snout at you ?
 No Laſs, I hope, has pop'd a Child
 Upon you : Why ſhould you run wild ?
 I hope that modeſt Piece, my Lady
 Dulcinea, no ſuch Game has play'd ye :
 Her Innocence, I've heard you ſay,
 No Fleſh alive could tempt aſtray ;
 Why then ſhould you turn Cat of Mountain,
 To lap the Drippings of a Fountain,
 When drowthy, and to ſtarve your Guts
 With Black-berries and Thistle Roots,
 When Madam, by your own Relation,
 Has given your Worſhip no Occaſion ?

So much the better, quoth the Knight,
 That ſhe has teas'd me with no Slight :
 Who'd run diſtracted for a Creature,
 That's full of nothing but ill Nature ?

The greater Pains she takes to show
 Her Love, the madder I should grow,
 And rave the more, with a Design
 To make her sensible of mine.
 Should she prove scornful, cross, or trickish,
 And give me Reasons to be freakish,
 Then should I madly go beside
 My Wits; the Compliment's destroy'd;
 For that which makes the Obligation,
 Is, to run mad without Occasion.
 'Tis but small Favour, to be sure,
 To do what we've Reason for;
 True Love appears the most, no Doubt,
 In Favours that are shewn without;
 Therefore I tell thee, Sancho, though
 Dulcinea's faithful, f'r ought I know,
 I will (since now I am inclin'd to't)
 Go mad, because I have a Mind to't;
 For absent Lovers bind the Fair
 More fast, by Hardships that they bear.
 Nay,

*Nay, Sir, replies the 'Squire, I know,
If you're resolv'd, it must be so ;
But whilst you're raving on the Mountain,
Where must I run a Filb'ry-hunting ?*

*Thou must, replies the Knight, bestride
My Horse, and to Dulcinea ride,
And humbly give into her white
Extended Hand, what I shall write ;
And if, when thou return'st, I find
Her Answer comfortably kind,
My Senses 'twill at once restore,
And I shall give my Penance o'er ;
But should her stony Heart reject
My Love, and treat me with Neglect,
I'd overwhelm my Soul with Sadness,
And climb the Pinnacle of Madness.*

*But hold a little, thou ha'st got
Mambrino's Helmet ; ha'st thou not ?
I think I saw thee t'other Day
Take't up, when batter'd in the Fry,*

Now I suppose, quoth Sancho grinning,
 Your Worship's Madness is beginning;
 For none, except bereaft of Reason,
 Could thus mistake a Barber's Bason;
 For if you talk at this same Rate,
 When you've no Frenzy in your Pate,
 'Twould make one think your winning Kingdoms,
 And giving Crowns, and mighty Kingdoms
 To your poor 'Squire, were all, in short,
 But Flams to make your Worship Sport.
 'Tis true, I've got the batter'd Mettle,
 And kin it is to Grannum's Kettle.
 I think to hamm'r out these Abuses,
 And keep it for its proper Uses.
 A Helmet, say ye, if you'd swear it,
 'Tis but a Bason, I declare it;
 And after all your mighty Fortune
 To win it, 'tis but Brass, for certain.
 Poor silly Wretch, the Don replies,
 Thou see'st not with Knight Errant's Eyes;
 It

*It may a Bason seem to thee,
 But 'tis a Helmet unto me;
 That's a rare Faculty 't'as got,
 T' appear to others what 'tis not;
 'Tis varnish'd with a certain Ointment,
 That hides its Vertues, by Incbantment,
 From all but those who are impow'r'd
 To win it fairly by the Sword;
 No Mortal else, that lives on Earth,
 Can see its Figure, or its Worth.*

*To me 'tis Gold, to thee 'tis Brazen;
 To me a Helmet, thee a Bason;
 And to the next Man you should bring,
 Perhaps 'twould seem another Thing:
 For should the wealthy Trophy shine
 As bright in all Mens Eyes as mine,
 The jarring World would all arise,
 And quarrel for the glorious Prize.
 As Greece and Troy fell out, and spilt
 Their Blood about one beauteous Filt;*

Therefore

Therefore, by my Commands, you're bound
 To keep the Helmet safe and sound ;
 For when I do my Freaks begin,
 I shall strip naked to my Skin ;
 And therefore shall no Armour need
 For either Body, or my Head,
 Resolving to do all I can do,
 To out-brave the Fury of Orlando,
 As well as patiently exceed
 The Pennance that Amadis did.

As some Mens Vice do others taint,
 So Madnes thrives by Precedent.

These wild Discourses, *Pro* and *Con*,
 Brought hobbling *Sancho* and the Don
 Toth' Foot of a stupendious Rock,
 By which there run a murm'ring Brook,
 Whose soft *Meanders* did divide

The Meads thro' which they chanc'd to glide ;
 The Banks that fenc'd the joining Grounds,
 And kept the Stream within its Bounds,

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X

With

With whisp'ring Osiers were adorn'd,
 Whose bending Heads in Ranges turn'd
 From ev'ry gentle Breeze that blow'd,
 And fann'd 'em as they yielding stood ;
 Among whose humbler Ranks, appear'd
 A Willow here and there, that rear'd
 Its Head, and on the Stream bestow'd
 A mourning Shadow as it flow'd,
 Whilst drowsy Cowslips gilt each Side,
 And Violets spread their Purple Pride.
 The Rock that join'd this pleasant Vale,
 From off whose Cliffs the Waters fell,
 The Don at once resolv'd should be
 The *Bedlam* of his Lunacy ;
 And gazing round him with Delight,
 Was ravish'd with the following Flight :

*O ! 'Heav'ns, that I should thus discover
 A Place so fit for such a Lover,
 Destin'd to Solitude and Grief,
 And wild Despair, beyond Relief :*

Upon this lofty Mountain here,
 Whose barren Cliffs so high appear,
 Will I, all naked and forlorn,
 Bemoan my fair Dulcinea's Scorn;
 In Tears lament my wretched Pain,
 Occasion'd by her cold Disdain;
 Tears that shall melt the sullen Tops
 Of Stones, by their resistless Drops,
 And flow from off the Rocky Hill
 In Cataracts, like those of Nile.
 Come hither all, ye charming Birds,
 That ev'ry distant Wood affords,
 And sing around me, to improve
 The faithful Passion of my Love.
 Assist me all, ye rural Gods,
 That make these Desarts your Abodes,
 To breathe my Sorrows, that arise
 From all my Fears and Jealousies,
 And help me to subdue the fair
 Dulcinea, Author of my Care.

*Dulcinea ; O ! thou happy She,
 Who reigns o'er all, as well as me,
 Whose Smiles are Balsam to my Wounds,
 Occasion'd by your killing Frowns :
 O ! hear the piercing Groans and Sighs
 That from my bleeding Breast arise,
 And do not, to these Rocks, confine
 A faithful Heart, that's truly thine,
 To faint and perish in so rude
 A starving Place of Solitude ;
 But bless thy poor despairing Knight
 Once more with a reviving Sight
 Of thy dear healing heav'nly Eyes,
 Before he rends his Soul, and dies.*

*Sancho, my trusty 'Squire, where art,
 Thou present Comfort of my Heart ?
 My faithful Friend, who only knows
 My Sorrows, Suff'rings, and my Woes,
 I charge thee strictly mind each Feat
 Thou see'st me do in my Retreat,*

*That thy obsequious Tongue may bear
The Tidings to Dulcinea's Ear.*

This said, he alighted from his Saddle,
Takes off the same, and eke his Bridle,
And spanking *Rози* on the Arse,
To grazing turn'd his trusty Horse,
Crying, *Thy Master, who must pine
His Loss of Freedom, gives thee thine ;
Thou'st Leave to range, and seek about
For Food, whilst I remain without ;
Go where thee wilt, eat, drink, and rest,
Of Brutes, thou art the very best.*

*I wish, quoth Sancho, my poor Ass
Was here, to taste your Meadow-Grass ;
He should not want a dainty Speech
In's Praise, nor yet a Spank o' th' Breech.
He'd trudge, poor Jade, thro' Dust or Mire,
All Day and Night, and never tire,
Let him but sometimes wet his Whistle,
And give him now and then a Thistle:*

*T' a Bull, for Strength, I might compare him;
 No Ass for Burden could come near him :
 He'd carry, in the worst of Weather,
 A Pair of Mill stones like a Feather ;
 And was, in all such useful Cases,
 In short, the very Ass of Asses.*

*But, Sir, quoth Sancho to his Master,
 Tho' Rozinante's turn'd to Pasture,
 I hope your Worship means, God mend me,
 That I shall ride him where you send me ;
 For I'm so crippled with my Corns,
 And hobbling thro' these Skrubs and Thorns,
 That I'm too stiff, and full of Pain,
 To trot so far on Foot, that's plain.*

*Do as you please, replies the Knight ;
 Your Ease, you know, is my Delight.
 If Rozinante will content thee,
 My trusty 'Squire, he shall be lent thee :
 But first you must continue here
 A while, that you may witness bear*

*Of all the frantick Tricks I play,
 What 'tis I do, and what I say;
 And what mad raving Frisks I take
 For my dear fair Dulcinea's Sake.*

*I think, quoth Sancho, you've already
 Been mad enough for any Lady :*

*Your Worship cannot shew me more
 Wild Tricks, than I have seen before
 Repeated by you o'er and o'er.*

}

*Those, quoth the Knight, are all but Flies
 To th' Monster I shall shew thy Eyes.*

*I'll doff my Armour, thou shal't see,
 And make my self a Prodigy;
 Tear off my Cloths to Rags, and knock
 My Head and Fists against the Rock,
 And do such Wonders, in my Passion,
 Well worthy of thy Admiration.*

*For Heaven's Sake, replies the 'Squire,
 Don't quarrel, in your frantick Ire,*

*With that ungracious Heap of Stone,
 For fear it cracks your Worship's Crown,
 And spoils, at one unhappy Blow,
 The Penitent, and mad Man too.*
*If you must fight, when mad, to show
 Your Valour, find a softer Foe,
 Where you may boldly run your Poll,
 And never bruise or crack your Skull;
 But ne'er attack a stubborn Rock,
 That's ten times harder than your Block;
 And I'll report you still as mad
 To your fair Dear, as if you had;
 And swear point-blank, I see you bounce
 Your Head full butt against the Stones,
 And made 'em fly nine Ways at once.*

*I thank you, quoth the Knight, but I
 Must use no subtle Querk, or Lie;
 What I pretend to, in my Passion,
 Admits of no Equivocation.*

If I attempt to beat or knock
 My Head or Hand against a Rock,
 I must not do't by way of Sham,
 But run full-tilt, like butting Ram ;
 For should I once prevaricate,
 To save my Knuckles, or my Pate,
 I break the Laws by which I act,
 And for the cow'rdly shameful Fact,
 Shall punish'd be with Degradation,
 For using mental Reservation ;
 Therefore, lest thou should'st find me dead,
 Leave Lint and Plaister for my Head,
 That I may heal my fractur'd Skull,
 And, oft as broken, make it whole.
 O! that I could but now prepare
 My Balsam Fierbrassum here ;
 The last was spilt, the Kessel broke,
 Thou know'st, by an unlucky Stroke.

Good Sir, quoth Sancho, say no more,

If My Bung-hole's ready to run o'er :

That

*That Stuff is Phystick for the Devil ;
 The very Name on't makes me drivell ;
 But as for Lint and Salve, alas !
 He carr'd off those, that stole my Afs ;
 I'd therefore have you save your Bones,
 And pick no Quarrels with the Stones ;
 But write your Mind, get all Things ready,
 And send me packing to your Lady,
 That my Return may be the sooner,
 With joyful Tidings from her Honour ;
 Such a sweet Answer, that may please
 Your Ears, and give your Worship Ease.*

*Well, be it so, replies the Knight ;
 But how shall I this Letter write ?
 'Tis but a Folly here to think
 Of fine gilt Paper, Pen, or Ink ;
 Or should I grave or scratch my Grief
 On some Tree-bark, or verdant Leaf,
 Tho' I express it ne'er so fully,
 Such Writing will appear but dully.*

But bold, I've now a lucky Thought,
 Cardenio's Pocket-book will do't ;
 His Pencil, and a Leaf that's fair,
 Will do the Business to a Hair.

But when I thus have writ my Mind,
 Thou, Sancho, must take Care to find
 Some Parish-Clerk, or Pedant, fit
 To copy't on a Paper Sheet :

But pray don't give it, I forewarn ye,
 To any Parson or Attorney ;
 For few to read their Hands are able,
 They use such Dashes, when they scribble.

I mind, quoth Sancho, what you say,
 And will your whole Commands obey :

But don't forget a little Piece
 Of Writing to your handsome Niece,
 That she may let me chuse the three
 Young Asses that you promis'd me.

Well thought on, Sancho, quoth the Knight ;
 I'll not forget to do thee right ;

But

*But charge thee let thy ready Way
Be first to fair Dulcinea.*

*Thoul't have no Struggle to come at her ;
For she's the lovely only Daughter
Of one Lorenzo, who is known
To all Men in Tobosa Town.*

*Lorenzo, quoth the wond'ring 'Squire,
Is he Dulcinea's noble Sire ?
We've play'd a thousand Games together
At Skettle-pins, if that's her Father :
But if your Mistress be the same,
I mean Aldonza is her Name ;
A swinging, lusty, strapping Lass,
With a huge sun-burnt platter Face,
Built in all Parts as strong and square,
As Parson's Bull, or Carter's Mare.*

*Thou wilt be sawcy still, in spite
Of all my Cautions, quoth the Knight :
Give not thy Tongue so great a Length ,
Pray what's more beautiful than Strength ?*

love her for that very Grace
 Which thou despisest, like an Ass;
 doat upon her charming Vigor,
 And all her Amazonian Figure;
 therefore chang'd her Maiden Name,
 In order to advance her Fame,
 And make her worthy of that Honour,
 Which I intend to heap upon her.

As for my Part, replies the 'Squire,
 I meant no Hurt, I vow and swear.

I'm sorry, if I've spoke amiss;
 She's a strong Doxy, that she is;
 And since your Worship loves a Strapper,
 She'll fit your Turn, for she's a Whopper:
 And as for Strength, she'll pitch the Bar;
 I've seen her do't so woundy far,
 That all the lusty Fellows round
 The Parish, could not reach her Ground;
 And that this long-back'd Lady fair
 Should be at last your Worship's Dear!

Nay,

Nay, she's a chearful merry Dowdy,
 Will jile and joke with any Body,
 Frisk, caper, dance about, and spring,
 Just like a Kitten at a String :
 And that your Worship thus should pine
 For an old Play-fellow of mine !
 Bless me ! how Murder will come out,
 And Time and Things bring Things about ?
 I thought the Lady you sought after,
 Had been at least some Prince's Daughter ;
 A Lass, whose dainty Looks, egad,
 Might make a Man run Cod-piece mad,
 And well deserve the plaguy Jaunts
 We've taken thro' these Woods and Mounts,
 And all the Drubbings, and untow'r'd
 Disasters for her Sake endur'd,
 And not a Lady bred to plough,
 Pitch Cart, unload, and tread a Mow :
 But homely Fare between the Sheets,
 May please as well as dainty Bits.

*Thy Tongue, replies the Knight, I see,
Will still abuse its Liberty.*

*However, that thou may'st discern
Thy Fault, and more Discretion learn,
Give Ear, and I shall introduce
A Story that may be of Use.*

*A wealthy Widow, rich and young,
Who wanted neither Tail nor Tongue,
Happen'd to fix her Love upon
A strong-back'd jolly handsome Clown,
Who had, in short, no other Riches,
But what lay hid in Leathern Breeches.
Others, who were superior to him,
Hearing the Lady came to woe him,
Would take upon 'em to reprove her,
For chusing such a worthless Lover ;
A Fellow meanly born and bred,
And quite unworthy of her Bed,
When Men of Birth, and Wealth beside,
Would gladly take her for a Bride.*

Quoth

*Quoth she, Tho' you may ridicule
My Choice, and think the Man a Fool,
Perhaps he's Wit enough to do
The Work that I shall put him to,
Much better, Gentlemen, than you.*

*So is Dulcinea, I assert,
More fit to act that female Part
Which I design her for, in case
That I can win the lusty Lass,
Than any beauteous Dame on Earth,
Or Princess of the highest Birth.
As to her Charms, I can assign her
Such graceful Gifts as I'd have in her,
And will with all those Vertues crown her,
For which I'd have the World renown her.
Did'st ever know a Poet chuse
Bess, Nan, or Jenny, for his Muse?
Or prize, as his beloved Dear,
A Sempstress, or a Garretteer,*

But she was made his lovely Phillis,
 His Chloris, or his Amaryllis ;
 Extoll'd and prais'd above the Skies,
 For rosy Cheeks, and killing Eyes ;
 And all her Vertues, and her Worth,
 In horrid florid Rimes set forth ;
 Altho' we justly may surmise,
 Her highest Excellency lies
 In dressing Heads, contriving Smocks,
 And making Shirts and Holland Socks ?
 Why therefore may not I commend
 The Vertues of my female Friend ;
 Change, if I please, as well as they,
 Aldonza to Dulcinea ;
 And do my self and her the Favour,
 To represent her as I'd have her ?
 Or should not Fancy promise more
 Than they possess, whom we adore,
 And, to us Lovers, shew the Fair
 More bright and vertuous than they are,

*We ne'er could love to any Height,
Nor Women yield us much Delight.*

*I now knock under, quoth the 'Squire;
You've answer'd to my Heart's Desire.
'Tis ill to talk of Ropes, I find,
Before a Man that has a Mind,
Upon a Crab-tree Bough, to take
A hanging Swing for Verges Sake :
But all this while, pray where's the Letter
Intended for your lusbious Creature ?
For I'm agog, methinks, to take
This Journey, for Acquaintance Sake.
I know she'll treat me with good Chear,
Brown Apple-pye, and humming Beer.
Truly, well thought of, quoth the Knight ;
Stay here, I'll step aside, and write ;
For such Affairs of Weight, require
A prudent Lover to retire.*

*With that, the Don withdrawing, took
Cardenio's Pencil, and his Book ;*

The

Then poring downwards with his Eyes,
 And sometimes upwards tow'rd the Skies,
 He walks about the Rock, and beats
 His Brains, to conjure up his Wits ;
 Now soaring to a lofty Pitch,
 Then scratching where it did not itch ;
 Just like a Poet, at a Time
 When proud of Thought, but cramp'd for Rime,
 Like groaning Dame, he thus remain'd
 In Labour, study'd, stretch'd, and strain'd,
 Till he at length, by Strength of Nature,
 Was well deliver'd of a Letter ;
 With which fine Offspring, back he came,
 And thus to *Sancho* read the same.

*From the mad Knight, turn'd Furioso,
 To fair Dulcinea del Toboso.*

HIGH sov'reign Lady of my Heart,

By whom I'm stabb'd in ev'ry Part ;

His comes to let you know my Grief,

And to implore your kind Relief :

Such Force your lovely Charms have had,
That I'm not only sick, but mad,
And now am left to sigh and mourn
Upon a barren Rock alone.

If you despise my raging Pain,
And wound me deeper with Disdain,
The Mountain Top my Eyes shall close,
Beneath the Pressure of my Woes :
But if you timely Pity take
On him that suffers for your sake,
Then shall he live, and still adore
Your gen'rous Beauty more and more.
Just now I faint with Cares oppress'd,
So leave my 'Squire to tell the rest.

Tours, my dear Angel, in a Trance,
The Knight o'th' Woeful Countenance.
E'faith, quoth Sancho, now you've don't
She's yours, I'll lay my Life upon't :
'Tis all so loving, and so civil,
If this won't fetch her, may the Devil.

I never heard such dainty Praise

And Sugar Words in all my Days.

How rarely does it chime and chink !

You're good for ev'ry Thing, I think.

Now this is finish'd, I must pray

The Note you promis'd t'other Day.

Timely remember'd, quoth the Don ;

I'll write it, that thou may'st be gone.

Then on the Letter-back he wrote

Unto his Niece the foll'wing Note.

My dearest Niece, thou best of Lasses,

At sight of this my Bill of Asses,

Pray pay the Bearer three o'th' best

That he can chuse from out the rest ;

And this, with his Receipt, shall be

A full Discharge to you from me.

Giv'n at the bottom of a Rock,

To th' Bearer, just at two a Clock,

Upon the second Day of June,

th' Year twelve hundred twenty one,

By me Don Quixote de la Mancha,
To honest trusty Sancho Pancha.

Thanks, quoth the Squire, tho' 'tis but little
I'll swear you've done it to a Tittle.

Well, now, Sir, all Things are in order,
Your Worship thinks of nothing further.

I have no more to do, you say,

But to mount Rozi, and away.

But hold, quoth Quixote, thou shal't tarry
'Till I have plaid thee one Figary,

That with safe Conscience you may swear
You left me mad and naked here ;

And then thou may'st be gone, and fly,

Like Love upon the Wings of Joy.

Quoth Sancho, since you'd have me waste
More Time, for Heaven's sake, make haste.

I must confess, an Oath's quite barren,

Where there's no Grounds at all to swear on ;

Therefore just shew me one or two

Of your mad Gambols, that will do.

I can stretch Truth, I must confess,

But hate a Lie that's bottomless.

With that, the Knight unhook'd his Steel,

And in a Trice flung by his Shiel,

As angry Car-men do their Frocks,

When eager to begin to box,

Unclothing ev'ry Limb and Feature,

'Till quite become a naked Creature,

That he might act a Mad-man's Part

With greater Liveliness and Art.

When thus prepar'd, he rav'd and rattl'd,

And frisk'd as if his Arse was nettl'd;

Pitch'd like a Tumbler, Heels o'er Head,

And many wild Figaries plaid;

Exposing unto *Sancho's* Eyes

Such lumping, thumping Rarities,

That, frighted with the monst'rous Sight,

He blushing left the naked Knight,

To mount the Steed, that he might ride,

And tell what Wonders he had 'spy'd.

By thus indulging odd Conceits,
Men gradually eclipse their Wits,
And from small Whims, to great proceed,
'Till Custom makes 'em mad indeed.

C A N T O XXXVI.

*The Freaks and Gambols of the Don
Among the Mountains, when alone,
And all his most refin'd Devices,
To bring his Madness to its Crisis.*

THE Knight now, finding *Sancho* fled
With *Rozinant*, and all the Bread,
Left off his frisking, and his tumbling,
And fell to muttering and grumbling,
Wisely considering that Madness
And starving, were a double Sadness ;
And that in case he storm'd aloud,
Now destitute of Friend and Food,
The World might think he rav'd a Cheat,
Not for his Mistress, but his Meat :

So that at present he suspended
 His Madneſs, and the Rock aſcended,
 Seating his weary Hips aloft
 On a hard Stone, for want of ſoft,
 Debating in his ſtruggling Breſt,
 Which ſort of Frenzy would be beſt ;
 For ſolitary Imitation,
Amadis melancholy Paſſion,
 Or Don *Orlando's* raving mad Tricks,
 Who always took Delight in bad Tricks ;
 And that his penſive Worſhip might
 Be ſure to hit upon the right,
 He thought it now a proper Season,
 Thus with himſelf to talk and reaſon.

*Well might Orlando rave and gnaw
 His Teeth, and with 'em tare his Fleſh ;
 Knock his hard Head 'gainſt Rock or Poſt,
 And many furious Whimſies boaſt,
 Since of all Ills that ſtrike us dead,
 Orlando had but one to dread :*

Nor

*Nor was it either Sword or Spear,
 Or Stick or Stone, he was to fear;
 But a small Pin, that was to wound
 His Foot, as treading on the Ground;
 Which was, in spite of Surgick Art,
 Decreed to be his fatal Dart:
 He therefore wisely shod his Feet
 With Iron Shoes, stitch'd very neat,
 Whose Soals were seven Inches thick,
 To save him from the mortal Prick.
 Besides, his Madness, all agree
 Arose alone from Jealousy,
 Because, as ancient Writers say,
 His only dear Angelica
 Took Medor, Page to Agramant,
 A swartby Moor, for her Gallant,
 And bug'd him in her kind Embrace,
 Not for his Shapes, or tawny Face,
 But for some other hidden Part,
 That better pleas'd the Lady's Heart.*

What

*What's this to me ? I dare be sure
 Dulcinea never bug'd a Moor ;
 So that if I was bent to follow
 His Foot-steps, and to rave and hollow ;
 Batter my Head against the Stones,
 And gnaw my Flesh from off my Bones,
 This would be no true Imitation,
 Except I had the like Occasion ;
 For where the Causes don't agree,
 The Effects must also diff'rent be.*

*Therefore, since wise Amadis thought
 Such rampant Lunacy a Fau't,
 And chose grave Methods of Distraction,
 Instead of so much hot-brain'd Action,
 Raising his Fame by sober Sadness,
 And not by wild stark staring Madness ;
 O'th' two, it ought to be confest
 His patient Method was the best ;
 For Sighs and melancholy Moans,
 Tormenting Thoughts, and rending Groans,*
 At

*At Foot of some high Rock or Mountain,
 By purling Stream, or trickling Fountain,
 Express a Lover's Grief and Passion,
 Beyond unbounded Indignation,
 And give his Woes a better Grace,
 Than glaring Eyes, and Fury's Face.
 Amadis therefore shall be my
 Example, tho' I pine and die ;
 Or weep in Solitude for Tears,
 And make new Rivers with my Tears ;
 'Till by Degrees I melt away,
 Like Ice upon a sunny Day :
 For why should I, with Tooth and Nail,
 The flinty Rocks and Mountains scale ;
 Or with my Fingers, when I rave,
 Dig a small Mouse-hole to a Cave ;
 Tear up those harmless shady Trees,
 That now contribute to my Ease ;
 Devour the Hills, drink up the Rivers,
 And with my Skull knock Stones to Shivers ?*

Not I; Amadis shall alone
 My Pattern be, tho' dead and gone;
 His melancholy Steps I'll trace,
 And fill, with Sighs, this mournful Place;
 Like him, turn Penitent, and mourn
 My Sins with fair Dulcinea's Scorn;
 Offer to both my Tears and Pray'rs,
 That Heav'n and She may ease my Cares.

The Brain-sick Champion having now
 Resolv'd what Course to take, and how
 He should perform, in solemn Sadness,
 His lonely penitential Madness;
 Having not taken Care to bring
 A Set of Beads upon a String,
 Was puzzl'd much which Way to muster
 A Ros'ry for his *Pater-Noster*;
 At length, descending from the Mount,
 Upon that pious good Account,
 He walk'd the Woods, until he found
 Some Acorns scatter'd on the Ground,
 With

With which he artfully prepares
 A useful Tally for his Pray'rs,
 Wishing some Hermit might but stand
 In Bush or Corner near at Hand,
 That might bear Witness of his great
 Devotion in his wretched State;
 For if none hears but Heav'n, most
 Are apt to think such Pray'rs are lost;
 Therefore so many Christians come
 To Church, that never pray at Home.

Now, Thoughts of Heav'n, and of Love
 Of Things below, and Things above,
 Made him so very mad, at last,
 That he turn'd Poet in all Haste,
 Making the Sands, and ev'ry Tree
 He met, record his Poetry:
 But *Fame* reports his Genius shines
 The brightest in the following Lines;
 And that they've gain'd, above the rest,
 Deservedly the Name of best.

Come

*Come without Legs, ye Rocks and Trees;
 Hear without Ears my sad Complaints;
 Pity, tho' senseless, my Disease,
 And without Hands relieve my Wants.*

*Let all your Bats and screeching Owls,
 That in your Caves and Hollows dwell,
 Out-ring the melancholy Tolls*

*Of lazy doleful Passing-bell;
 Whilst I in horrid Sighs and Groans
 Express my sad despairing Grief*

*To Mountains, Fountains, Stocks, and Stones,
 Altho' alas! they're dumb and deaf.*

*Melt all, ye Rocks, to liquid Streams,
 As I do into briny Tears,*

*That I may rince my Head from Dreams,
 And wash my Heart from jealous Fears.*

What Mortal ever bore a Curse

*Like mine, so heavy and so great?
 And that which makes the Torment worse,
 No Wine to drink, or Bread to eat.*

Ab!

*Alas! fair Dulcinea, did'st thou know
 How I am tortur'd in this Wood,
 Thou would'st not only Pity show
 In Tears, but send thy Lover Food.*

Thus did the Knight imploy his Brains
 In Pray'rs, and in Poetick Strains;
 And all his tedious Minutes spent,
 Like a true crazy Penitent:
 One Hour his wretched Fate lamenting,
 The next his sinful Life repenting:
 Sometimes contemplating upon
 The Nut-brown Beauty, who had won
 His Heart, and, by her dowdy Graces,
 Bewitch'd him to such desert Places;
 Simpling sometimes for Herbs to feed on,
 And Acorns, which he stood in need on;
 Treading these starving Steps to Glory,
 'Till dwindle'd 't a *Memento Mori*,
 That's hollow Eyes, and Jaws so thin,
 Assum'd the Skelitonian Grin;

and made his Worship look as frightful,
 as stern, as threat'ning, and as spiteful,
 as Ghost of executed Russian
 just started from his rotten Coffin.

Leaving the poor dejected Knight
 in this sad melancholy Plight,
 to *Sancho* we'll return, who left
 his freakish Master thus to shift.

No sooner had the mounted 'Squire
 set forward, to his Heart's Desire,
 that he the good Advice persu'd

the Don had giv'n him in the Wood,
 and did at ev'ry Turning, strew
 a Bough, to serve him as a Clew,

that with more Ease he might repass
 this wild a Lab'rynth of a Place,

which scarce had e'er before been trod
 by Man or Beast since *Noah's* Flood.

However, after tedious Scrambles

And thro' thorny Thickets, Sloughs, and Brambles,
 Z *Sancho*

Sancho turn'd Tail upon the vast
 Untrodden Wilderness at last,
 And found, by Chance, the beaten Road
 That brought 'em first into the Wood ;
 Which happy Luck made *Sancho* smile,
 And *Rozinante* Neigh the while,
 Who travell'd on until they came
 Unto an Inn, which prov'd the same
 Where the poor 'Squire, some Nights before
 Had met with the enchanted *Moor*,
 And where the Clowns had also toss'd him
 In Rug or Blanket, 'till they lost him.
 Scarce did his roving Eyes discover
 Those fatal Walls the Knight peep'd over,
 When he beheld the tragick Scene
 So terribly perform'd within,
 But such an Ague seiz'd the 'Squire,
 And shook him as he still drew nigher,
 That Fear of t'other Dance in Woollen,
 Made him so very sick and fullen,

That he resolv'd to pass the Gate,
 And, spite of Hunger, not to bait,
 Tho' 'twas about the Hour that Sinners
 Refresh'd their Stomach's with their Dinners,
 And that he might expect a good
 Hot welcome Meal of wholesome Food,
 Yet still his great Aversion grew
 Too strong for Hunger to subdue :
 Which shews, that Human Hate or Spite,
 Too pow'rful are for Appetite.

But as strange Accidents unseen,
 Will often step untimely in,
 And break, in spite of all our Cautions,
 Our most deliberat Resolutions ;
 Just as the 'Squire was passing by,
 And casting tow'ards the Gate an Eye,
 Who should be standing close together,
 But the young Curate and the Shaver,
 Who, with Don *Quixote's* Niece and Maid,
 Had to the Flames his Books betray'd,

And now were wander'd from *la Mancha*,
 In Search of Knight and *Sancho Pancha*,
 And looking steadfastly upon
 The 'Squire, as he was jogging on,
 They jointly were assur'd they knew
 Both Horse and Man at present View,
 And having been inform'd the Don
 And *Sancho* were together gone,
 They seiz'd the Bridle of his Steed,
 And stopt at once his farther Speed,
 Crying, *Hold, Gaffer, we must know*
From whence you came, before you go ;
And where you did your self divide
From him who owns that Horse you ride ?

Sancho, altho' he knew 'em both,
 Not caring to declare the Truth,
 Us'd all his Cunning to evade
 An Answer positive, and said,
That his dear Master was of late
Advanc'd into a lofty State,

Where

Wherein he was extreamly busy,
 To his own Good, and wond'rous easy;
 But truly, as to his Affairs,
 He'd not discov'r 'em for his Ears.

Pray, Gaffer, trifle not, quoth Tonfor,
 But give us a sufficient Answer:

Inform us truly where you've been,
 And all Things that have pass'd between
 The Don and you, since his Retreat

At Midnight from his Country Seat?

Whither you're going in this Haste?

And where you left your Master last?

Or, if you won't confess, Cotsbobs,

We'll have you carry'd coram Nobs.

Now do we know but that your Master

Is kill'd, or come to some Disaster.

We've found you here upon his Horse,

Must therefore think he's robb'd, in Course,

Or, perhaps murder'd too, that's worse.

Z 3

Neighbour,

*Neighbour, quoth Sancho, pray take Care,
 You'd best, of what you say or swear.
 I'm on my Master's Horse, 'tis true,
 But am no more a Thief than you;
 Nor Slayer of my fellow Creature,
 I thank the Lord I know much better.
 I kill no Man, unless it's he
 That offers first to murder me;
 Therefore I leave all Men to fall
 By th' Hand of him that made us all.*

*Ne'er mind it, Gaffer, quoth the Priest,
 My Neighbour only spoke in Jest:
 However, you must tell us where
 You left your Master; that's but fair;
 For we are both upon the Scout,
 In short, to find the Seignior out:
 You'd therefore better freely yield
 To tell us, than to be compell'd.*

*Well then, quoth Sancho, since I must,
 For Safety's sake, betray my trust,*

After some three Days Wild-goose Hunting,
 You'll find him up in yonder Mountain,
 Just at the Bottom of a Rock,
 By which there runs a shallow Brook,
 Standing upright upon his Crown,
 Or madly tumbling up and down,
 Shewing more Tricks than dancing Bear,
 Or well-taught Monkey in a Fair ;
 For so I left him, I declare it,
 And so you'll find him, you may swear it.

As Woman, when she's once drawn in,
 Without Remorse pursues the Sin,
 So Sancho, when he'd once begun
 To break his Trust, went briskly on,
 And frankly open'd all their past
 Adventures, from the first to th' last ;
 Discov'ring also what a Letter
 He had for that delicious Creature
 Aldonza, noted far and near
 For taking Stones up in her Ear,

And scatt'ring, with a Face of Brass,
 Her Favours like a gen'rous Lafs.
 But when the Priest desir'd to view
 The Love-sick Champion's Billet-deux,
 Poor *Sancho* found he'ad quite forgot
 The only Thing he should have brought,
 And that he now might e'en go whistle,
 Since he had lost the Love-Epistle,
 On whose Back-side (which vex'd him worst)
 The Bill of Asses stood indorst.
 This sad Misfortune teaz'd the 'Squire,
 And turn'd him into Tow and Fire,
 Who, not convinc'd of his Mistake,
 By all the Searches he could make,
 Would o'er and o'er repeat his Groaps
 And Fumbles, prompt by fruitless Hopes,
 'Till the unhappy 'Squire grew quite
 As mad as penitential Knight,
 Clawing his cogitative Crown,
 As if with Vermin over-run,

And that his Brains were in a Trice
Turn'd all to Maggots, or to Lice.

The Curate, much surpriz'd to find
His Neighbour so disturb'd in Mind,
Was very 'nquisitive to learn
Th' Occasion of his high Concern,
Who told him, *he had been so heedless,*
That now his Journey would be needless ;
For that his Noddle had forgot
The Letter which his Master wrote ;
To which was join'd a little Piece
Of Writing to his Worship's Niece,
Which was, quoth Sancho, to require her
To pay at Sight to me the Bearer,
The best three Asses I could chuse
Of five, for one I chanc'd to lose,
Who, for the Goodness of a Beast,
Was worth, I'm sure, fifteen at least ;
But I must be a Loser still,
For want of this same plaguy Bill,

And,

*And, like a dull forgetful Drone,
Instead of three, return with none.*

*As for the Letter, quoth the 'Squire,
To th' Lads my Master does admire,
I could with that deal well enough,
For I have all the dainty Stuff
And gorgeous Wompliments by Heart,
Of Wounds and Dagger, Love and Dart,
And could have told her how he's smitten,
As well as if it had been written;
But having lost the Bill of Asses,
Talk will be fruitless in such Cases;
She'll not give Ear to my Demand,
Unless she sees her Uncle's Hand.*

*Come, Neighbour Sancho, quoth the Priest,
We'll soon get this Mischance redrest;
The Asses shan't be lost for want
Of a more firm and binding Grant;
If you can but conduct us on
To th' Place where we may find the Don,*

We'll soon prevail with him to give

Another Bill for three in five.

But prithee first repeat the Letter

Thy Master wrote to his dear Creature :

It must for certain make us smile ;

I know his florid pleasant Stile.

Sancho, in order to begin,

Now scratch his Ears, and stroak'd his Chin,

And humm'd and haw'd about the Matter,

But could not recollect the Letter,

Stamm'ring sometimes a Word or two,

Then stopping, cry'd, That would not do.

At length recov'ring, as he thought,

Some Words he had before forgot,

Crys, Now I have it right enough,

Then blunders out the foll'wing Stuff.

He that is stabb'd unto the Quick,

And plays in Woods at Hide and Seek,

Sends you his 'Squire, to let you know

He's well, and hopes that you are so :

But

*But if your Beauty will not cure him,
 And you should say you can't endure him,
 Then must he always live herea'ter,
 Like any Horse, on Grass and Water;
 On stony Pillows rest his Head,
 And make a Rock his Feather-bed;
 Nor is he only sick and sad,
 But naked and stark staring mad,
 Shewing such Wonders to his 'Squire,
 That would have made your Self admire,
 Had you, my only lovely Dame,
 Been near enough to've seen the same.
 As to the rest, I leave unto
 The trusty Bearer, so adieu.*

*Thus he went forward, quoth the 'Squire,
 With Sugar'd Words plac'd here and there,
 Until at last his womplimenting
 Brought him to sinking and to fainting,
 And then he ended, in a Trance,
 Yours, Knight o'th' woeful Countenance.*

When

When *Sancho* thus had done reciting
 The Letter of his Master's writing,
 He then proceeded to make known
 The Resolutions of the Don,
 Which were, to wed some Emp'ror's Daughter,
 That he might be a King hereafter ;
 Then with an Army fally forth,
 And conquer all the Thrones on Earth ;
 That his old trusty 'Squire should be
 A pow'rful Prince, as well as he ;
 Wed some illustrious wealthy Dutchess ;
 B' attended with a Train of Coaches,
 And, like to other Kings, be whirl'd,
 In flying Chariots, round the World.

This *Sancho* told with such a Grace,
 And put on so demure a Face,
 Stroaking his Beard, as if he made
 No Doubt of what the Don had said,
 But that he really thought they shou'd be
 Both Kings in Time, as sure as cou'd be,

In

In case *Dulcinea* had but sent
 An Answer to the Knight's Content.
 Which strange Conceit was such a Jest
 To th' list'ning Barber and the Priest,
 That they were both surpriz'd to find
 The 'Squire so credulously blind,
 But did not think it worth their Whiles
 To undeceive him by their Smiles,
 Because they thought it might prevent
 His Freedom and their Merriment :
 So that they rather buoy'd him up
 In his delusive groundless Hope,
 That his dull Innocence and Folly
 Might give no Room for Melancholy.

*Why truly, Gaffer, quoth the Priest,
 Thy Master, it must be confest,
 Is bold enough to hack and hew
 Down Kingdoms for himself and you.
 I always thought his Sword would bring him
 To Empire, or at least must King him.*
Besides,

Besides, his Learning, Prudence, Wit,
 And other Vertues, make him fit
 For an Arch-bishop, would he wear
 The Robe, and that high Office bear.

But pray, quoth Sancho, what good Places,
 Among their Mattins and their Masses,
 Have Bishop-Errants to bestow
 Upon their 'Squires, I fain would know ?

Many fat Livings, quoth the Priest,
 With noble Tythes and Incomes blest,
 Where you'll be free of all Fatigues,
 And feed on dainty Geese and Pigs ;
 Live easy, lord it o'er your Neighbour,
 And reap the Fruits of others Labour ;
 Be honour'd by the Wives and Maids,
 And fear'd by all the wanton Fades ;
 And when once in, you're safe, without
 You're mad, for none can turn you out.

That, quoth the 'Squire, in my Opinion,
 Is better than a King's Dominion,

For

*For Subjects will sometimes, by Force,
 Dethrone one Prince, and crown a worse.
 But should his Worship once, I'll warrant,
 Be chosen an Arch-bishop Errant,
 I can have no such easy Place,
 Unless I understand the Mass ;
 And 'tis well known I do not know
 One Letter in the Christ-cross Row :
 So that such Livings are design'd
 For Scholars, not for 'Squires, I find.
 As to a Lord, or such a Thing,
 In case my Master was a King,
 I should like well, for that I know
 Is all fine Cloths and outward Show.
 But as for any Place beneath
 A Bishop, as I live and breathe,
 I should be made, by such a Call,
 The greatest Blockhead of 'em all.*

*The Dinner by the Hostess drest,
 Was now full ready for the Guest ;*

So that the Priest and Barber went
 To give their Appetites Content,
 But could not work upon the 'Squire
 To 'light, or spur his Courser nigher,
 Rememb'ring how he once had far'd
 Before in that confounded Yard ;
 And tho' he still conceal'd his Shame,
 Would not be coax'd into the same,
 For fear more Goblins might be got
 Within, to hatch a second Plot ;
 Or that the damn'd enchanted *Moor*,
 Or Hags, whose Claws he'ad felt before,
 Should mount a second Time, to ride him,
 And plague him 'till they'd half destroy'd him.
 However, *Sancho*, being hungry,
 As well as with the Inn so angry,
 Treated both the Priest and Shaver,
 To do his honing Guts the Favour
 To bring him out a good warm Luncheon
 Of whatsoe'er they had to munch on,
 So

Declaring that he had not eat,
 In a Month's Time, one pleasant Bit
 Or Morsel hot from Pot, or Spit.
 Accordingly they promis'd fair,
 'That he should have a Neighbour's Share;
 So near the Gateway left the 'Squire,
 And to their Dinner did retire.

As soon as they themselves had serv'd,
 Whose Guts were likewise almost starv'd,
 The Barber then took Care to feed,
 Not only *Sancho*, but his Steed;
 And left 'em such a plenteous Store,
 That neither could have need of more
 At present; when he'ad done, return'd
 To th' Priest, who, when they'd din'd, adjourn'd
 To think of Means by which they might
 Best manage the distracted Knight,
 And from the Rocks and Woods allure him
 Home, by fair Means, in Hopes to cure him;

At length sprang up a lucky Thought,

And thus they laid the cunning Plot.

Both jointly fond of their Device,

Agreed to put on a Disguise.

The Curate was to lay aside

Th' Externals of his holy Pride,

And wear some tatter'd female Drefs,

Like Errant Lady in Distrefs.

The Barber was to make as odd

A scare-crow Figure as he could,

And was to hand and wait upon her,

As Gentleman or Page of Honour.

And thus they were to range about

The Woods, to find Don *Quixote* out ;

Which when, by *Sancho's* Help, they'd done,

The Lady was to make her Moan,

And beg the Friendship of the Knight,

To do an injur'd Princess Right ;

Who'd been abus'd, and driven out

Her Castle, by a Rabble Rout,

Declaring that he had not eat,
 In a Month's Time, one pleasant Bit
 Or Morfel hot from Pot, or Spit,
 Accordingly they promis'd fair,
 'That he should have a Neighbour's Share;
 So near the Gateway left the 'Squire,
 And to their Dinner did retire.

As soon as they themselves had serv'd,
 Whose Guts were likewise almost starv'd,
 The Barber then took Care to feed,
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Th' Externals of his holy Pride,

And wear some tatter'd female Dress,

Like Errant Lady in Distress.

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A scare-crow Figure as he could,

And was to hand and wait upon her,

As Gentleman or Page of Honour.

And thus they were to range about

The Woods, to find Don *Quixote* out ;

Which when, by *Sancho's* Help, they'd done,

The Lady was to make her Moan,

And beg the Friendship of the Knight,

To do an injur'd Princess Right ;

Who'd been abus'd, and driven out

Her Castle, by a Rabble Rout,

Encourag'd by the mortal Spight
 Of some discourteous cruel Knight.
 Thus may we draw him, by Degrees,
 From solitary Rocks and Trees,
 And dril him on, without the Use
 Of open Violence, to his House.

Both pleas'd with this their lucky Motion,
 Resolv'd on speedy Execution ;
 And therefore, to effect the Matter
 The sooner, easier, and the better,
 They beg'd their Hostess to sit down ;
 And when with Wine they'd warm'd her Crown,
 They told her all they had agreed on,
 And what Apparel they had need on,
 That by their Stratagem they might
 Bring Home a poor distracted Knight,
 Who now was wand'ring in the Woods,
 To conquer Kingdoms in the Clouds.

Bless me, replies the swanking Dame,
This Blade must be the very same

That

That came in Armour t'other Night,
 And put us into such a Fright.
 He'ad with him then a lusty Looby,
 T'attend him, on a little Hobby :
 An Ass, I think it was, I vow,
 Or Mule, I know not whether now.
 However, here they drank and eat
 The best of Wine, and best of Meat ;
 Cramm'd 'till they made us all admire,
 Especially that Hound the 'Squire ;
 Guzzl'd like Carriers, call'd ding dong,
 And play'd the Devil all Night long ;
 Put the whole House in a Disorder ;
 Quarrell'd in Bed, and cry'd out Murder ;
 And when they'd thus disturb'd our Guest,
 Broke both our own and Servants Rest,
 Away rode Knight, Rope stop his Breath,
 And never paid one Cross, E'saith ;
 But some arch Fellows in the Yard,
 Seiz'd t'other Bandog by the Beard ;

*And that Rogue rather chose to draw
 The Punishment of Blanket-Law
 Upon his Shoulders, than he'd pay
 One Groat before he loap'd away,
 Urging, that no such Men of Titles,
 As Knights, e'er pay'd for Drink or Victuals;
 And that their 'Squires, by Night or Day,
 Always eat frank, as well as they.*

The Priest soon apprehending why
 The 'Squire appear'd so very shy,
 Upon the Barber wink'd, for fear
 Of's telling *Sancho* was so near,
 And that some warm Disputes arising,
 Might frustrate what they were devising;
 So now th' again began to press
 The Hostess for a Woman's Dress,
 The most fantastick that her Hoard
 Of female Reliques would afford;
 The Coif and Petticoat of Grannum,
 Or any Geer to put upon 'em.

She bid 'em take no farther Care,

But said she'd fit 'em to a Hair.

Accordingly, to give the Jest

A Lift, she trudg'd to Oaken Chest ;

From whence she brought a Woollen Gown,

als; The Seams with Liv'ry-Lace laid down,

And hemm'd and border'd round the Skirts

With Velvet black of sev'ral forts,

New Patches having been apply'd

As fast as old ones were destroy'd.

To this, a Petticoat was added

Of scarlet Plush, but sadly jaded,

Which had a Lace that once was Gold,

But worn to Silk, 'twas now so old.

Some other Ornaments beside,

That nearly were to these ally'd,

As Muff and Whisk, she also brought,

And a huge Rump preposterous Knot.

In these Habilliments, the Priest

His holy Corps most nicely dress ;

She

And next, instead of Coif and Pinner,
 Now worn by modern female Sinner,
 He only put upon his Crown
 A white stitch'd Night-cap of his own ;
 Then with a Garter from his Knee,
 Which was of broad black Taffety,
 He binds the Cap upon his Head ;
 Does o'er his Beard the Ribbon spread,
 And hides that hairy Part the Chin,
 Where manly Sprouts before were seen,
 Tying the other Garter o'er
 That Part o'th' Head we call the Fore ;
 So only shew'd Eyes, Nose, and Mouth,
 'Twixt Muffler, and a Fore-head Cloth ;
 Which being black, now made his white Face
 Appear to be a very bright Face,
 That our quaint Lady, take her rightly,
 Was truly much about as lightly
 As an old formal Abby-Queen,
 That stands in Querpo to be seen.

The Barber ty'd unto his Chin
 An Ox's Tail, which long had been
 A Brush for Loufe-traps, dirty worn
 By Dandrew-Combs, and Combs of Horn;
 Then taking Pains to mat his Hair
 As bad as Mane of Forrest Mare,
 Put on an odd-shap'd high-crown'd Hat,
 Which look'd as old, I'll tell you that,
 As if 't'ad cover'd no Man's Ears
 Before for many hundred Years.

When thus th' ungainly Page was ready,
 As well as the distressed Lady,
 And a Side-saddle put upon
 The Curate's Devil of a Drone;
 Then both the Scare-crows nimbly mounting,
 Took Leave, and rid a Mad-man hunting,
 Joining with *Sancho* near the Gate,
 Who was their Guide, as well as Mate.

The Fox, when he decoys the Hare,
 Always dissembles equal Fear;

So

So those who would to Chains betray
The Mad, should seem as mad as they.

C A N T O XXXVII.

*'Squire Sancho, by Consent, rides on
Before the rest, to find the Don ;
The Priest and Barber loit'ring a'ter,
Hear Singing by a running Water.*

THE Curate, now they'd left the Inn,
Grew conscious of the shameful Sin
He had committed, in disguising
A Priest in Habit so surprising ;
Vex'd that a Man of his Profession
Should wear the Weeds of Fornication,
And, with so scandalous a Dress,
Profane his Rev'rend Holiness.
The Curate therefore beg'd the Shaver
To grant one amicable Favour,
Which was, that he'd vouchsafe to take
The female Rigging on his Back,
And,

And, in the Wood, consent to be;
 The Lady in the Comedy ;
 For that himself, with greater Art,
 Could act the Page or Usher's Part ;
 So begg'd he might his Garb translate
 To Cow-tail Beard, and high-crown'd Hat ;
 Which Tonfor readily pull'd off,
 And chang'd for Grannum's Crown and Ruff,
 Giving the Conscience of the Priest
 Content, that sweet continual Feast.
 Just so the *Babylonian* Smock
 Does tender Consciences provoke ;
 But when 'tis chang'd into a Cloak,
 The Scruples vanish all like Smoak.
 The very Turkey-Cock will fly
 At Colours that offend his Eye ;
 Why then mayn't those, whose weaker Sight
 Approve of Black, instead of White,
 Love Darkness better than the Light ?

Now

Now all were pleas'd, away they rode,
 Prattling and jesting tow'rs the Wood;
 Like stroling Players ready drest,
 To act some Droll at Country Feast;
 Talking of *Quixote's* frantick Tricks,
 His Combats and advent'rous Freaks,
 'Till painful Steps of weary Drudges,
 Had brought them to the Shrubs and Hedges,
 That did the Woody Mountains bound,
 Where the mad Knight was to be found;
 Then looking for some Mark or Token,
 Which *Sancho* from the Trees had broken.
 At length the Branches they espy'd,
 By *Sancho* strew'd to be his Guide;
 Like Heroes then they boldly enter'd
 The dismal Gloom, and forward ventur'd,
 Instructing *Sancho*, by the Way,
 What would be best to do and say,
 That might give Comfort, and recover
 The Senses of the frantick Lover,

Advising

Advifing him to tell his Mafter,
 That he had brought his Wounds a Plaifter;
 And when you find him pleas'd a little,
 Say thus, and don't forget a Tittle.

*For as I live, I took great Care
 To have your Letter copy'd fair;
 And when I'd done, without Delay,
 Rid Post to fair Dulcinea,
 And into her own Hand I thrust it,
 When none were near us, to mistrust it.*

*She fimper'd, and fo kindly took it;
 Firft kifs'd it, then ſhe open broke it,
 And look'd ſo pleas'd, as I'm a Sinner,
 As if ſhe felt new Life within her :*

*I wiſh your Worſhip had but ſeen her.
 Then wanting Paper for a Letter,
 Poor Lady, I ſhall ne'er forget her,
 She ſent you back, by Word of Mouth,
 This Answer, vowing that 'twas Truth :*

Pray

Pray tell that val'rous Knight, your Master,
 I'm sorry for his sad Disaster,
 And am my self stark mad to see him,
 That from his Torments I may free him;
 And as for those strange Things he shew'd
 To you, his Servant, in the Wood,
 Assure his Worship I'd be glad
 To tame them also, if they're mad;
 Therefore pray charge him, upon Pain
 Of my Displeasure, to refrain
 His Pennance in that wretched Place,
 And fly, with Speed, to my Embrace,
 That these kind Arms of mine may hide
 My Dear from Danger. Then she cry'd.
 Adsheart, quoth Sancho, this must do;
 He'll think it ev'ry Tittle true.
 I know 'twill please him to the Heart,
 In case my Members a'n't too short;
 Therefore I think I'd best be going
 Before, and see what 'tis he's doing.

after, The sooner I can find him out,
 The readier I shall be, no doubt.
 Besides, this Answer, I account,
 Will make him leave this plaguy Mount,
 That he may ride in Search of Kingdoms,
 Crowns, Empires, Thrones, and those fine Thing-
 And not in this confounded Place ^{doms,}
 Loiter and starve away his Days.

The Priest and Barber both approv'd
 What Sancho had so wisely mov'd,
 Consenting he should first jog on,
 And try the Temper of the Don,
 Provided he'd return, and give 'em,
 A just Account, and not deceive 'em;
 Which Sancho promising to do,
 Rid on, and left the other two
 At no great Distance from a Brook,
 That gently glided by a Rock;
 Upon the Banks of which there stood
 The tallest Trees in all the Wood,
 Where

Where both alighted, and sat down,
 Skreen'd from the Violence of the Sun.

But few sweet Minutes had they stay'd
 In this obscure refreshing Shade,
 Before a charming Voice began
 To breathe forth a melodious Strain,
 As if 'twas artfully design'd
 A Prelude to some Song behind ;
 Nor did the Blessing longer last,
 Than just to give the Ear a Taste,
 But melted into Annih'lation,
 And left a silent Expectation ;
 Nor had the intermitting Hush
 Hung long on ev'ry list'ning Bush,
 E'er the sweet Sound again arose,
 And charm'd the Hearers to the close
 Attention of a mournful Song,
 Thus breath'd progressively along.

Obscure Retreats are all in vain,

No silent Shade's an Ease to me ;

Still, alas! must bear the Pain

Of Absence, Love, and Jealousy.

Why then should I the Tyrant dread,

When his amazing Shapes appear?

Death's welcome, now my Hopes are fled;

What is there that I ought to fear?

He's gone, and in another's Arms;

'Tis Folly to be jealous now:

Why should I love, she's lost her Charms,

In basely breaking of her Vow?

Yet the fair Image still remains

So firmly painted in my Breast,

That, spite of Reason, there she reigns,

And hourly robs me of my Rest.

Then let the Wise no more discourse

Of Peace, or true Content below;

The Pow'r of Love, and Beauty's Force,

Distracted Lovers only know.

The skulking Hearers both were fill'd

With Wonder, at a Voice so skill'd,

Vol. II.

B b

Well

Well knowing, that no rural Swain
 Could blefs their Ears with fuch a Strain,
 And his hard Sufferings impart
 With fo much Elegance and Art ;
 Therefore ftruck dumb, with Admiration,
 They kept their Silence, and their Station,
 Expecting they e'er long fould hear
 A farther fweet harmonious Air :
 But waiting 'till they quite defpair'd
 Of what fo greatly they defir'd,
 They rofe, at length, from off the Ground,
 To fearch the Bow'rs and Grotto's round
 With Diligence, in Hopes to find
 The Songfter, who had been fo kind ;
 But juft as they began to move
 From their delightful little Grove,
 The follow'ing Song engag'd their Stay,
 And kept their lift'ning Ears in Play.
Friendfhip, farewel, fince thou art fled,
With Juftice, to thy native Skies,

Whilft

Whilst Vertue hangs her drooping Head,
 And all that's honest, fades and dies.
 Both Sexes counterfeit thy Face,
 And thy external Habit wear;
 But strip off the alluring Dress,
 And Fraud and Falshood then appear.
 O happy Genius, hither fly,
 And let the World once more be blest,
 That Love may be a sacred Tye,
 And solemn Vows no more a Jest.
 This Ditty, to their great Surprise,
 Was ended with such Sobs and Sighs,
 That now Compassion mov'd them more
 Than Curiosity before,
 To find the Wretch that was oppress'd
 With so much Sorrow in her Breast.
 Accordingly they stepp'd along
 That Way from whence they heard the Song,
 And, peeping o'er some Bushes, found
 The Author of the charming Sound,

Pensively walking by a Rock,
 At no great Distance from the Brook.
 No sooner had they view'd his Stature,
 His Face, and here and there a Tatter,
 But by all Symptoms they could see,
 They both concluded this must be
Cardenio, Champion of the Rock,
 Of whom the 'Squire before had spoke.
 However, being two, they fear'd
 No naked Limbs, or frizzl'd Beard,
 But ventur'd forward, with Intent
 To pay the Wretch a Compliment.

No sooner did *Cardenio* 'spy
 Two such uncommon Figures nigh,
 But he stopt suddenly, and star'd
 At Grannum's Gown, and Cow-tail Beard,
 As if more frightened at their Dress,
 Than they at his wild Nakedness.

After

After both Sides, with some Surprize,
 Had gaz'd, and reconcil'd their Eyes
 To each other's antick strange Disguise,
 The Curate to the ragged Wretch
 Stept forth, and made the foll'wing Speech:

*Excuse me, Sir, that I'm thus rude
 To accost you in your Solitude,
 But I'm commission'd from above,
 In Christian Charity and Love,
 To enjoin you, for your heav'nly Good,
 To quit this solitary Wood,
 And all these gloomy Shades and Hills,
 Where melancholy Horror dwells :
 Assign them to the feather'd Kind
 And Brutes, for whom they were design'd.
 These are no Places for Relief
 Of troubl'd Minds, that swell with Grief :
 No human Sorrows can abate
 Their Force, by such a lonely State.*

'Tis here in vain, if Hopes are crost,
 To seek the Happiness you've lost.
 Content's a Blessing never found
 By Man on such unballow'd Ground.
 No purling Streams, or shady Banks,
 Where bending Willows grow in Ranks;
 No hollow Winds, or whisp'ring Trees,
 Can yield an anxious Bosom Ease.
 No Peace of Mind on Earth is given,
 But by the healing Hand of Heav'n;
 Who will not bear the mournful Voice
 Of those that make such Lives their Choice,
 And fly from human Race, to dwell
 With Brutes in such an Earthly Hell.
 We therefore beg that you'll forsake
 Your fruitless Pennance, and go back
 To your Abode, and there converse
 With holy Men; and by the Force
 Of Pray'r and heav'nly Admonition,
 Rescue your Soul from this Condition.

Carden

Cardenio happen'ing to be free
 From his accustom'd Lunacy,
 Hung down his Head upon his Breast,
 And gravely listen'd to the Priest,
 Fix'd as a Statue made of Stone,
 'Till the surprizing Speech was done ;
 Then raising up his drooping Head,
 In answer, thus the Lover said.

Since Heav'n, in Pity to my Grief,
Has sent such Friends to my Relief,
That I may be reduc'd again
To the Society of Men ;
Least you should think that I commence
This vagrant Life for want of Sense,
And that the Mis'ries I sustain,
Arise from a distemper'd Brain,
Pray give me Leave to let you know
The real Causes of my Woe,
And why I fly from Human Race,
To dwell in this unhappy Place ;

*Then will you pity, not condemn
The Wretch whom you, unheard, may blame.*

*The Priest and Barber, well inclin'd
To hear Cardenio ease his Mind,
Reply'd, They'd give their best Attention
To all he should be pleas'd to mention :
Not only so, but jointly be
His Friends in this Extremity ;
And therefore begg'd him to reveal,
Without Reserve, what did but swell
His Sorrows, and disturb his Mind
The more for being close confin'd.*

*Cardenio, when he'ad clear'd his Voice
By some preparatory Sighs,
Began his melancholy Story
With all the Grace of Oratory,
And did so feellingly set forth
His Passion, and Lucinda's Worth,
That both the Hearers stood amaz'd
To find a Man reported craz'd,*

Expres

Express such unexpected Sense,
 Adorn'd with so much Eloquence,
 As if some famous Orator,
 Bred for the Pulpit, or the Bar,
 Had slighted Human Race, to teach
 Wild Brutes and Birds the Use of Speech,
 And charm the Rocks, tho' deaf and mute,
 With's Tongue, as *Orpheus* with his Lute.
 The slender Audience gap'd and star'd,
 And to each Word had such Regard,
 That their fix'd Eyes let fall their Tears,
 To prove th' Attention of their Ears,
 Whilst, without Trip or Hesitation,
Cardenio gave the sad Relation,
 Which *Quixote* had before cut short,
 When he and *Sancho* suffer'd for't,
 About the Queen that us'd to harbour
 Her Friend *Elizabat* the Barber.

Cardenio having now run o'er
 The Part which he had told before,
 Proceeded

Proceeded thus about the fair
Lucinda, whom he lov'd so dear.

—— But when the charming Angel sent
Amadis back the Book I'd lent,
 Between the Leaves, the tender Creature,
 To shew her Love, had plac'd a Letter :
 But I, a Stranger to the kind
 Obliging Favour she design'd,
 My Rival *Ferdinand* one Day,
 Turning the Leaves wherein it lay,
 By Chance the fatal Secret found,
 The Sight of which renew'd his Wound,
 And caus'd him to admire her Sense,
 As well as beauteous Excellence.
 I snatch'd it from him, but too late ;
 He'd first perus'd it, as he sate,
 And, in his fainting Looks, display'd
 His high Concern at what he'd read ;
 And that your selves may know how near
 Consummating our Joys we were,

*Tho', to my Sorrow, I'll repeat
The Sum of what she kindly writ.*

*Cardenio ev'ry Day sets forth
Your farther Gratitude and Worth,
That I am forc'd to more and more
Esteem your Merits, than before.
If this Acknowledgment will prove
Any Advantage to your Love,
Use it in all that you design
For your own Honour, and for mine.
My Father knows you, and is free
To farther my Felicity :
He's a good Parent, and too kind
To force or contradict my Mind,
But will comply with whatsoe'er
I ask, that's honourable and fair ;
Therefore 'tis now your Part to shew
You Love, as you pretend you do :
If just, you ought to be believ'd ;
If false, Lucinda is deceiv'd.*

This

This Letter, adds the sighing Lover,
 Did such Sincerity discover,
 That I resolv'd to ask, or rather
 Once more demand her of her Father:
 But Ferdinand, at Sight of what
 He found she had so kindly wrote,
 Grew so inflam'd, that tho' he still
 Did in his Breast his Love conceal,
 Yet he determin'd in his Heart
 To act a base unfriendly Part,
 And to persue, unknown to me,
 His Love by means of Treachery,
 Whilst I, without the least Distrust,
 Believ'd him amicably just,
 And frankly told the Traytor all
 The am'rous Secrets of my Soul,
 And how I fear'd my cautious Father
 Would not approve my Choice, but rather
 Suspend my Marriage, 'till he found
 The Duke his aged Hopes had crown'd,

By giving me some kind Advance,
 That might improve my Circumstance;
 But the perfidious Ferdinand,
 Instead of acting like a Friend,
 With promis'd Service fill'd my Ears,
 But took Advantage of my Fears,
 Pretending that himself would move
 My Father to approve my Love,
 And win him to propose the same
 To th' Parent of the lovely Dame,
 That their Consent with ours might meet,
 And make our Joys the more compleat.
 But Ferdinand o'ercome, alas!
 With bright Lucinda's heav'nly Face,
 His friendly Promises postpon'd,
 To heal his own impatient Wound;
 And did propose himself to be
 The fair One's Spouse, instead of me.
 Such Pow'r has Beauty to subdue
 The Great, and all their Vertues too,

And

And does not only oft enslave,
But make meer Miscreants of the Brave.

• *This Offer of my faithless Friend,
With dear Lucinda's Father gain'd
Such great Esteem, that he approv'd
The advantageous Point he mov'd,
And, fond of such Alliance, clos'd
At once with all that he propos'd,
Exerting his paternal Pow'r
To bring Lucinda to the Lure,
Whilst my Attendance on his Grace,
Confin'd me to a distant Place,
Where I was busy'd, and detain'd
By th' Cunning of my treach'rous Friend,
And kept a Stranger to his vile
Supplanting Perfidy the while,
'Till sitting underneath some Trees
One Day, for Coolness and for Ease,
A Messenger, with nimble Feet,
Approach'd me, stewing in his Sweat,*

And

And told me he was hir'd to run
 Full thirty Miles from such a Town,
 By a young Lady at a Grate,
 Who weeping look'd disconsolate,
 And that she slid into his Hand
 A Letter, with a strict Command
 That he should no where stop or stay,
 But fly as swift as Time, away,
 The same deliver as directed,
 With Speed, in private unsuspected.
 This made me tremble as I sate,
 And fear some Ill, but knew not what,
 Till op'ning what she'ad writ, and then
 These Stabs she gave me with her Pen :
 Don Ferdinand's perfidious Tongue
 Has done both you and me much Wrong :
 He to your Father spoke, 'tis true,
 And mine, but for himself, not you.
 He has demanded me his Bride,
 My Father rashly has comply'd,

And

*And, in few Hours, it is design'd
 Our Hands in private shall be join'd,
 Least Heav'n prevents the wretched Tye,
 And stops my Fate that is so nigh.
 Judge my Affliction by your own,
 And let your speedy Love be shown ;
 Or all your Wishes will be crost,
 And my sad Self for ever lost.*

*No sooner had I read these Words,
 More piercing than the keenest Swords,
 But starting up, 'twixt Love and Fury,
 I flew to th' Stables in a Hurry,
 And mounting nimbly, turn'd the Roads,
 With flying Heels, to dusty Clouds,
 'Till unmolested I arriv'd
 Where the kind weeping Angel liv'd ;
 There waiting at a grated Window,
 I found my only Hopes, Lucinda,
 Who, tho' her Eyes were blushing red,
 Inflam'd by many Tears she'd shed,*

At my Approach, she found Relief,
 And dry'd the Fountains of her Grief.
 Welcome, Cardenio, to my Sight,
 The Virgin cry'd with some Delight ;
 One farther Hour had been too late
 To've stopt the Rigor of my Fate ;
 But since you're come, you've Time to put
 An End to what we're now about ;
 Else, thro' this mournful Grate, appears
 My Wedding-Garb thus stain'd with Tears ;
 For Ferdinand, that treach'rous Thief
 To you, and Author of my Grief,
 And my ambitious cruel Father,
 Are walking in the Hall together,
 Designing, when the Priest is come,
 To call me to my nuptial Doom ;
 But now I hope you'll find a Way
 The dreadful Sentence to delay,
 And punish him, who had the Heart
 To act so treacherous a Part ;

*Yet, like a worthless Wretch, pretend
 To be your faithful Bosom-Friend.
 Do all you can ; but if you fail,
 No Rival-Traytor shall prevail ;
 For if my Pray'rs and Tears together,
 Want Pow'r to move my cruel Father,
 A Dagger shall my Justice shew,
 And still preserve my Vows to you.*

*Nobly resolv'd, said I, my Dear ;
 An injur'd Breast no Death should fear.
 Let Action verify your Words,
 If Life no Happiness affords ;
 And if my Sword cannot defend
 Such Beauty from my faithless Friend,
 I'll turn the Point upon my Breast,
 And send my troubl'd Soul to rest.
 This said, she vanish'd from my Sight,
 And left me in a trembling Fright,
 Call'd, in a Hurry, to fulfil,
 As I suppos'd, her Father's Will.*

No sooner was the Angel fled,
 But sudden Fear half struck me dead,
 That all my Limbs, when she was flown,
 Like blasted Boughs, hung drooping down,
 Till recollecting what she had said,
 So wild a Frenzy rais'd my Head,
 That with a mad indecent Force,
 I leap'd from off my sweating Horse,
 Then flying to the Door, I stept in,
 And thro' the Entry mov'd unseen,
 Till to the Room I came, where fair
 Lucinda and her Bridegroom were,
 With all those few that were admitted
 To see the private League compleated.
 Undiscover'd stole behind
 Loose Hangings which the Parlour lin'd,
 There view'd thro' Holes the Moths had made,
 The wretched Scene my Friend had laid;
 At Sight of which, my Spirits sunk,
 And Senses grew, with Passion, drunk,

That all before me did but seem
 A wild Entbusiastick Dream.
 At length, whilst fair Lucinda beeded
 But little how the Priest proceeded,
 He came unto the binding Clause,
 At which she star'd, and made a Pause;
 Shew'd such Disorder in her Eyes,
 And round her gaz'd in such Surprise,
 As if her Soul within her said,
 Ob! come, Cardenio, to my Aid:
 But I, unhappy Wretch, bereft
 Of Sense, and like a Statue left,
 Unapprehensive as a Stone
 Of her Misfortune, or my own,
 Stood all the Time as in a Trance,
 And was too stupid to advance.
 At last, the trembling Bride despairing,
 As I suppose, of my appearing,
 And press'd by'r Father, and the rest,
 To give her Answer to the Priest,

Pronounc

Pronounc'd, with faint and feeble Voice,
 That binding Word, the fatal Yes ;
 And when th' officious Priest went through
 With the ill Work he had to do,
 Which, soon as finish'd, to the Joy
 Of those that were the Standers-by,
 The faithless Bridegroom, full of Pride,
 Stept forward to salute his Bride,
 Who, at his loath'd Approach, fell down,
 Palled and senseless, in a Swoon.

This pleasing Sight reviv'd my Heart,
 And gave new Life to ev'ry Part,
 Glad to observe she still could hate
 My Rival, tho' her nuptial Mate,
 And, like a true ill-natur'd Wife,
 Marry to curse, not bless, his Life ;
 For Woman, when in Love she's crost,
 Weds to revenge the Joy she's lost.

But oh ! when I began to weigh
 The black Proceedings of the Day ;

The Treach'ry of a Bosom-Friend,
Who did such cordial Zeal pretend ;
Lucinda's false consenting Yes,
Then fainting at her Husband's Kiss ;
Her Vows to rather stab and die,
And yet next Minute to comply ;
These odious Riddles so confus'd
My Senses, and my Soul amus'd,
That I concluded Human Race
And Devils, equally were base ;
Tet had Lucinda's Charms possess'd
My Thoughts, and so inflam'd my Breast,
That I could rather have approv'd
A thousand Deaths, than not have lov'd,
Tho' all those Prospects, once so fair,
Were turn'd to Horror and Despair.
However, since the Knot was ty'd,
And she was now my Rival's Bride ;
Had also prov'd as bad as he,
In breaking her Fidelity,

I left the cursed House unseen,
 With the like Care that brought me in,
 Without attempting to revenge
 The Treach'ry that had wrought so strange
 An Alteration in Lucinda,
 Betwixt her Wedding, and the Window,
 Resolving ever to refrain
 The faithless Company of Man,
 Nor more on Beauty cast an Eye,
 But from inconstant Woman fly.
 Determin'd thus, I Home return'd,
 And as I rode, my Usage mourn'd;
 Wept for Lucinda's Breach of Trust,
 And laid, with Tears, the rising Dust.
 All Night I travell'd, and by Break
 Of Day, to the Duke's House got back,
 Where, for a Mule that I admir'd,
 I chang'd my Horse, that now was tir'd;
 Some Gold and useful Linnen took,
 And from that Time, Mankind forsook,

*To herd in Woods, with Brutes of Prey,
 Less hurtful Animals than they.
 At length, in wand'ring up and down,
 O'er Plains and Rocky Hills unknown,
 I found this unfrequented Place,
 Adapted to my wretched Case,
 Resolving in these Shades to stay,
 And sigh my anxious Hours away ;
 But many Days I had not spent
 In the vain Searches of Content,
 E'er my Mule perish'd in the Wood,
 (More cruel I) for want of Food ;
 Soon after which, my self was found
 Stretch'd out, and fainting on the Ground,
 By Shepherds passing by this way,
 Who kindly fed me as I lay
 Bereft of Reason, as they said,
 And tho' so weak, yet raving mad ;
 Nor have I since been always free
 From Passions of Indecency ;*

But when Despair inflames the Wounds
 Of Love, and overflows the Bounds
 Of Reason, then I madly fly
 From Place to Place, and howl and cry
 Thro' all the Desert, and proclaim
 Lucinda's Beauty, and her Name,
 And furiously attack and beat
 The Goat-berds, and the Clowns I meet,
 Who, notwithstanding these my Crimes,
 Relieve my Wants at other Times.
 This is my miserable Case,
 And thus I spend my wretched Days;
 Nor can my Love, that raging Passion,
 Admit of any Consolation,
 Least you could bring Lucinda's Charms
 To these unhappy naked Arms.

Thus sighing, the despairing Wretch
 Ended his melancholy Speech,
 Which left the Curate and his Mate,
 Bemoaning poor Cardenio's Fate.

Since

Since solemn Vows and Oaths, when broke,
 So highly do the Wrong'd provoke,
 Let Friends and Lovers never make 'em,
 Or justly keep 'em, if they take 'em.

C A N T O XXXVIII.

*New melancholy Moans and Sighs,
 At some small Distance, do arise.
 They serach the Wood, at length discover
 A Lady mourning for her Lover.*

JUST as the Curate was preparing
 An Answer worth Cardenio's hearing,
 Complaining Accents fill'd each Ear,
 Arising from some Thicket near.
 Surpriz'd at the lamenting Voice,
 They listen'd to the mournful Noise,
 And tho' no Person yet appear'd,
 The foll'wing Words they plainly heard,

*O Heav'ns! how timely have I found
 This Desert, this untrodden Ground!*

Where

Where I may vent my Grief, and none
 My Sorrows know, but thee alone,
 Till I have wasted, Tear by Tear,
 This Flesh my Soul abhors to wear,
 And dug my Grave with these my own
 Long Nails, like Monster's Claws o'er-grown,

O wretched Creature! to confide
 In Man, so false as soon as try'd;
 Who, when he gains a Conquest, grows
 So proud of broken Oaths and Vows,
 As if he held the same to be
 But Trophies of his Victory.

Farewel, thou Tyrant of my Breast;
 These Woods and Rocks shall yield me Rest.
 No more will I expect from thee
 Relief in my Extremity,
 But court the Trees and Mountains now,
 Less faithless, and more kind than thou.

Cardenio hearing, with the rest,
 Distinctly all that was exprest,

And

And thinking it some Ease, to see
 Another Wretch as mad as he,
 Search'd ev'ry neighb'ring Bush and Arbour,
 Attended with the Priest and Barber,
 All jointly hoping to discover
 This new-despairing female Lover.
 At length, behind an Ash, they found
 A Youngster sitting on the Ground,
 With his Feet padding in a Brook
 That flow'd and murmur'd by a Rock.
 They still approach'd, but trod as light
 As dancing Fairies step by Night,
 'Till they came near, then stopt unheard,
 And view'd the Figure that appear'd
 Surpriz'd that any Clown should show
 Such taper Legs, as white as Snow,
 Whose tender Feet seem'd much too fine
 To tend on Goats, or fetch up Kine,
 Or stride with Oxen in the Field
 O'er rugged Acres, when they're till'd.

The

The Toil of Vassals, who display
 Their utmost Pride in Russet Grey,
 Such that this fair surprizing Clown,
 At that Time happen'd to have on.

The Curate therefore led the rest
 Into a secret bushy Nest,
 Where they their prying selves might skreen,
 And see the Youth, but not be seen;
 There they all skulking stood, with Patience,
 To make their farther Observations.
 At length, the Youth, when he had wash'd
 His Legs, and pretty Feet refresh'd,
 He took a 'Kerchief off his Head,
 Round which it loosely hung display'd,
 And as he drew the Linnen from
 Beneath a home-spun Cap of Thrum,
 Down dropt such lovely Locks of Hair,
 So long, so charming, and so fair,
 That when he shook the Flaxen Pride,
 It spreading, did his Shoulders hide,
 And

And dazzl'd the Spectators Sight,
 Like pointed Beams that shine so bright,
 And glow around the God of Light.
 These flowing Beauties soon betray'd
 The Youth to be some lovely Maid,
 Or wand'ring Female at the least,
 In Country Clown's Apparel drest,
 That, cross'd in Love, she might disguise
 Her tender Sex from Human Eyes.

As thus in Thought they were employ'd,
 She chanc'd to turn her Head aside,
 And shew'd 'em so divine a Face,
 So full of Sweetness, and of Grace,
 That those who view'd the luscious Creature,
 Were Light'ning-struck with ev'ry Feature.

Cardenio gaz'd, and since she cou'd
 Not be his dear *Lucinda*, vow'd
 She must be more than Flesh and Blood ;
 Some Goddess from the Skies descended,
 To wash in private unattended.

She

She now began, with Hands as white
 As Moon-shine in a Winter's Night,
 To comb, and into Tresses part
 Her flowing Hair, with Care and Art;
 Which am'rous and attractive Sight,
 Fill'd all that view'd her with Delight,
 That they no longer could forbear
 T' approach a Nymph so truly fair,
 But left the Bush, t' accost the Lads,
 As sitting on a Bank of Grass.
 No sooner did she hear their Tread,
 And turn about her *Eve*-like Head,
 But, starting from her verdant Seat,
 Upon her tender naked Feet,
 And nimbly snatching up a Bundle
 That lay upon a little round Hill,
 Away she tript (as well she might)
 From three such Figures, in a Fright,
 Who might have scar'd, with Looks uncom-
 The stoutest Man, as well as Woman. (mon,
 But

But the poor Damfel's Sattin Skin,
 She trod on, was so soft and thin,
 That Stones and Clods soon stopt her Speed,
 And caus'd her wounded Soals to bleed,
 So that few Steps in rugged Way,
 Caus'd her to stumble, where she lay
 'Till those from whom, as Foes, she fled,
 As Friends stept timely to her Aid.
 The Curate, just as he came at her,
 Crying, *Sweet Madam, dearest Creature,*
Don't fly ; we for no Harm persue ;
We're Flesh and Blood, as well as you :
Therefore fear nothing, lovely Fair,
Tho' you're discover'd by your Hair,
That still inclines us but the more
To help and serve you to our Pow'r.
Pray let us know, dear Soul, wherein
Such peerless Charms have injur'd been,
That we some speedy Ways may find
To ease your discontented Mind.

While

While thus the Curate labour'd hard
 To keep the Lads from being scar'd,
 She star'd, and wonder'd into what
 Strange Mortals Clutches she was got ;
 One with his Arse hung round with Tatters,
 That scarc'd would hide his other Matters.
 A second dizen'd up like some
 Old Witch about to mount a Broom.
 A third with dangling Beard, that hung
 In matted Locks six Handfuls long,
 And Hat so ancient, it might be,
 For Shape, esteem'd a Novelty.

However, Madam was so wise,
 Amidst her terrible Surprise,
 As to consider all the three
 Might be disguis'd, as well as she,
 And wander'd up and down the Mount
 In Cog', upon the same Account :

So that her second Thoughts suppress'd
 The Terror of her throbbing Breast ;

And then, recalling, like a Maid,
Her modest Blushes, thus she said :

*Since these rude Mountains, over-grown
With thorny Shrubs, and Heaps of Stone,
Will not conceal, in Man's Disguise,
A female Wretch from human Eyes,
'Twould be in vain to now disown
My Sex, since I my Hair have shown ;
Nor can I from your Knowledge hide
The Cause that draws me thus aside,
To seek on Mountains near the Skies,
That Ease my present Grief denies,
Since you've express'd so much good Nature
To such a helpless injur'd Creature,
And made so many gen'rous Offers
To her unworthy of your Proffers ;
I therefore beg I may retire
Behind those Shrubs, to bind my Hair,
And cover, with my Woollen Hose,
What, to my Shame, I now expose.*

This Freedom which the Lady wanted,
 No sooner was desir'd, but granted;
 So that she slept, and staid behind
 A Hedge to do what she design'd;
 And then return'd, in decent Order,
 To open her Condition farther;
 But first, by way of Preparation,
 She wip'd her Eyes, to move Compassion,
 As Women very seldom fail
 To do, when they their Grievance tell;
 Then sobbing, like a Widow, just
 Return'd from putting Dust to Dust,
 She drew her 'Kerchief from her Face,
 And stated thus her mournful Case.

*In Andalusia did I first
 Take Breath; there was I born and nurst;
 A Province whence a Duke derives
 His Title, also where he lives.
 Near to the Palace of his Grace,
 My Parents many Lands possess;*

Th' industrious Husbandry of which
 Has made them, tho' but Vassals, rich;
 Nor do they want the Pray'rs of poor
 Distressed Clowns, to bless their Store;
 Nor a good Name among their Neighbours,
 To crown their honest daily Labours;
 But kept a House, where Friends might dine
 In Plenty, and refresh with Wine;
 And always liv'd but one Degree,
 Or less, beneath Gentility.

Unhappy I, tho' now the chief
 Occasion of their aged Grief,
 Was once their Darling, and their Pride,
 And only Daughter they enjoy'd;
 I was their Blessing, and their Heir,
 My Good their only Fear and Care;
 And all their tender Thoughts were bent
 To daily purchase my Content;
 Nor did my Vertues less incline
 To their true Peace, than they to mine,

Till base perfidious Man destroy'd
 That mutual Comfort we enjoy'd,
 And, by false Love, with Oaths disguis'd,
 My tender Innocence surpriz'd,
 And, by his treach'rous Vows, ensnar'd
 A Heart I had not Pow'r to guard.
 O! had I been but nobly born,
 ne'er had felt the Traytor's Scorn.
 Difference in Blood repell'd his Love,
 And made him so perfidious prove;
 That vain imaginary Stream,
 Which springs from nothing, but a Dream;
 That Mist, by Herald's rais'd to blind
 The Slave, and please the haughty Mind,
 That one may think the other great
 In Blood, as well as in Estate;
 Then all the Difference lies in Earth,
 Meer dirty Acres, not in Birth;
 When those are spent, the House decays,
 And all their boasted Blood grows base.

*The Duke, whose Title you have heard
 Before, by these pale Lips, declar'd ;
 To his illustrious Blood, I owe
 The Causes of my present Woe ;
 By his perfidious second Son,
 Have I been treacherously won,
 And, by his faithless Vows, misled
 To credit what he falsely said.
 Don Ferdinand's the hated Name
 Of him, who, to his endless Shame,
 Has brought Distraction not, on me
 Alone, but all my Family. —*

*No sooner did Cardenio hear
 His Rival mention'd by the fair
 Complaining Lads, but he began
 To tremble, and look pale and wan,
 And, in his Looks, betray'd such strange
 Disorder, by their sudden Change,
 That his Companions fear'd his Wits
 Were giving Way to frantick Fits ;*

But, with much struggling, he subdu'd
 The rising Passion in his Blood,
 And only fix'd his Eyes upon
 The Country Maid, who'd nam'd the Don,
 Guessing the lovely Lads to be
 The Farmer's Daughter *Dorothy*,
 Whom *Ferdinando* had deluded,
 And basely, to his Shame, impudē;
 But she not minding how his Eyes
 Were fix'd, he gave her no Surprise,
 That she continu'd her Narration,
 Thout the least Trip or Hesitation;
 And thus proceeded to discover
 The Falshood of her vitious Lover.

How often has he vow'd, alas!
That when he first beheld my Face,
He could for Ages, with Delight,
Have gaz'd upon the heav'nly Sight,
And that he felt such light'ning Dart,
Its fiery Beams thro' ev'ry Part,

That his Blood thunder'd thro' his Veins,
 And fill'd him with a thousand Pains ;
 Such that no human Art could ease,
 Or Mortal, but my self, appease !
 These moving Words, and all the fine
 Expressions, Wit and Love could coin,
 He daily whisper'd in my Ears,
 To gain upon my tender Tears ;
 Not only so, but won my Friends,
 By Favours, to obtain his Ends,
 And brib'd the Servants to approve
 His daily Visits, and his Love ;
 Feasted each Neighbour in his Walk,
 To make 'em partial in their Talk,
 And tempted them, with Fruits and Wines,
 T' interpret well his ill Designs ;
 Made ev'ry Day, a Day of Mirth,
 As if to celebrate his Birth,
 And fill'd the neighb'ring Crofts each Night
 With Songs, and Musick of Delight.

By these deceitful Means he us'd,
 He all the Neighbourhood seduc'd,
 That Maid or Wife, at his Command,
 Would steal his Letters to my Hand,
 Stuff'd with a thousand Vows, to move
 My youthful Innocence to Love;
 But my good Parents daily Cautions
 Against so great a Lover's Motions,
 Which only tended, as they thought,
 To what was scandalous and naught,
 And the strong Guard my Vertue had,
 At all Times, 'gainst Designs so bad,
 Still caus'd me to despise his Pain,
 And render all his Hopes but vain.
 Besides, I now began to fear
 His Visits would my Fame impair,
 And that the Favours he had done me,
 Might bring, in Time, some Stain upon me;
 I therefore was resolv'd, tho' rude,
 To shun him all the Ways I could,

And

*And to deny his vitious Passion
 The Priv'ledge of Sollicitation,
 Yet own I still had some Respect
 To qualify my cold Neglect ;
 As grateful Women will retain
 For those who love 'em, to their Pain.*

*However, for my Vertue's sake,
 I sent him all his Letters back ;
 And when I saw his Face, or heard
 His Voice, I always disappear'd.
 However, these Affronts, I found,
 Made no Abatement of his Wound ;
 For still the more that I withdrew,
 The more outrageous still he grew.
 At length, one Night, when in my Bed,
 None with me, but my faithless Maid,
 My Chamber-door both lock'd and barr'd
 By my own Hand, because I fear'd
 Don Ferdinando, in his Rage,
 Might take th' indecent Priviledge*

To gratify his Love or Spight,
 By basely ent'ring in the Night,
 Since he by Day no Way could find
 To ease the Passion of his Mind.

I took some Pleasure, as I lay,
 To see the Moths and Insects play
 Around the Candle-flame, and burn'd
 Their busy Wings at ev'ry Turn:

But as my Eyes were thus employ'd
 In seeing silly Flies destroy'd,

My Breast was struck with sudden Fear,
 As if some Ghost or Fiend was near,

And looking round me, soon I saw
 Don Ferdinand the Curtains draw.

Had I an evil Spirit seen,
 More frighted I could scarce have been.

His first Appearance in my Room,
 Struck me at once both blind and dumb,

That I could neither see to fly,
 Nor call to any Person nigh;

Or could I hear the Words he said,
 But fainted backwards in my Bed,
 Whilst he, with eager Arms, embrac'd
 My Neck, then clung about my Waist,
 And did his Love so far advance,
 That soon he wak'd me from my Trance;
 Then did he whisper in my Ears
 All that was kind, to sooth my Fears;
 Us'd such indearing Vows, and swore
 To all he said, that I no more
 Could call Assistance, than before.

My Maid, who basely had betray'd
 Her Trust, was from my Chamber fled,
 And for a Bribe, had left my Charms
 Expos'd to Ferdinando's Arms;
 Tho' he had offer'd no Offence
 As yet to Virgin-Innocence,
 But what a chaste and modest Maid,
 Surpris'd as I was in my Bed,

Might,

Might, with a seeming Coyness, suffer,
 And such an eager Lover offer;
 So that confid'ring, as I lay,
 What I should do, or rather say,
 At length I thrust him from my Breast,
 Which, with his gloming Cheeks, he prest,
 Took Courage, feign'd an angry Look,
 And warmly gave him this Rebuke:
 Sir, if you love, as you pretend,
 You would not be my Foe, but Friend:
 You'd scorn to gratify your Passion,
 By 'ndang'ring thus my Reputation.
 Such Violence looks as if, in short,
 You came to ravish, not to court;
 And that your Love does, to your Shame,
 Deserve a much more odious Name;
 Therefore, if you have any Sense
 Of your unmanly rude Offence,
 Or Value for the Fame of her,
 Who 'njoys a spotless Character,
 Pray

Pray quit the Room you've enter'd thus
 By Means so base and treacherous,
 And leave me to enjoy my Rest,
 Which, by your Presence, you molest;
 Else will you force me to rely
 On such a fatal Remedy,
 That, least all Honour's laid aside,
 You must repent of, when apply'd.

'Tis true, I was your Vassal born,
 But not your Slave; and therefore scorn,
 Upon ignoble Terms, to grant
 Those Favours I conceive you want.
 You are, alas! too Great to be
 A Spouse for one of my Degree;
 And I'm too good to condescend
 To be your base polluted Friend;
 Why then should you indulge a Flame
 Hurtful to'ur self, to me the same,
 Since Honour will not let you wed,
 Nor me, without Disgrace, my Bed?

O! why, reply'd the faithless Lord,
 Dear Angel, do you judge so hard?
 Believe me, I have no Design,
 But for your Good, as well as mine.
 Would you comply to bless my Arms
 In Wedlock, with those joyful Charms,
 No Birth or Quality shall prove
 A Hindrance to our nuptial Love.
 Such matchless Beauty, is alone
 A Dow'r sufficient for a Throne.
 What does without so lovely shine,
 Can harbour nothing base within,
 But must be to the Gods akin;
 And therefore fit to bless the Side
 Oth' Greatest Monarch, as a Bride.
 All I desire, is such a Wife
 To crown the Happiness of Life.
 If Heav'n and you vouchsafe to grant
 Me that one Boon: 'Tis all I want.

Thus

Thus he went on, and vow'd and swore
 He'd be my Husband, o'er and o'er,
 And that I should not think he jested,
 The same he solemnly protested
 By th' holy Image o'er my Head,
 And all the Saints around my Bed.
Pray, my good Lord, said I, take Care
Of what you rashly say and swear :
Bind not your Self, by sacred Vows,
To do what Reason disallows :
Act not with such Precipitation,
To humour an unbridl'd Passion :
Dis honour not your Noble House,
With such a homebred worthless Spouse,
By no means qualify'd to bear
Those Honours you would have her share :
Vex not your Father with a Bride
So ill accomplish'd and ally'd,
Who, tho' her Hopes are quite contrary,
May prove your Ruin, if we marry.

For should our Nuptials so enrage
 The Duke, that nothing could assuage
 His Anger, you would soon repent
 Your rash Request, and my Consent:
 Therefore I hope, e'er you commence
 A Troth of so much Consequence,
 You will forget your am'rous Pain,
 And give your Reason Leave to reign.

These, and more Arguments beside,
 I to the Case in Hand apply'd ;
 But Love had fill'd both Heart and Head,
 And made him deaf to all I said,
 That still he vow'd, and still reply'd,
 None else but me should be his Bride,
 And still new Protestations made,
 To farther bind whate'er he said,
 That now his Promises obtain'd
 Some Faith, and more Attention gain'd,
 And call'd into my Mind, how oft

The Beauteous have been rais'd aloft

To Coaches gilt, and Dresses fine,
 From bumbler Parentage than mine;
 So fancy'ng my propitious Stars
 Would prove as generous as theirs,
 I thought it dangerous to flight
 A Passion nurs'd to such a Height;
 And therefore press'd him o'er and o'er,
 To vow what he had vow'd before,
 Which he continu'd to express
 With greater Zeal and Eagerness,
 Swearing, and gaining, by Degrees,
 Such farther am'rous Liberties,
 'Till at length, fainting in his Arms,
 He reap'd the Pleasure of my Charms;
 And when I struggl'd, tho' in vain,
 He still bewitch'd me o'er again.
 At length, as panting by my Side,
 He calmly ask'd me how I did,
 Whilst I in strange Disorder lay,
 And scarce knew what to think or say,

Grown

Grown quite unable to deny
 Whate'er he wanted to enjoy,
 But tacitly, and free from Strife,
 Comply'd, as if I'd been his Wife,
 Fearing, should he obtain, by Force,
 The Consequence might prove the worse,
 Not knowing but he then might plead
 He was, by Right of Conquest, freed
 From all those Vows that he had tender'd,
 Upon Proviso I surrender'd ;
 I therefore would not stand a Storm,
 Because I'd bind him to perform
 Th' Articles of Capitulation,
 On which I gave him full Possession ;
 Nor did he scruple to repeat
 His Vows, 'twixt ev'ry am'rous Heat ;
 But when he hugg'd me, still he swore
 Those solemn Oaths he'd made before.
 Thus, 'till the Dawning of the Day,
 We kindly toy'd the Time away ;

Then starting up from my Embrace,
 He kiss'd each Feature of my Face,
 And crying thrice adieu, dear Soul,
 Withdrew, and thro' the Garden stole,
 Whilst I remain'd some Time alone,
 Confus'd with thinking what I'd done;
 Yet, when my treach'rous Maid was come,
 With blushing Cheeks, into my Room,
 I had not Pow'r to chide the Fade,
 Who had her Mistress thus betray'd;
 For Guilt had so restrain'd my Tongue,
 That I with Silence bore the Wrong.

The foll'wing Night, my Lordly Spouse
 Renew'd his Visit, and his Vows;
 For now I took my self to be
 His Bride, and gave him Liberty
 To come as often as he pleas'd,
 That his fierce Passion might be eas'd,
 'Till he thought fit, in publick Manner,
 To own me, and preserve my Honour;

Which

Which being in his Lordship's Pow'r,
 Was now in Danger ev'ry Hour;
 But when the second Night was past
 In Joys too exquisite to last,
 Th' Morning he arose, alas!
 So coolly from my soft Embrace,
 As if two Nights to Ice had turn'd
 His Breast, that once so fiercely burn'd;
 Nor did he, at his Parting, give
 Th' Assurances he us'd to leave,
 Or one tenacious Kiss bestow,
 But cry'd, Well, Madam, I must go;
 Then bowing, sidl'd to the Door,
 Bid me farewell, and said no more.
 When I this Alteration see
 In him, it work'd a Change in me;
 My Hopes to sudden Fears were chill'd,
 My Spirits sunk, my Blood congeal'd,
 Till Fury thaw'd my frozen Veins,
 And made me fit for Bedlam Chains;

Then I the treach'rous Hussy slaw'd,
 And twenty Billingsgates out-rav'd;
 Curs'd the perfidious Wretch, whose Arms
 Had thus deflow'r'd my Virgin-Charms;
 For, in his parting Looks, he shew'd
 Contempt, and base Ingratitude.
 In this Disorder I remain'd,
 Betray'd, forsaken, and disdain'd;
 For notwithstanding all he swore
 And vow'd, I never saw him more.
 A Month in Sorrow did I spend,
 Beat my own Breast, my Tresses rend;
 Yet was I forc'd to still disguise
 My Trouble from my Parents Eyes,
 Lest their Enquiries should increase
 That Grief they knew not how to ease.

At length I heard my faithless Spouse,
 Forgetful of his Oaths and Vows,
 Had chose another Bride in Haste,
 To whom the Priest had ty'd him fast;

*A more deserving Lady, nam'd
Lucinda, for her Beauty fam'd.*

No sooner had *Cardenio* heard
His Mistress mention'd, but his Beard
He claw'd, and rowl'd his goggle Eyes
From *Eastern* to the *Western* Skies ;
Shrugg'd up his Shoulders, knit his Brows,
And tore down some adjacent Boughs ;
At length let fall some Tears, and then
Grew calm and temperate again ;
So that fair Madam did not fail
To thus go forward with her Tale.
*This strange surprizing News, instead
Of leading me heart-sick to Bed,
Inflam'd my Breast with burning Rage,
And ground my Passions to an Edge,
That my Revenge was now as keen
As blighting Winds, that wound unseen ;
Nor could I rest, 'till I had sought
The base ungrateful Traytor out,*
E e 4 That

That I might publicly upbraid
 The Wretch with all the Vows he'd made,
 And early broke, to his Dishonour,
 In such a vile and faithless Manner.

To farther my Design in Hand
 Against the false Don Ferdinand,
 I made my Grievance fully known
 Unto my Father's trusty Clown;
 A jolly Fellow, kept to till
 The Ground, and carry Corn to Mill;
 But he, with all his best Dissuasions,
 Oppos'd my furious Inclinations,
 Begging I'd pass by the Affront,
 Be calm, and think no more upon't:
 But I, too resolute to be
 Advis'd by such a Clown as he,
 Persisted, and at length ensnar'd
 The Youth to be my Body-Guard,
 Borrow'd of him his Sunday's Suit,
 With all Things answerable to't,

And

And put my self in this Disguise,
 To bide my Sex from Human Eyes ;
 Then with some Money, Jewels, Rings,
 My finest Cloths, and other Things
 Of Value, which I still have got
 Within this Bag, I've hither brought,
 We travell'd forward out of Hand,
 In Search of faithless Ferdinand,
 Who might be found, we did suppose,
 At his new Lady's Father's House.
 Accordingly we made our Way,
 For Haste, by Night, as well as Day,
 'Till to the distant Town we came,
 Where liv'd the fair new-marry'd Dame,
 But found, upon Enquiry, soon,
 That his dear lovely Bride was flown,
 And had not suffer'd him to bed
 Her Virgin-Charms, before she fled ;
 And that himself was stoll'n aside,
 Abham'd, and much dissatisfy'd ;

For

For, as the Town were pleas'd to say,
 They'd but a woeful Wedding-day ;
 The Bride fell into swooning Fits
 As leading to the Nuptial-Sheets ;
 And as the Bridegroom forc'd her Stays,
 To give his fainting Lady Ease,
 He found a Dagger and a Letter
 Hid in the Bosom of the Creature ;
 One, to be sure, for Death design'd,
 The other to divulge her Mind,
 Importing, That altho' her Father,
 For Honour's sake, and Wealth together,
 Had so unjustly giv'n her Hand,
 In Marriage, to Don Ferdinand,
 Yet that her Heart was due to none
 But to Cardenio ; he alone,
 By Contract, had a Title to her,
 And no Man else should ever know her.

No sooner had the Bridegroom read
 The Letter, and its Purport weigh'd,

But

But he'd have giv'n a mortal Wound
 To th' Breast where he the Dagger found,
 Had he not been prevented by
 The Priest and others standing nigh;
 Nor could the Startl'd Friends assuage
 His wild ungovernable Rage,
 But from his Sight convey'd the Bride,
 Where from his Fury she might hide,
 Till Time and fatherly Perswasion
 Had made a Reconciliation.

But in a little Time, said they,
 The fair Lucinda stole away :
 Nor has she since been seen by any,
 Or heard of, tho' persud by many.
 This mournful News, as soon as known,
 Made Ferdinando fly the Town,
 Raving and roaring, quite bereaft
 Of Reason, and of Patience left :
 Nor have we, said the Neighbours, heard
 What Course the frantick Lover steer'd :
 And,

*And, in this sad Confusion, ended
The Match that was so well intended.*

*This News, so pleasing to my Ears,
Reviv'd my Hopes, and check'd my Fears;
But just as we thus list'ning stood,
To gather what Advice we could,
A Cryer Proclamation made,
That I from Home was stoll'n or stray'd,
Describing what I us'd to wear,
Also my Features, Shape, and Hair,
That nothing but my Clown's Disguise,
Could have deceiv'd the Peoples Eyes;
Besides, 'twas whisper'd I was run
Away with such a Neighbour's Son,
Who serv'd my Father as a Plough-man,
A Match unfit for such a Woman.
This hateful scandalous Report,
Added new Sorrow to my Heart;
Nor did it only make me mourn,
But look upon my self with Scorn.*

However,

However, I resolv'd, with Caution,
 To still pursue my Resolution,
 Which was, to wander 'till I found
 The Traytor, if above the Ground.

Accordingly we sneak'd aside,
 Leaving the Peoples Tongues employ'd,
 And, in the Ev'ning, unsuspected,
 March'd off, for fear of b'ing detected,
 Wand'ring about, 'till we, by Chance,
 Did into these wild Shades advance,
 Where my Companion soon began
 To falter, like unfaithful Man,
 And grew so bold, as to impart
 Such Love, as made me blushing start ;
 Resolving he no Time would waste
 In Courtship, but with Clownish Haste
 Attempted rudely what he meant
 To do, 'thout asking my Consent :
 But not consid'ring that he stood
 By a deep Pit amidst the Wood,

Just

*Just as he press'd me, like a Clown,
 In order to have thrown me down,
 I push'd him head-long back, at once,
 And heard him give a mighty Flounce
 Into some dismal Well or Pool,
 At Bottom of the dusky Hole ;
 And, by these providential Means,
 Preserv'd my self from his Designs.*

*Thus Heav'n oft rescues, in Distress,
 The Weak, and punishes the Base.*

*Next Day, as wand'ring in this Shade,
 Contemplating on Good and Bad,
 I met a Rustick in my Way,
 In Search of Cattel gone astray,
 Who took me to his House, and made
 Me welcome, thinking me a Lad ;
 At length prevail'd with me to keep,
 Among the Rocks, a Flock of Sheep ;
 But notwithstanding all my Care,
 He soon discover'd, by my Hair,*

Which

Which slept one Day, by a Mishap,
 From underneath my woollen Cap,
 That I was Woman, in Disguise ;
 Which gave him such a strange Surprise,
 That from that Time he would not rest,
 'Till I th' unhappy Truth confest ;
 Which I'd, alas ! no sooner told,
 But he too grew so fond and bold,
 That I was puzzl'd to evade
 The am'rous Overtures he made ;
 And was, at last, compell'd to fly
 His House, to shun the Danger nigh ;
 For I foresaw, that he'd have try'd
 To gain, by Force, what I deny'd ;
 So that I chose this Desert-Place,
 Once more, to save me in Distress ;
 And, in these Woods, have ever since
 Bemoan'd my Loss of Innocence,
 And begg'd good Heav'n to lead me where
 I might o'ercome my sad Despair ;

Or

Or die, and bury'd lie among
 Those Wretches who have suffer'd wrong,
 And been seduc'd to rashly join
 In such a shameful Sin as mine,
 More thro' Misfortune, than Design.

The sweetest Joys of Human Kind,
 If sinfully obtain'd, we find,
 Like luscious Wines, soon lose their Taste,
 And turn to Vinegar at last.

C A N T O XXXIX.

*Fair Dorothea shifts her Cloths,
 Then as a Queen to Quixote goes ;
 And, by her charming Tittle-tattle,
 Deludes the Knight to fight her Battel.*

THE poor distressed Country Lass
 Having, at large, made known her Case,
 And mov'd the Hearers, by her Story,
 To shew themselves extreamly sorry,

That

That one so charming, and so fair,
 Should fall into so bad a Snare.
 The Curate thinking it his Duty
 To comfort so much Youth and Beauty,
 Began to whisper in her Ear
 What he thought proper she should hear ;
 But the good Man had scarce proceeded
 To that Advice her Sorrows needed,
 Before *Cardenio*, stepping close
 Her Side, did bowing interpose,
 And gently lifting up her Hand,
 Cry'd, *O thou faithless Ferdinand,*
That could delude so sweet a Creature,
And afterwards so basely treat her !
 Then gazing on her lovely Charms,
 As if he wish'd her in his Arms ;
 How, *Madam !* in Surprize, said he,
Are you that fair unhappy She ;
That generous, tho' injur'd Creature,
The wealthy Cleonardo's Daughter ?
 Vol. II. F f With

With that, the young attentive Dame,
 Surpriz'd to hear her Father's Name
 From such an odd-look'd tatter'd Wretch,
 With scarce a Rag to hide his Breech,
 Cry'd, *Honest Friend, pray who are you,*
That talks so free, as if you knew
My Father ? For in all I've said,
I dare be certain, that I made
No Mention of his Name, or where
He dwells ; but still took all the Care
I could, to keep my Parents free
From that Disgrace that follows me.

Madam, reply'd the vagrant Lover,
I could, alas ! much more discover ;
But think it proper to delay
At present what I have to say :
But thus far I shall let you know,
That I'm the Wretch Cardenio,
Made thus unhappy by the same
False Friend, who glories in your Shame.

To his Perfidiousness, I owe
 The said Despair I undergo;
 His broken Vows, and Breach of Trust,
 To satiate his unbridl'd Lust,
 Have robb'd me of my promis'd Wife,
 And brought me to this vagrant Life;
 Wherein Rags, Solitude, and Grief,
 And loud Complaints, without Relief,
 Are all that I can hope to find
 In Woods scarce known to Human Kind,
 'Till Death, more merciful than Man,
 Shall end what faithless Friends began.

I was the Wretch that stood behind
 The Arras, whilst the Pair were join'd;
 There the consenting Yes I heard,
 The only dreadful Word I fear'd;
 More frightful to my Ears, than all
 The Thunder that from Jove could fall;
 Nor had I Patience then to stay,
 But stole, with fault'ring Legs, away,

*And left Lucinda in her Trance,
 Not knowing what it might advance.
 Thus disappointed, and distracted,
 Scarce knowing what I thought, or acted,
 I wrote my Mind; which, by a Maid,
 Was to Lucinda's Hand convey'd,
 Wherein I charg'd her with a Breach
 Of Vows, and told her what a Wretch
 She'd ever doom'd me to remain,
 'Till Death alone should ease my Pain
 In some wild Defart, where, unfound,
 My Bones should waste above the Ground.*

*This done, no Answer did I wait,
 But left the Town, to mourn my Fate,
 And wander'd, 'till by Chance I found
 This desolate untrodden Ground,
 Where I intended to have spent
 My Days in lonely Discontent;
 But now, I hope, the happy News
 You've told me, will, in Time, produce*

Some

Some good Event, that may incline
 To your own Happiness, and mine;
 And, in the End, restore to you
 The faithless Man you now pursue,
 And into my desirous Arms
 Surrender fair Lucinda's Charms;
 For Providence is still a Friend
 To those who on its Care depend;
 And never fails to right the Just,
 Who in its Bounty put their Trust:
 Nor will I leave you, 'till I see
 An End of this our Misery,
 But wander with you, and pursue
 The Blessings we have now in View;
 And never part, 'till we enjoy
 Our wish'd for Happiness, or die.

Fair Dorothea, glad t' embrace
 Such Friendship in so wild a Place,
 Would have return'd, upon her Knees,
 Thanks for his kind Assurances,

F f 3

Had

Had not *Cardenio* nimble hinder'd
The grateful Homage she'd have tender'd.

The Curate, highly pleas'd to find
They thus had eas'd each other's Mind,
Applauded, to a great Degree,
Their gen'rous mutual Amity ;
And, to confirm his Approbation
Of their Design in Agitation,
He kindly to his House invited
The Pair in Friendship thus united,
That, for some Days, they might refresh
With chearful Wine, good Fish and Flesh,
And go well furnish'd with Provision,
Upon their wand'ring Expedition.

The Barber, who had also been
Amus'd with this propitious Scene,
Assur'd 'em he'd be gladly ready
To yield *Cardenio* and the Lady
The utmost Service that he could,
To farther a Design so good ;

Joining

Joining his Wishes, and his Pray'rs,
For both their good Success, with theirs.

When thus the Barber and the Priest
Had the two injur'd Friends address'd,
They open'd then their own Affair,
And told what Bus'ness brought 'em there;
Giving a comical Account
Of *Quixote's* Pennance on the Mount;
Of his strange Madness, and his past
Adventures, from the first to' th' last;
And how they stay'd for *Sancho Pancha*,
'Squire to the Champion of *la Mancha*,
Who to the Knight before was gone,
In order to prepare the Don,
That what Design they had projected,
Might the more eas'ly be effected.

This caus'd *Cardenio* to relate
The Scuffle, and the warm Debate,
About the Closet-Deeds between
The Barber-Surgeon and the Queen;

But scarce had he the whole imparted,
 By which they all were much diverted,
 Before they fancy'd, as they stood,
 They heard a Holl'wing in the Wood:
 And so it prov'd ; for as the Sound
 Approach'd, the Curate quickly found
 'Twas *Sancho's* hunting Voice, design'd
 As Notice for his Friends behind ;
 Which made 'em their Discourse adjourn,
 To meet the 'Squire in his Return,
 Who was no sooner come in Sight,
 But they enquir'd about the Knight.

I left him yonder, quoth the 'Squire,
As lean as a consumptive Fryer,
Who feeds, as one would think by's Looks,
On nothing else but Beads and Books.
He'd starve a Ghost, I dare to swear ;
For he no Victuals eats, but Air ;
Nor has he other Food to ease
His hungry Guts, but Rocks and Trees ;

And

And thus, like one beside his Wits,
 In nothing but his Skirt he sits,
 Sighing and whining for a Slattern
 That's old enough to be a Matron,
 And so disfigur'd, that a Hedger
 Would scarce unbutton to oblige her.
 I told him she was full as mad
 As he; and that she would be glad
 To see him at her Habitation,
 That she might ease his Love-sick Passion;
 Assuring him, whate'er he wanted,
 Should be, without Exception, granted:
 Yet he reply'd but little to't,
 Resolving not to budge a Foot,
 'Till he'd done something that might better
 Deserve the Love of such a Creature.
 So that, quoth Sancho, should he lead
 This Life much longer here, I dread
 He'll ne'er become so Great a Thing
 As Emperor, nor I a King.

Therefore,

*Therefore, good Sirs, pray use what Means
You can to draw my Master hence,
Or all the Fat of our Desire,
I fear, will fall into the Fire.*

*Cheer up, good Sancho, cry'd the Priest,
Ne'er doubt but we'll contrive the best
We can, and do the most to bring him
To's Senses, that some Queen may king him,
Rather than thou, that art our Neighbour,
Shalt lose thy Wishes, and thy Labour.*

*Then, turning to the Couple join'd
In Friendship, told how they design'd,
By Stratagem, to draw him from
His solitary Pennance, home,
In hopes they might restore his Senses,
So drown'd in whimsical Romances.*

*Fair Dorothy, who much had eas'd
Her Sorrows, was so greatly pleas'd,
That she agreed to take upon her
The Part of some fair Dame of Honour,
And*

And represent, in female Dress,
 An injur'd Lady in Distress;
 Urging, her Womanish Behaviour,
 For certain, must out-do the Shaver;
 Besides, that she had been so free
 With ancient Books of Chivalry,
 As to inform herself what Way
 Wrong'd Wives and Virgins us'd to play
 Their Parts, when they adders'd a Knight
 To espouse their Cause, and do 'em Right.
 So, by unanimous Consent,
 She undertook the Mahagement.

No sooner had they all express'd
 Their Thanks, that she'd improve the Jest,
 But *Dorothea* then unty'd
 Her Bundle, which was well supply'd
 With fine Apparel, and put on
 A sumptuous Petticoat and Gown:
 Her glitt'ring Jewels, Ribbons, Rings,
 And all her costly gorgeous Things,

Which

Which in a wild distracted Manner
 She hung disorderly upon her ;
 Yet look'd so beautifully fair,
 So frolicksome, and full of Air,
 That all beheld her with Delight,
 And wonder'd *Ferdinand* could flight
 A Creature so divinely bright.

Sancho was so amaz'd to see
 So fine a Lass in Company,
 That he was puzzl'd to devise
 From whence such Beauty could arise ;
 And therefore privately apply'd
 To th' Curate, to be satisfy'd
 What youthful, charming, luscious Dame
 She was, and how she thither came.

The Curate, to amuze the 'Squire,
 Reply'd, *The most that I know by her,*
Is, that she's Heiress to the Throne
O' th' Kingdom of Micomicon,

Kept,

Kept, by a Gyant, from her Right,
 Who owes her Family a Spight;
 And having heard, as far as Guinea,
 The Fame of Quixote and Dulcinea,
 And how he wants, by some great Action,
 To truly merit her Affection;
 She therefore left her native Shore,
 Took Shipping, and came riding o'er
 The Main, to put it in his Pow'r.

So that in travelling about
 To find the Knight, your Master, out,
 She met with us, who being ready
 T'oblige so fair a Royal Lady,
 Told her we waited for his 'Squire,
 Who, 'cording to her Heart's Desire,
 Should soon conduct her to the Knight
 She wanted, to espouse her Right.

That's well, quoth Sancho; this for certain,
 If we succeed, must raise our Fortune.

I would not now agree, I'll swear,
 To take a Country for my Share,
 Alas! a Gyant's Life, I know,
 Is, with my Master, but a Blow:
 He'll make no more to whip off's Head,
 Than I to plund'r him, when he's dead.
 But, good Sir, beg him not to take
 A Cope and Mitre, for my Sake;
 For should he an Arch-bishop be,
 He then can make no Room for me,
 Because, God knows, I'm such a Dunce,
 That all my Hopes must sink at once;
 Therefore, when by his trusty Sword,
 My Master has the Queen restor'd,
 And, at her Foot-stool, humbly lays
 The bearded Gyant's grinning Face,
 Advise him to renouace the Vows
 He's sworn to his Tobosa Blowze,
 And take the Princess for his Spouse;

Then

*Then will his Worship, for his Life,
Be made an Emp'rour by his Wife,
And I, altho' a Dunce, you'll see,
Become a Man of Quality.*

*'Tis very probable, reply'd
The Curate, such a Royal Bride
May, for the better, change the Face
Of Things, and Wonders bring to pass;
I'll therefore certainly encourage
The Knight t' embrace the Queen in Marriage,
That I may live to hear you stil'd
Lord Sancho by each Man and Child.*

*By this Time ev'ry Thing was right
In order to approach the Knight.
The Barber having chang'd once more
His Habit, for the first he wore,
And, now again disguis'd, appear'd
In high-crown'd Hat, and Cow-tail Beard,
Designing, in this odd Attire,
T' attend the Princess as her 'Squire.* When

When thus the Usher and his Lady
 Were for their Expedition ready,
 They mounted Madam on the Beast
 Belonging to the courteous Priest ;
 So taking *Sancho* for her Guide,
 She did in Quest of *Quixote* ride,
 Attended with her Page of Honour,
 Who'd gladly chose to wait upon her,
 His longing Senses to delight
 With Charms so pleasing to the Sight.

Cardenio guess'd, if he appear'd,
 The Knight might shake him by the Beard,
 And, in his Freaks, renew his Spleen
 About the Barber and the Queen ;
 He therefore thought 'twas best to stay
 Behind, lest he should cause a Fray
 By his Appearance, that might hurt
 Their good Design, and spoil their Sport.

The Curate also thought 'twas best
 For him to lag behind the rest,

Did

Did therefore readily agree
 To keep *Cardenio* Company ;
 So that the Queen, between the 'Squires,
 Rode tow' rds the Knight, thro' Sloughs and
 And, at a Distance, t' other two Bryars ;
 Walk'd after, keeping just in View.
 Thus on they travell'd half a League,
 In Haste, t' accomplish their Intrigue ;
 And then the Princess came in Sight
 Of the forlorn *la Mancha* Knight,
 Who now had got his Cloths upon
 His Back, tho' not his Armour on ;
 So that by Woman he might be
 Approach'd, without Indecency.
 No sooner was the Lady told,
 That there she might the Don behold,
 But briskly she began to flog
 Her palfry Drone, like any Dog,
 That *Quixote*, by her Speed, might guess
 She was driv'n thither in Distress.

At length, when near the pensive Knight,
 Her 'Squire did off his Steed alight,
 And from the Saddle, in his Arms,
 Took down the Queen, all over Charms,
 Who, when dismounted, putting on
 A stately Mein, approach'd the Don
 With lovely Page behind her Rump,
 Bearing her Train in mighty Pomp,
 'Till she came close, and then upon
 Her Knees she dropt most humbly down,
 Like a Stage-Paramour, before
 Some bulky Prince, return'd from War,
 And in an old romantick Speech,
 Did thus his Worship's Aid beseech.

*Thrice val'rous and victorious Knight,
 Whose Fame extends as far as Light,
 Decreed to be the sole Defence
 Of helpless injur'd Innocence,
 Compassionate the wretched Case
 Of a wrong'd Virgin in Distress,*

Who, led from Home by your Renown,
 Has travell'd far to beg a Boon,
 Which shall redound to your own Glory,
 As well as hers who kneels before ye ;
 Therefore, O gen'rous Knight, vouchsafe
 To grant what we so humbly crave :
 Befriend, dear Sir, a Royal Maid,
 A suff'ring Princess, with your Aid,
 Detron'd by an outrageous Foe,
 And thus expos'd to Want and Woe ;
 Nor will her Mis'ries end, 'till you
 Her pow'rful Enemy subdue,
 And lug him headlong from that Throne
 Which now he rules, tho' not his own ;
 Therefore take Pity on my Youth,
 Do Justice, and defend the Truth,
 And to a King's distressed Daughter,
 Restore what you may share hereafter.

Most beauteous Princess, quoth the Knight,
 That e'er appear'd to Human Sight,

*I cannot answer, 'till you please
To rise from your submissive Knees ;
An humble Tribute, only due
To Heav'n, from one so bright as you.*

*My Knees shall first be rooted here,
Replies the fair Petitioner,
Unless you condescend to grant
Your Friendship to your Supplicant ;
For which, by Sea and Land, I'm come
So many tiresome Leagues from Home.*

*Then rise, dear Lady, crys the Don,
Be what it will, I grant your Boon,
Provided 'tis within the Bounds
Of Honour, and on righteous Grounds,
And tending to no Breach of Duty
To my King, Country, or that Beauty,
Who must for ever keep the Key
Of my Soul, Heart, and Liberty.*

*I scorn to ask, replies the Dame,
A Boon that should eclipse your Fame.*

What

*What I implore, will rather raise
 Your Glory, and advance your Praise,
 And bring you, if you stand my Friend,
 To Crowns and Sceptres in the End.*

*Sancho, well pleas'd to hear the Lady
 Make such large Promises already,
 Cheer'd up with wond'rous Hopes, slept close
 The Knight, and whisper'd to him thus :*

*Good Sir, oblige the Queen, I pray,
 'Twill be your own another Day.*

*Lord, Sir, 'tis but a trifling Task,
 At best, that she presumes to ask ;
 You'll quickly do't, you need not doubt it,
 If once you do but go about it.*

*'Tis nothing but to give a Gyant
 A mortal Wound, that he may die on't ;
 Cut off his Noddle at a Blow,
 Or chine him down the Back, or so ;
 That's all, and please your doughty Worship,
 For which she uses all this Courtship.*

*She's the true Heiress to the Throne
 Of that vast Land Micomicon,
 I think 'tis call'd; and, you must know,
 This looby Gyant is her Foe;
 A Rascal, who, by Dint of Arms,
 Has been too pow'rful for her Charms,
 And riggl'd his unweildy Rump
 Into her Royal Seat of Pomp;
 Therefore I think you're bound to see
 That Right be done to Majesty.*

*Let her be what she will, reply'd
 The Knight, my Honour is my Guide;
 Nor will I shrink from Death or Duty,
 When call'd to't by such injur'd Beauty;
 Then turning to the Lady, said,
 Rise up, thou fair and Royal Maid;
 Whatever you demand, this Arm
 Of mine shall faithfully perform.*

*All that I ask, reply'd the Dame,
 In Tears and Blushes, to my Shame,*

Is, that you'll instantly agree
 To take up Arms, and follow me,
 And promise, that you will not enter
 On any Combat or Adventure,
 'Till you've reveng'd my Wrongs upon
 The Traytor who usurps my Throne,
 And rules that Empire which is mine
 By Laws both Human and Divine.

This will I grant, reply'd the Knight ;
 My strenuous Arm shall do you Right ;
 Therefore, dear Lady, dry your Tears,
 And shake off your desponding Fears ;
 Revive your Hopes, and be assur'd
 Your Kingdom shall be soon restor'd,
 In spite of all the trayt'rous Foes,
 That dare your lawful Right oppose.
 My Valour soon shall make the Throne
 Of your dead Ancestors, your own :
 I'll pierce the vile Usurper's Heart,
 And give his Rebels their Desert ;

*I'll make their giddy Numbers shake,
 And crush whole Armies for your Sake.
 But let's be hasty, for Delays,
 In great Designs, new Dangers raise.
 Come, my good 'Squire, and buckle on
 My trusty Armour ; let's be gone,
 For great Attempts should be pursu'd,
 By Heroes, in the Heat of Blood.*

The Princess having thus obtain'd
 The Knight to be her valiant Friend,
 Made him a thankful short Oration,
 With all obsequious Veneration ;
 Whilst the proud Knight, with eager Haste,
 Girt on his Armour Back and Breast ;
 Then gives the Royal pretty Soul
 A gentle Toss upon her Mule,
 And after mounts himself upon
 His own old Strammel of a Drone,
 Leaving the 'Squire once more to curse
 His Stars, on foot, for want of Horse.
However,

However, now buoy'd up with what
 He hop'd e'er long would be his Lot,
 In case his Master could but rout
 This Gyant, which he did not doubt,
 And wed the Princess, to reward
 The brave Atchievements of his Sword,
 Caus'd him to trudge thro' Sloughs and Thorns,
 Without complaining of his Corns,
 Expecting some great Post at last,
 Would make Amends for Troubles past;
 But that which gave his Mind some Pain,
 Was, thinking that the Knight should reign
 O'er Negroes, in a Kingdom where
 His Hell-born Subjects would appear,
 With their black Faces, like a Train
 Of Devils, rather than like Men.

At length, thought Sancho, 'Tis no Matter,
 Their being Blacks, may prove the better;
 A Ship-load carry'd into Spain,
 Will be good Merchandize, that's plain;
Enough

*Enough will gladly take 'em off
 At ready Money, sure enough;
 So that I'll raise a good round Sum,
 And buy an Office here at Home,
 That I may lead a happy Life
 With my own Children, and my Wife,
 And leave his Worship to command
 His Æthiopian Heathen Land,
 Where Blacks may fan him while its light,
 And his Queen sweat him well at Night.
 Hang him, I say, that has no Shift
 To help him out at a dead List.
 My merry Grannum oft would use
 To say, 'twas but a sorry Goose
 That would not baist herself, when turning,
 To keep her dripping Sides from burning.
 He's an ill Cook that cannot lick
 His Fingers, ere he's hunger-sick.
 Be it as 'twill, about I'll work it,
 And bring my Hogs to a fair Market,*

Big with these wild Imaginations,
 Poor *Sancho* trudg'd on foot with Patience;
 And tho' he us'd to hobble worse
 Than any Higler's founder'd Horse,
 His busy Noddle now forgot
 The Torments of his tiresome Trot,
 That with light Heels, and lighter Heart,
 He did his fading Strength exert;
 And tho' well past his youthful Days,
 Ne'er boggl'd at the stony Ways,
 But, without honing, follow'd after
 His Master, and the Emp'ror's Daughter.

Cardenio and the Curate stood,
 At some small Distance, in the Wood,
 Where laughing, they beheld, between
 The Shrubs and Trees, the pleasant Scene.
 Both willing now to join the rest,
 The better to improve the Jest;
 But scarce knew how it should be done,
 Without *Cardenio's* being known;
 Fearing,

Fearing, that if he should, the Knight
Might recollect their former Fight,
And pick a Quarrel, to restore
The Honour he had lost before.

At length, the merry Priest, whose Skull
Was of Contrivance very full,
Remember'd, that he wore a Pair
Of Scissars to curtail his Hair,
And keeps it, that it might not rise
In length above canonic Size ;
So from his Breeches-Pocket whipping
The useful Snippers, fell to clipping
Cardenio's Beard, 'till he had so
Disguis'd him, none his Face could know,
That in his Solitude had seen
The frowzy Thicket round his Chin ;
Then pulling off a Riding-Hood
And Nightrail-Cloak, in which he rode,
Flung 'em upon *Cardenio's* Shoulders,
As if design'd to scare Beholders ;

Then

Then cross'd the Wood, in this same Plight,
 To intercept the Queen and Knight.
 No sooner was the armed Don,
 With glitt'ring Majesty, come on
 So far into the bryary Wood,
 As where the Priest and Scare-crow stood,
 But stepping forth, the Curate star'd
 Upon his Worship very hard,
 As Passengers are apt to do
 On those they only think they know ;
 Then, like a Man, who in foreign Parts
 Meets an old Friend, he forward starts
 With Arms wide open, to embrace
 The Knight, with Gladness in his Face,
 Crying, *Don Quixote de la Mancha,*
Is't you ? O ! Providence, I thank ye
For kindly throwing in my way
The Flow'r of Gallantry this Day ;
The Cream of Errantry, the Blood
And Soul of all that's Great and Good ;
Mirror

Mirror of Knighthood, and the ready
Defender of the Wrong'd and Needy;
The very Quintessence of Brav'ry,
That rescues from Distress and Slav'ry;
How joy'd am I to meet so dear
A Friend, the best of Worthies, here?
 This said, the left Leg of the Knight
 He hugg'd and kiss'd with such Delight,
 As if the batter'd Limb had been
 Belonging to the beauteous Queen,
 Who'd two for Man to step between.

The Knight well pleas'd, and yet amaz'd
 To find himself thus highly prais'd,
 Knew not at first who 'twas set forth
 His Magnanimity and Worth;
 But looking wishfully, at last,
 Remember'd 'twas his Parish-Priest:
 At which Discovery, the Knight
 Instantly offer'd to alight,

To shew him that Respect he thought
 Was due to all Men of his Coat ;
 But the Priest willing to prevent
 So 'xtravagant a Compliment,
 Would not permit him to dismount
 Upon so trifling an Account,
 But cry'd, *Good Sir, don't think of quitting
 Your noble Steed ; for 'tis not fitting
 A worthy Knight of your Renown,
 Should pay such Honour to the Gown,
 In case I'd brought the rev'rend Cloth
 Upon my Back ; but, by my Troth,
 I came without, 'cause Roads are dusty,
 To save the Robe from growing rusty ;
 And therefore beg you will postpone
 Dismounting, 'till I put it on,
 And now consider me no other,
 Than an unworthy frail Lay-Brother ;
 For 'tis the Badge, not Man, we know,
 That awes the World to bow so low.*

Dear

*Dear Sir, I cannot sit upon
 My Horse with Ease, replies the Don,
 And see a holy Man of your
 Unspotted Life and Character,
 Stand, like a Lackey, by my Side
 On Foot, whilst I in Triumph ride ;
 Therefore pray give me Leave to shew
 Your Person what Respect is due.*

*In Verbo Sacerdotis, Sir,
 You shall not from your Saddle stir,
 Wherein you daily do perform
 Such Wonders by your strenuous Arm.
 The only Favour I entreat,
 Except the Honour be too great,
 Is, that on Foot I may not tire,
 But mount behind your bearded 'Squire,
 And I shall be as proud of riding
 With him, as if I was bestriding
 Swift Pegasus, or that huge Beast
 Big as an Elephant, at least,*

The Zebra, Pad-Nag to the Moor
 Musaraque, whose Stable-Door
 Was like a Castle-Gate, or greater,
 To fit the Largeness of the Creature,
 Whose Master lies, as People say,
 Inhabited, at this very Day,
 I th' Caverns of Zulema, near
 To Great Compluto, God knows where.

Sir, quoth the Knight, a Man of Letters
 Is always honour'd by his Betters :
 Your Learning merits, o'er and o'er,
 Whatever you can ask, or more.
 The Princess will command her Squire
 To grant so slender a Desire ;
 Not only so, but, to be sure,
 Ord'r him to let you ride before ;
 For 'tis not fit a holy Priest
 Should mount the Rump-End of the Beast.

Quoth Cow-Tail Squire, The Lord forbid,
 And so dismounted from his Steed,
 Vol. II. H h Resigning

*Resigning to the Priest his Saddle,
 Who on the same soon got a-Straddle
 With Joy, because he wisely knew
 Four Legs were better far than two;
 And that it was no more than fit
 A Guide should have the foremost Seat.*

No sooner in the Saddle plumb,
 Had Curate fix'd canonic Bum,
 But the poor Barber, like a Fool,
 Stepping abaft the reisty Mule,
 To mount behind his holy Friend,
 By skipping up at Buttock-End,
 But the vex'd Palfrey, full of Trouble,
 To think that she must carry double,
 Jerk'd up her Arse so very hard,
 That she knock'd off the Cow-Tail Beard,
 And gave the Barber such a Thump,
 Not with her Heels, but with her Rump,
 That the Blow made him curse the Beast,
 And look but sourly at the Priest.

However,

However, fearing that the Don
 Should know him, now his Beard was gone,
 Tho' not so hurt by the Disaster,
 As to want Pity, or a Plaister,
 Yet he began to roar and grin,
 And clapt both Hands upon his Chin,
 As if his Grinders, by the Stroke,
 Had been knock'd out, or Jaw-bone broke,
 'Till he'ad consider'd how he might
 Disguise his Features from the Knight,
 Whose Eyes discov'ring, as he star'd
 About him, such a monst'rous Beard
 Upon the Ground, cry'd, *Bless my Soul!*
O! Strange surprizing Miracle,
That such a Beast should, by the Force
Of her robust unruly Arse,
Shave, at one Stroke, the bearded Chin
Of mortal Man so very clean!
Sure she's been rid by Hags or Fairies,
And, by some Conjuraton, carries
H h 2
Inchanted

*Inchanted Scissars in her Tail,
Or she could ne'er clip Beards so well.*

The Curate, fearing this Mischance
Should their Intrigue discountenance,
In case the Barber should be known
Unto the freakish hasty Don,
Stept off his Mule, and taking up
The Beard that did untimely drop,
And nimbly to the Barber running,
Refix'd it with such Art and Cunning,
As if the dext'rous new Plantation
Of Hair, was made by Conjuraton,
Muttr'ing the while he ty'd the Beard on,
Such a strange *hocus pocus* Jargon,
That not alone amuz'd, but frighted
The mounted Miracle of Knighthood,
And caus'd him to believe, the Priest
Was dealing with the Dev'l, at least,
If not invoking him to rise
With cloven Feet and saucer Eyes.

The

Therefore the Knight, who could not rest
 Without this Secret in his Breast,
 Begg'd that the Priest would spare, at Leisure,
 This Charm out of his learned Treasure,
 Knowing, that what was good to fix
 Dissever'd Beards to Chin and Cheeks,
 Must needs be useful for a Knight
 To folder Limbs lopp'd off in Fight.
 The Curate readily reply'd,
 His Worship should be gratify'd;
 As soon as he had Time to write,
 He'd give it him in Black and White.

The Barber, finding that the Mule,
 Altho' a Drudge, was no such Fool
 To bear two looby Knaves upon
 Her Back, who had enough of one,
 Took Warning by his first Salute,
 And rather chose to walk on Foot,
 At length it was by all thought fit,
 That each, in Turn, should mount the Tit,
 Till,

'Till, in this Order, they arriv'd
 At the next Inn, to be reviv'd
 With Food and Wine, to which the Knight
 And Queen had no small Appetite.

When thus they had agreed together,
 Knighthood went on he knew not whither;
 Next Majesty of high Degree,
 And after her, Divinity;
 I'th' Rear, upon their ten Toes, march'd
 Three Scarecrows, had the World been search'd,
 'Twould scarce have match'd such frightful
 (Figures;
 Who, had they met with Wolves or Tygers,
 The latter would have flinch'd and scow'r'd,
 Fearing they should have been devour'd.
 Thus in a Wild-goose Train they mov'd,
 And o'er the woody Mountains rov'd,
 Like Gypsies, marching in a Cluster
 Thro' By-ways, to their gen'ral Muster.

As thus they jogg'd along, in Sight
 Of one another, quoth the Knight

Unto the Queen, *Dear Lady fair,*
I beg you'll now inform me where
I'm to perform the valiant Task
Your Ladyship vouchsaf'd to ask?

The list'ning Curate hearing this,
 And fearing she'd reply amiss,
 Thought fit to interpose a Question,
 That might remind her of her Lesson,
 Adding, *I think, most sov'reign Lady,*
You told his Worship once already,
That the vast Kingdom where your Throne
Is seated, is Micomicon.

Madam rememb'ring now her Cue,
 Cry'd, *Yes, Sir, what you say, is true.*

Then, quoth the Curate, *we must steer*
Our Course to the same Village, where
I live, when I am there, and then
We've a streight Road to Carthagen',
Where we may all embark together ;
And if we're favour'd by the Weather,

*A prosp'rous Gale may waft us o'er
 In seven Years, or something more,
 To th' Sudorifick Golden Shore;
 And then we've but two Years by Land
 To travel, upon curious Sand,
 Before we shall descend upon
 The Borders of Micomicon;
 That Country, where we hope to see
 Your Highness reign from Rivals free,
 In all your Pomp and Majesty.*

*But, Sir, reply'd the Queen, you're wrong
 To make the Journey nine Years long;
 For I in less than eight came hither,
 Altho' I met with cross-grain'd Weather;
 And, in that Time, obtain'd the Sight
 Of this illustrious worthy Knight,
 Whose great Atchievements, Valour, Name,
 And matchless universal Fame,
 Have drawn me hither, to entreat
 His gen'rous Friendship at his Feet.*

Dear

Dear Madam, quoth the Knight, no more ;
 Such Adulation I abhor.
 I thank my Stars, my Soul is rais'd
 Above Desire of being prais'd.
 I labour to deserve a Name,
 But Study to avoid the same ;
 Hide from the World, that I may skreen
 My self from that Applause I win.
 All I shall say, illustrious Lady,
 If I'm unworthy, still I'm ready
 To spend my Blood in the Defence
 Of Royal injur'd Innocence.
 Then turning from the Queen his Head,
 Thus to the Priest the Champion said.

Pray, Rev'rend Sir, what brought you hither,
 Thus far from Home, this sultry Weather,
 In such a Disabil, without
 Your Gown, a Servant, and on Foot ?

I must confess, reply'd the Priest,
 I am but very oddly dress'd ;

Yet,

Yet, when you hear my sad Misfortune,
 You can't but pity me, I'm certain ;
 Therefore pray listen, and alas !
 I'll tell you my unhappy Case.
 I th' Indies I've a Brother living,
 Excessive, opulent, and thriving,
 Who was so kind of late, to send me
 Cobs twenty thousand to befriend me ;
 A blessed Sight, not one Piece under
 Full Weight ; and that, you know's, a Wonder.
 Upon Advice, that this round Sum
 Was to the Town of Sevil come,
 Nich'lace, my honest Friend and Neighbour,
 And I, agreed to take the Labour
 To go and tell this mighty Wealth,
 And bring it Home Bye-ways by Stealth,
 For fear some Rogues should interpose,
 And change our Money into Blows ;
 But spight of all the Care and Thought
 We took, 'tis gone, Sir, ev'ry Groat.

Four

Four Ruffians met us on the Road,
 And at once eas'd us of our Load;
 Compleated what we only fear'd,
 And robb'd poor Nich'lace of his Beard;
 Stript both of's of our upper Dress,
 And left us here in this Distress.
 Now, some Folks tell us, that the Knaves
 Who us'd us thus, were Roguish Slaves,
 Sav'd for the Gallies from the Gallows,
 But rescu'd by two fighting Fellows
 From th' Officers, who went to guard
 The fetter'd Villains safe on Board.
 Now, those who would release such Wolves,
 Must surely be as bad themselves;
 Nay, they are Rebels, which is worse,
 Against their Prince, and stop the Course
 Of Law and Justice, to the great
 Abuse and Inj'ry of the State,
 To th' Hazard (like unthinking Fools)
 Not only of their Lives, but Souls.

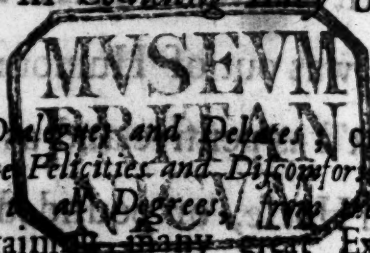
This

This Application of the bold
 Adventure, which the 'Squire had told
 The Priest before, so gall'd the Knight,
 That he was out of Humour quite,
 And look'd as pensive and as dull,
 As jaded Horse, or pounded Bull,
 Unwilling to confess 'twas he
 That gave the Slaves their Liberty ;
 But rode before the Train hum drum,
 As if at once struck deaf and dumb.

'Tis the best Gallantry, to shun
 Those Things we dare not own, when done,
 And to pursue no Task or Action,
 But what is sweet in the Reflexion.

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He wisely to Virtue was prone ;

But had it not been for good Wine,

His Merits had never been known.

By Wine we are generous made,

It furnishes Fancy with Wings ;

Without it, we ne'er should have had

Philosophers, Poets, or Kings.

Diogenes, surly and proud,

Who smarl'd at the Macedon Youth,

Delighted in Wine that was good,

Because in good Wine there was Truth.

'Till growing as poor as a Job,

Unable to purchase a Flask,

He chose for his Mansion, a Tub,

And liv'd by the Scent of the Cask.

Heraclitus would never deny

A Bumper to comfort his Heart ;

But when he was maudlin, would cry,

Because he had empty'd his Quart.

Tho' some are so foolish to think

That he wept at Man's Folly and Vice,

When 'twas only his Custom to drink,

'Till the Liquor flow'd out of his Eyes.

Democrates always was glad

To tittle and cherish his Soul ;

Would laugh, like a Man that was mad,

When over a flowing Bowl.

As long as his Cellar was stor'd,

His Liquor he'd merrily quaff ;

And when he was drunk as a Lord,

At those that were sober, he'd laugh.

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